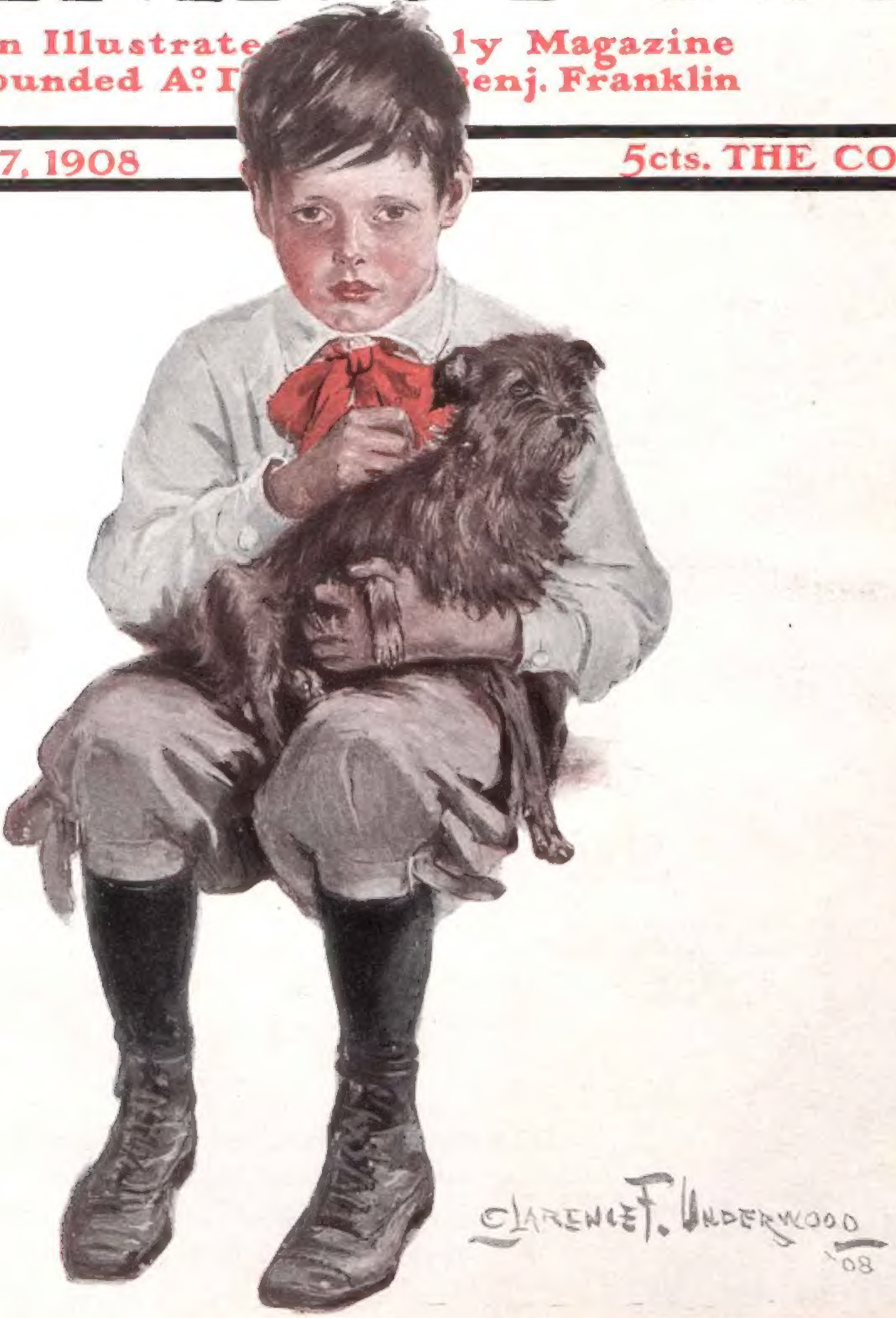
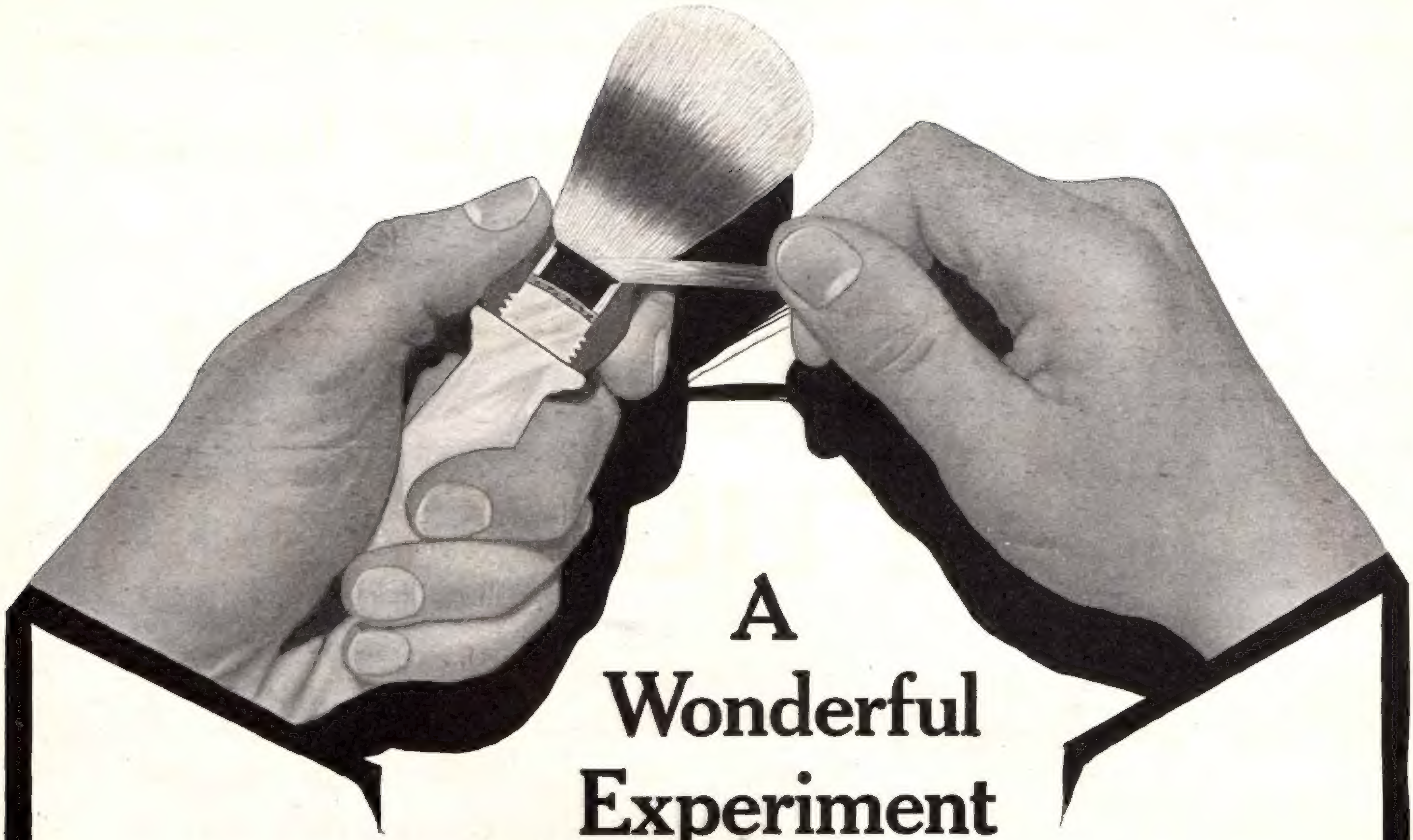
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrate   ly Magazine
Founded A° I   Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 17, 1908   5cts. THE COPY


CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD
'08

FRIENDS BY MYRA KELLY



A Wonderful Experiment

This is an actual photograph of an actual test. It shows a Rubberset Shaving Brush *sawed in two*—through bristles and all—leaving just a half-brush.

In this condition it could be used as well as a whole one. Not a bristle could be loosened—not one could be pulled out at any angle or by any means. Even boiling and soaking failed to make any impression on the setting of the bristles, because the bristles of all

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Brushes

are set in hard vulcanized rubber which holds them together in one solid base.

This half-brush has been in daily use for over a year and has never lost a bristle. What would happen if you should try this experiment with an ordinary brush whose bristles were set in glue, rosin or cement?

The name on every Rubberset brush guarantees it. Why bother with bristle-shedding brushes when Rubberset brushes cost no more and last a lifetime?

Rubberset Shaving Brushes are sold at all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to $6.00. If not at your dealer's send for book from which to order by mail.

To the average man we commend the $1 brush

Berset Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard without rubbing with the hands. Doesn't dry, doesn't smart. 25 cents a tube at all dealers', or direct by mail. Send 2 cent stamp for sample tube containing one month's supply.

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK

Do not accept any other brush that is claimed to be as good

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY

Sales Office:
5213 Metropolitan Tower,
NEW YORK CITY

Main Office, Factory and Laboratory:
63 Ferry Street,
NEWARK, N. J.

Branch Offices—Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal.

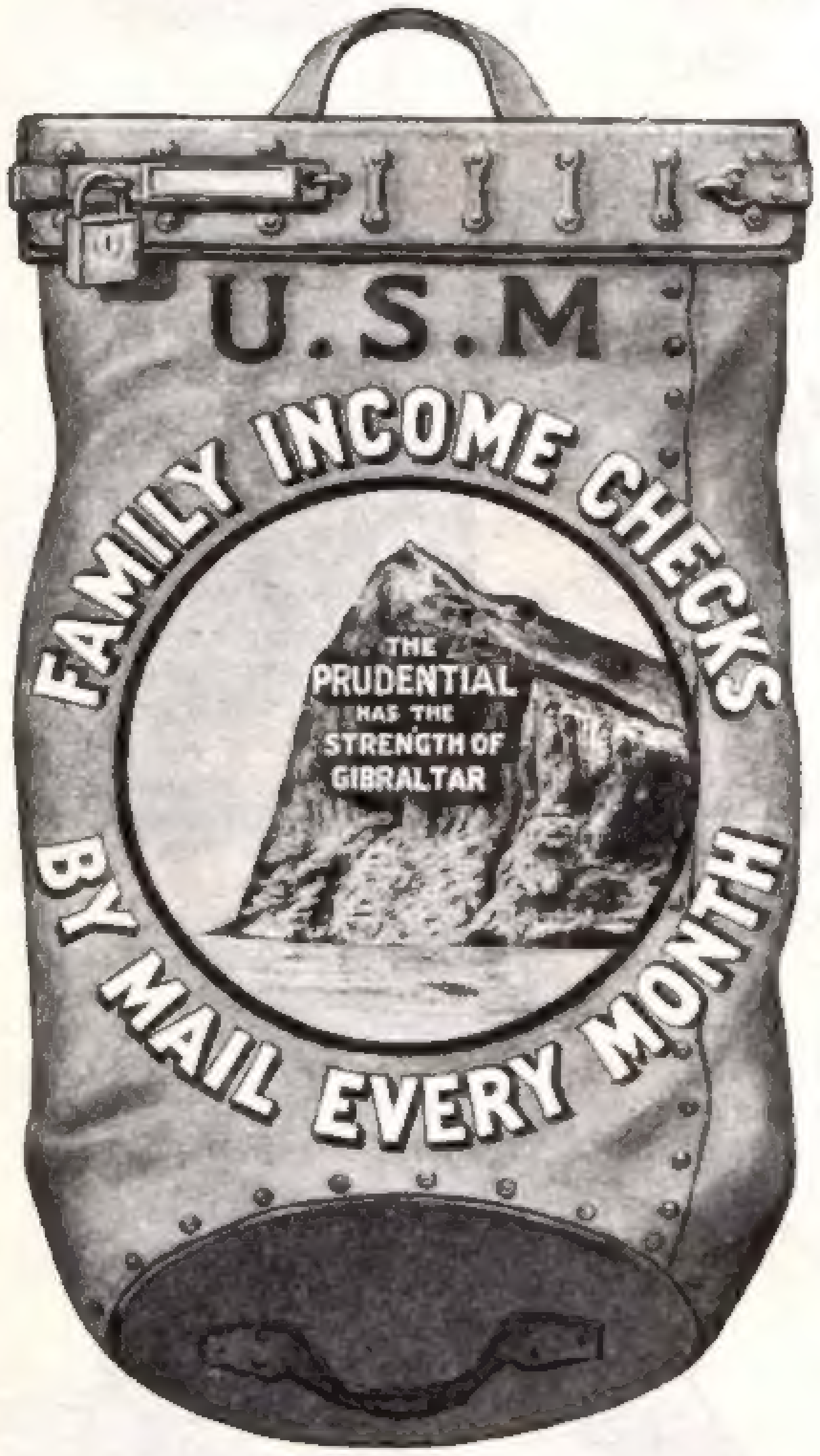
Leave Your Wife a Regular Income

Through the

New Monthly Income Policy

of

The Prudential


U.S.M
FAMILY INCOME CHECKS
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
BY MAIL EVERY MONTH

The one kind of Life Insurance Policy of most practical value to the woman. It is the policy your wife would like, because it gives her a sure monthly income such as she is accustomed to.

This is the Safest Way

to leave your life insurance. The monthly income cannot be encumbered or depreciated. The principal cannot be lost. All worry about safe investment is eliminated.

Cost of insuring an Income of $10 per month for 20 years.

AT AGE OF INSURED	COST PER YEAR
25	$29.41
30	33.47
35	38.76
40	45.76
45	55.20
50	68.11

Other monthly sums up to $500 in proportion.

The income is paid for not less than 20 years.

The income can be made payable for life of beneficiary at slightly higher cost

THE COST IS LOW

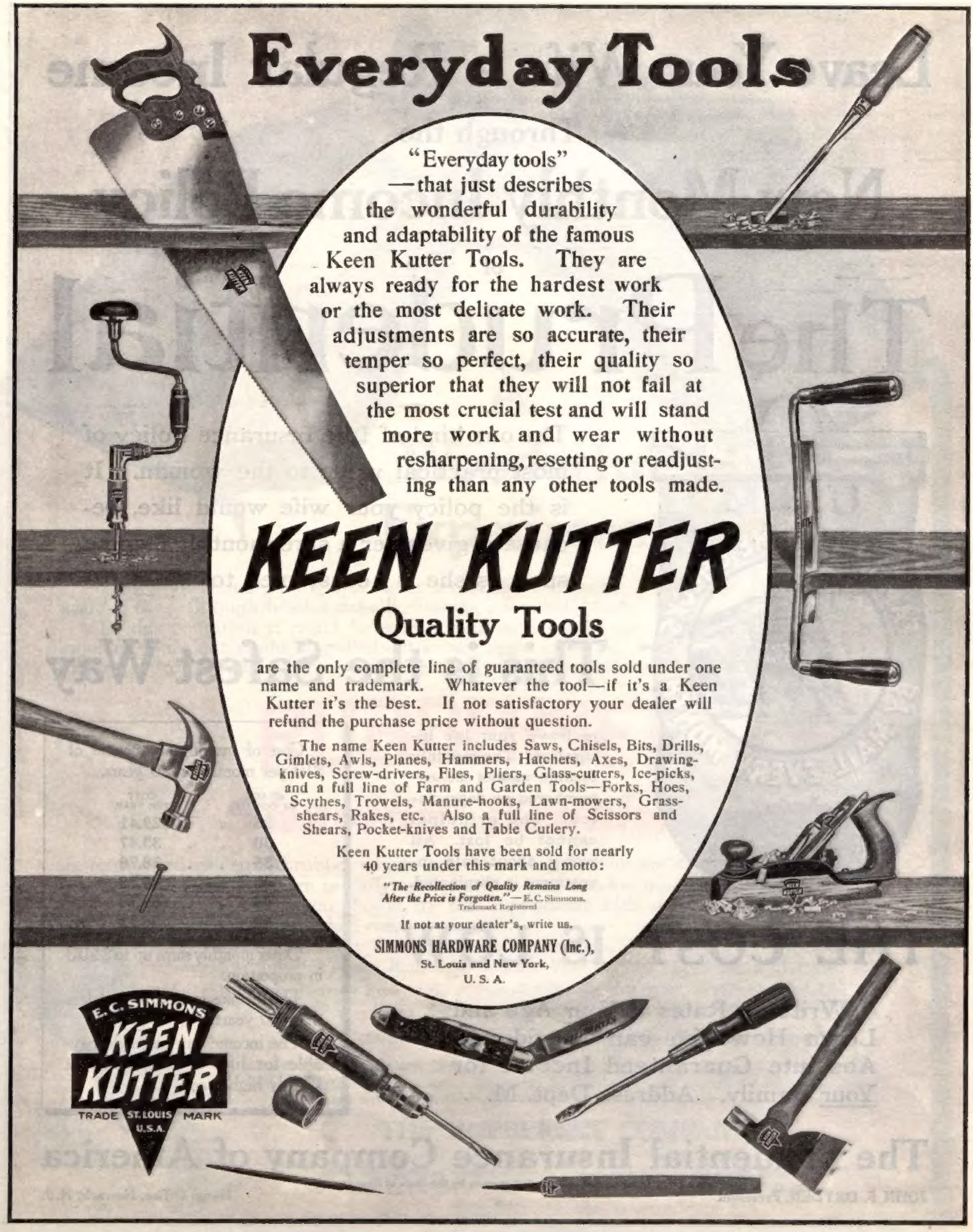
Write for Rates at Your Age and Learn How You can Provide an Absolute Guaranteed Income for Your Family. Address Dept. M.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

Home Office, Newark, N. J.



Everyday Tools

"Everyday tools" — that just describes the wonderful durability and adaptability of the famous Keen Kutter Tools. They are always ready for the hardest work or the most delicate work. Their adjustments are so accurate, their temper so perfect, their quality so superior that they will not fail at the most crucial test and will stand more work and wear without resharpening, resetting or readjusting than any other tools made.

KEEN KUTTER

Quality Tools

are the only complete line of guaranteed tools sold under one name and trademark. Whatever the tool—if it's a Keen Kutter it's the best. If not satisfactory your dealer will refund the purchase price without question.

The name Keen Kutter includes Saws, Chisels, Bits, Drills, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing-knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers, Glass-cutters, Ice-picks, and a full line of Farm and Garden Tools—Forks, Hoes, Scythes, Trowels, Manure-hooks, Lawn-mowers, Grass-shears, Rakes, etc. Also a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives and Table Cutlery.

Keen Kutter Tools have been sold for nearly 40 years under this mark and motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten." — E. C. Simmons.
Trademark Registered

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.),
St. Louis and New York,
U. S. A.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by The Curtis Publishing Company

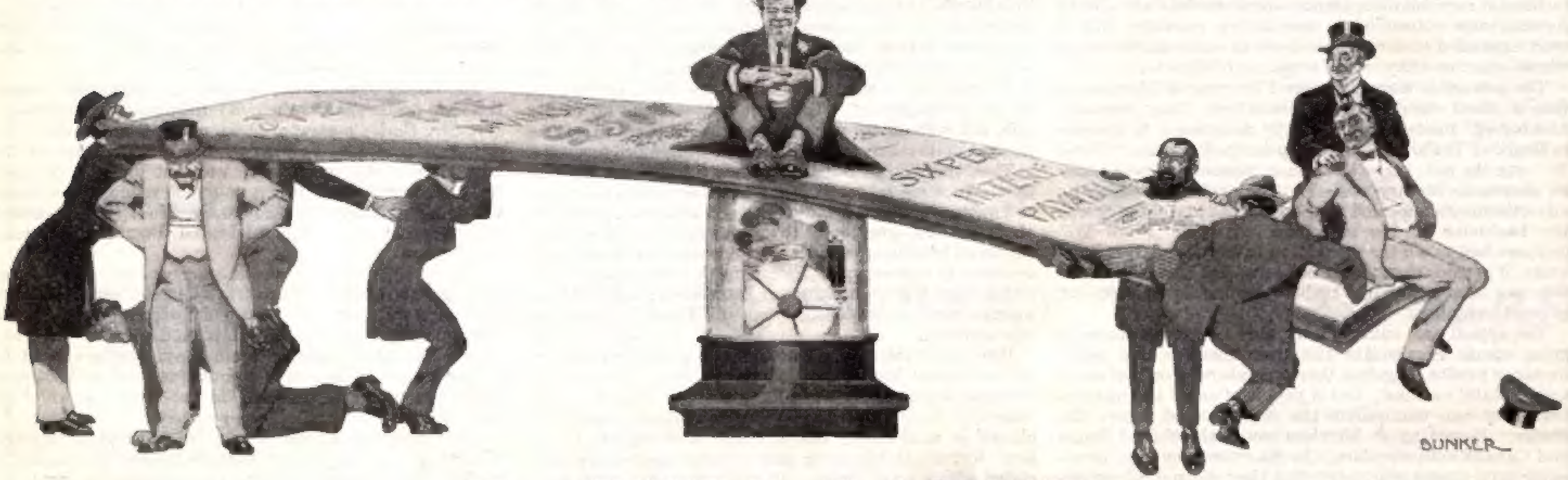
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 181 PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 17, 1908 Number 16

Copyright, 1908, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain.

BLIND POOLS AND FOOLS

Profit and Loss in the Partnership of Money and Folly



By WILL PAYNE

THE philosophy of the popular blind pool is simple and attractive. It may be stated substantially as follows:

In speculation, as every one knows, the crowd always loses its money. The aggregate of its losses is enormous. To the mind of the novice, what one person loses another must gain; and the profits of the powerful few in speculation consist precisely of the crowd's enormous losses. So if the crowd will only powerfully coöperate in a pool it can capture the profits which consist of its own losses and get very rich by picking up what it drops.

I don't know that any blind pool man ever did state it in exactly that way; but that is what it amounts to—theoretically. In practice, it doesn't amount to so much. That is, the pool loses, but does not recapture the loss; whence arises the popular definition that a blind pool is so called because nobody ever sees his money again after putting it in.

The plea for coöperation is based usually upon a fallacy. The crowd does almost always lose; and the aggregate of its losses is enormous. But it by no means necessarily follows that those losses represent the gains of somebody on the other side of the market. On the contrary, it may be said in a broad and general sort of way that speculation is an operation in which everybody loses, because the most characteristic element in it consists of buying property for more than it is worth and selling it for less than it is worth.

Usually, in a falling market, one crowd after another sells out, at lower and lower prices. In the huge decline of 1907 the big fellows, the wicked "System" itself, had finally to sell stocks at heart-breaking prices. Conversely, in the big advance of 1908, nobody directly lost all the money that the bulls made. The properties were simply worth more in the summer of 1908 than they were in the winter of 1907.

That anybody ever made and kept a great deal of money simply by speculating in stocks or grain is doubtful. It is noteworthy that, in examining many speculative accounts, the difference between the operators who played a system and those who didn't was that the system players lost their money sooner. Among the various systems of speculating, a blind pool is, in that regard, one of the most effective.

Is Mr. Lawson's Venture a Near-Sighted Hennery?

IT IS rather difficult to say just what a blind pool is. Webster defines a pool as "any gambling or commercial venture in which several persons join; a combination of persons contributing money to be used for the purpose of increasing or depressing the market price of stocks, grain or other commodities." When the management is given complete discretion, without any necessity to consult or inform contributors concerning the operations, the pool is commonly said to be blind. So I should without hesitation have cited Thomas W. Lawson's modest Bay State Gas (or "National Stock") venture as a pure example of the blind pool. Mr. Lawson himself, however, not only denies that it is a blind pool, but offers to pay a reward of ten thousand dollars to any one who will prove that it is one. From Webster, again, one learns that the word pool is from *poule*, properly a hen. One might conclude, therefore, that Mr. Lawson's venture was merely a near-sighted hennery.

Up to this time, the greatest venture to which the name blind pool has been applied was the one conducted by Henry Villard twenty-seven years ago. In 1879 Mr. Villard proposed to consolidate two rival steamboat lines in Oregon and build a narrow-gauge, connecting railroad with the help of the Union Pacific. Jay Gould and Sidney Dillon, for the latter, were to furnish fifty per cent. of the cash, which would leave Mr. Villard only forty-nine per cent. to borrow. He paid $110,000 for options on the steamboat companies, the purchase price being between four and five millions. But when he went to New York to complete the deal, Gould and Dillon declined to participate.

Quite undaunted, Villard organized the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, which at once issued six millions of bonds and a like amount of stock. Villard sold the bonds, giving seventy per cent. of stock as a bonus, and with the proceeds bought the steamboats, which then became the property of the new company. Selling a new company's bonds for the purpose of acquiring some assets for it was then, and still is, considered a clever bit of financiering.

The new company, however, was a notable success. Within five months the stock, given as a bonus, advanced to 95, and the next year it sold at 180. The Oregon Improvement Company, which Mr. Villard next organized, was also a great success.

Henry Villard's Blind Pool for Millionaires

AT THIS time the Northern Pacific was building in the Northwest, but was hampered by lack of funds. In 1880 Mr. Villard was shocked to learn that a powerful syndicate, headed by Drexel, Morgan & Co., August Belmont & Co., and Winslow, Lanier & Co., had contracted to buy forty million dollars of Northern Pacific bonds. With a full treasury and such backers, Northern Pacific might obviously make things unpleasant for Mr. Villard in Oregon. So he resolved secretly to buy control of Northern Pacific—or at least to buy enough stock to insure that his wishes would receive respectful consideration. In February, 1881, he issued a confidential circular to about fifty men of means—the late George M. Pullman being one—asking them to subscribe eight million dollars for an undertaking the nature of which would be disclosed to them on or before May 15 following.

"The very novelty and mystery of the proposition proved to be an irresistible attraction," says Mr. Villard in his memoirs. Within twenty-four hours subscriptions were offered for more than twice the amount asked for. The subscriptions at once sold at twenty-five per cent. premium, and soon commanded fifty per cent. premium. Wealthy and influential citizens flocked to Mr. Villard's office asking, or even demanding, that he take their money, and sometimes quite lost their tempers when he refused.

This was a blind pool, yet there were glimmers of light in it. A few of the leading subscribers knew Villard's purpose, and the personal receipts which he gave for the money showed that the enterprise was related to the Oregon Railroad and Navigation and the Oregon Improvement companies, both of which then stood in high favor.

With the pool money Villard proceeded to buy Northern Pacific stock. When May 15 came around he had not acquired as much as he needed. He postponed the accounting to June 24; then asked the pool members for twelve millions more, which they promptly furnished, and which gave him a controlling interest in Northern Pacific.

It was substantially the same condition which confronted Harriman in 1901, when Hill and Morgan, for the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, got control of the Burlington. When Harriman then decided to protect himself by secretly buying control of Northern Pacific, very likely he had Villard's great blind pool coup in mind.

The final twelve millions being subscribed to the pool, Mr. Villard organized the Oregon and Transcontinental Company, with thirty millions of capital stock. This stock was distributed among the pool subscribers at the rate of 150 for each hundred dollars paid in to the pool. Next year the stock sold almost to par, which would give subscribers a profit of 50 per cent.

Nevertheless, Mr. Villard says, "the company was destined to prove a grievous disappointment and the greatest possible trial to its originator"—also, equally, no doubt, to its stockholders, the former blind pool members. Difficulties rapidly accumulated. In 1883 Mr. Villard appointed a friendly committee to examine his financial condition and ascertain, if possible, where he stood. One night in December the committee woke him up to impart the cheering information that he, personally, was insolvent and the Oregon and Transcontinental Company on the verge of bankruptcy.

Being only on the verge of bankruptcy, it was, perhaps, the most successful of all big blind pools. It should be noted, however, that this pool was formed to buy a great property and not for mere stock-market speculation; that some of its members knew from the first what it was about, and that the money was furnished by a comparatively small number of wealthy men.

When Mr. Villard's enterprise was in its most flourishing phase, a blind pool of far different character and of even greater celebrity was getting under way in Chicago. It seems to have had its obscure beginnings in one of those incidental combinations among operators that are always forming and unforming in speculative markets; but it soon expanded under the guidance of some master mind whose exact identity is still a matter of dispute.

The ostensible managers were Flemming & Merriam, a firm of small standing or responsibility. They formed a number of "funds," alphabetically designated, to operate in Board of Trade commodities, principally wheat. "Fund W" was the last, biggest and most famous. It was really an enormous literary success. The skill with which its advertisements appealed to the ignorant and unwary was the backbone of the enterprise. If the "Fund W" geniuses had taken the precaution to copyright their literature, it is said, they would have got rich from the royalties—so extensively has it been copied by subsequent hopeful swindlers.

The appeal was, substantially, this: A few operators of great means manipulate the grain markets and make immense profits. Against these operators, people of small means stand no show; but if people of small means combine they can manipulate the markets and secure the profits. Flemming & Merriam sowed the United States and Canada with circulars. In the cities they used newspaper advertising sparingly; but they did put advertisements in the city papers and have them reproduced in country papers as editorial expressions of the metropolitan press. While the country papers must be severely condemned for lending themselves to this fraud, the metropolitan press was not always immaculate. One city paper at least ran a warm commendation of the swindle with no mark by which the lay eye could distinguish it from regular news matter.

Ten-Dollar Financiers in Hysterics

TRUE to their basic principle of giving the small man a show, Flemming & Merriam fixed the shares in the pool at ten dollars each. None of a larger amount was issued, but anybody could buy as many ten-dollar shares as he chose to pay for.

The pool, of course, seemed to be notably successful. Every subscriber received a monthly dividend representing his proportion of the profits—and mentioned it to his neighbor, who thereupon hastened to subscribe. Whichever way the market went, "Fund W," as appeared by its own statements, had been on the right side. It had claimed that its system was infallible, and its own reports showed that the claim was substantiated. Under such encouraging conditions subscribers increased in geometrical ratio.

There were, of course, some men who knew that Flemming & Merriam were not members of the Board of Trade, and were not conducting operations in grain which could account for the profits they claimed to be making; who knew that, in fact, there were no large, red elevators bursting with "Fund W" wheat, such as Flemming & Merriam pictured to admiring subscribers on the front pages of their circulars. But nobody, or almost nobody, thought it incumbent upon him to do anything about it. The conspicuous exception was Colonel James E. Stuart, chief post-office inspector at Chicago. It made the Colonel restless to see Uncle Sam, day after day, deliver heavy bags of mail, laden with money, to the dingy office of the concern on La Salle Street. He had no legal proof that it was a swindle, but only a moral certainty. On the strength of the moral certainty he induced the Postmaster-General, the last day of January, 1883, to issue a fraud order, stopping payment of postal orders and delivery of registered mail to Flemming & Merriam.

Two of the most distinguished attorneys in Chicago at once waited upon the inspector and represented the grave, or even monstrous, nature of the step which he had taken in interdicting the mail of a flourishing and opulent concern without a scrap of evidence that its business was illegal. Other and less reputable efforts were made to lift the Department's ban. Oddly enough, the most formidable effort was made by the victims themselves. Inspector Stuart was summoned to Washington, where the Postmaster-General showed him letters, written by subscribers to "Fund W" in all parts of the country, protesting against the Department's interference with that benefactor of the common people.

How "Fund W" Exploded With a Loud Report

BUT the inspector was soon justified. Judging that the Department would not lift its ban, Flemming & Merriam decamped. Just before the fraud order was issued they had sent out the monthly "dividend" checks. These "dividends," of course, were paid out of the subscribers' own money for the purpose of calling in other suckers. As there were to be no more suckers it would obviously be the height of folly to pay any more dividends. So Flemming & Merriam drew the money out of the bank and let the checks go to protest. They left behind them an empty safe, not sufficiently valuable to warrant them in paying the cost of its removal, and some well-worn office furniture.

Then the victims began to be heard from in a different tone. In some towns they got together and appointed a committee, or hired a lawyer, to see what could be done about it. A single Illinois town sent up a lawyer with six thousand ten-dollar certificates. It seems that hardly any community had escaped. Flemming fled to Canada, where he had once lived. A citizen of Peterboro recognized him, promptly rallied the local victims of "Fund W," and had him arrested.

How much money the fraud took in and who got it are not definitely known to this day. That Flemming & Merriam were merely the willing tools of abler men was generally believed. Two Chicago citizens, both then classed as millionaires, one of whom, at least, left a very large fortune at his death and a name inseparably associated with a great business in legitimate lines, were mentioned in the press as the real backers of "Fund W." It was also mentioned that the backers drew a hundred thousand dollars a month from the enterprise. Both these matters, however, remain mere newspaper gossip, which, as every one knows, is often untrustworthy.

"Fund W" blew up in February, 1883, and the noise of it reverberated long and loud. But it is the most melancholy fact about these swindles that, when one of them is exposed, a lot of rascals hear about it and immediately set up similar swindles, but the suckers never hear of it at all. The criminal courts were hardly done with "Fund W" before zealous plagiarists were working just the same game in just the same way.

Among many imitators one of the most notable was the E. S. Dean Company, duly incorporated under the laws of New Jersey in 1896, with an "authorized capital" of one million dollars, and enough actual money to buy some space in the leading newspapers. One woman who lost the whole of her little fortune in "Fund W" explained that she saw the concern's advertisement in a reputable newspaper and innocently supposed that it, also, must be reputable. The Dean Company offered to prove that all its trades were executed on the New York Stock Exchange, "the most reliable institution in the United States."

"How do you suppose bankers can get so wealthy? How do you suppose insurance companies make millions?" it inquired. "It is simply this: They hire, procure or obtain your money in small amounts at 3½ to 6 per cent. per annum, and use it in combination to make 200 to 400 per cent. Our plan of operating is the one by which all successful speculators have made their fortunes."

The Post-Office Department issued a fraud order against the concern in April, 1897. Its most important asset consisted of a "sucker list" containing twenty-five thousand names. It was said that it had taken in five million dollars—not all clear profit, of course, for it had to pay a lot to the newspapers for advertising. Six months after the Dean crowd was indicted some of them were back at the same game under another name—probably using the same sucker list; at any rate, using the same newspapers to get in a new crop.

The "Franklin Syndicate" in Brooklyn took in two million dollars in four months on the old "Fund W" plan of a sure system for beating the speculative market.

These concerns, of course, were just swindles; but they rest, finally, upon the same idea that honestly-intended blind pools do; an idea old as man himself, and as full of error—namely, that it is possible to devise a "sure" system of gambling.

One of the biggest of stock-market pools whose intentions were honest operated at the same time the Dean Company did. This was the Monetary Trust, with headquarters at 50 Broadway, of which Francis D. Carley was president and spokesman.

Mr. Carley's enterprise, like Mr. Lawson's, was "established to battle against the evil influences of Wall Street." But Mr. Carley's view of those evil influences was very different from Mr. Lawson's. For example, one of his advertisements says: "We declare that Pierpont Morgan has done more for the credit and good name of this country than any other man who has lived in it"—a sentiment which would cause the celebrated Bostonian to turn indigo blue.

The Monetary Trust was duly incorporated, under the laws of New York, to act as trustee in stock-market operations for such persons as might be persuaded to commit their money to its hands. It offered men of moderate means the advantages of team play, and proposed to reform those bad factors in speculation, such as dishonest syndicates, manipulation and bucket-shops, by which so many people foolishly lost their money.

Mr. Carley was a good, persuasive, but highly-dignified advertiser. Beside one of Lawson's later broadsides, a Carley advertisement sounds as conservative as J. P. Morgan refusing to be interviewed on any subject. Comparing the literature of the Monetary Trust with that of "National Stock," you might infer that Mr. Carley was conducting the commercial department of the Bank of England, where you cannot make a deposit unless you bring the bones of your grandfather along with the money. In September, 1896, Mr. Carley bought columns of high-priced newspaper space in order to persuade farmers that they ought to vote against Bryan.

The Bashful Bulls of Ninety-Six

THE good faith of the Monetary Trust was never impugned, that I have heard of, and it was absolutely right in its judgment of the position of American securities. It started along in August, 1895, to bull the best stocks because they were too low. And they were too low—ridiculously low, dirt cheap. There is absolutely no question about that. Nevertheless, those stocks simply wouldn't bull. Week after week, Mr. Carley would persuade himself and any other reasonable man that St. Paul and so on ought to sell much higher. It was true. But they wouldn't, and didn't, sell much higher. Always, in the main, there were more people anxious to sell than to buy.

"During such periods of fever and folly," said Mr. Carley, in January, 1896, referring to the past, "the teachings of the Monetary Trust became obscured; but from this time forward, more and more, laws of finance, business considerations, natural conditions, renewed growth of the country and renewed expansion of prosperity will control. Improvements promised in these papers, now long delayed, will have conspicuous development during the next few months."

At that time Atchison was selling at 13, Burlington at 73, Chicago and Northwestern at 97, St. Paul at 66, Rock Island at 63, Louisville and Nashville at 43. Think of that! It looks like getting them for nothing. Yet they went still lower. The really "conspicuous development during the next few months" was the downward drift of the market. In February Mr. Carley said the trouble was over at last; "St, Paul stock and other stocks will now

fulfill our predictions." Yet six months later there was so much more trouble that February, in retrospect, looked almost rosy. Stock prices in 1896 averaged even lower than in 1895.

The approach of election encouraged Mr. Carley, and, when he became convinced that the Republicans would win, he prophetically foresaw the vast material development in store—only his vision was much foreshortened. October 11 he said: "During the next twenty-one days we shall see a gigantic upheaval in values." What we did actually see was a smart upturn in the market, running to immediately after election—for example, five to fifteen points on Atchison, Burlington, St. Paul and Northwestern.

A week before election Mr. Carley said: "A vision is now opened before us of commercial prosperity before which the stoutest imagination folds its wings." But Mr. Carley's stout imagination very soon had to get its wings unfolded again. The market advance, in fact, lasted only a few days after election; and from then to the end of the year stocks, generally speaking, lost ground. They were slow and weak all through the first half of 1897—about back again, indeed, to the level of the day when Mr. Carley predicted the gigantic upheaval.

Many readers will remember that, for nearly a year after McKinley's election, there was hardly any improvement in business. It was not until the summer of 1897 that anything like a boom happened in stocks—that is, about two years from the time Mr. Carley predicted a boom. Now, two years is a long time to hold a bag.

The Monetary Trust did, at one time, I am told, distribute some profits. But it certainly did not become, as Mr. Carley hoped and asserted, in October, 1896, "one of the phenomenal successes in this great unfolding of prosperity. The Monetary Trust," he wrote, "will almost at once move to the front in leadership of the financial activities of the coming years." But, on the contrary, it presently moved to the rear and out of sight. It was quite right in its basic idea that a vast business improvement was coming; only it miscalculated the time.

"If I could foresee market conditions," said a Rothschild regretfully, "I could accomplish anything."

So, for that matter, could anybody else. Any one able to foresee market conditions would promptly become a Rothschild. That little gift, the lack of which the baron deplored, has not, so far, been vouchsafed to any man. I don't doubt that Mr. Lawson thinks he possesses it; but he is mistaken.

For example, July 3, 1907, Mr. Lawson broadly published his views of the market in many newspapers. "I don't mind going on record unqualifiedly," he said. "From thirty-seven years' study of stocks, and having before me some important information not possessed by investors at large, I believe the purchase of any good stock will show a very large profit in the near future; for instance, that the purchase of Amalgamated at 87 or 90 and St. Paul at 131 will show sixty points profit."

On July 5, in a half-page advertisement (very bullish): "I believe American stocks are about to advance thirty to sixty points. The present is one of the most favorable opportunities for making quick money I have discovered in all my thirty-seven years in the stock-market." And so on for several days following.

Of course, we all know now that we were not then on the verge of a great bull movement, as Mr. Lawson supposed, but on the verge of a great panic—which is entirely different. Amalgamated and St. Paul, the purchase of which Mr. Lawson so strongly advised July 3, were then selling at 86 and 129 respectively. Before the end of October they sold at 48 and 99. Quantitatively, his prediction was correct; only the stocks dropped thirty points instead of going up thirty. True, this year they advanced. But Amalgamated has not this year sold as high as it was on that July 3, and St. Paul has sold only eighteen points higher; not thirty or sixty.

Mr. Lawson's advertising was then comparatively modest. July 5 he said: "That I may not be accused of presenting the curried side of my past predictions, I also call the public's attention to the fact that many of my contemporaneous stock-market predictions missed the bull's-eye by a wide margin." Which, as we have seen, was conspicuously true of the prediction he was then making. Yet his "National Stock" circular speaks with the utmost confidence of one to five hundred per cent. profits.

The blind pools of little fame have been many, and quite generally disastrous. The intentions of some have been very honorable; of others, very dishonorable. But it is not so much their morals as their effect that gives the name a painful significance in speculative circles. As a matter of fact, a boa-constrictor's intentions are perfectly honorable. His motive is merely the natural and moral one of self-preservation. Yet experienced natives of hot countries shun his company.

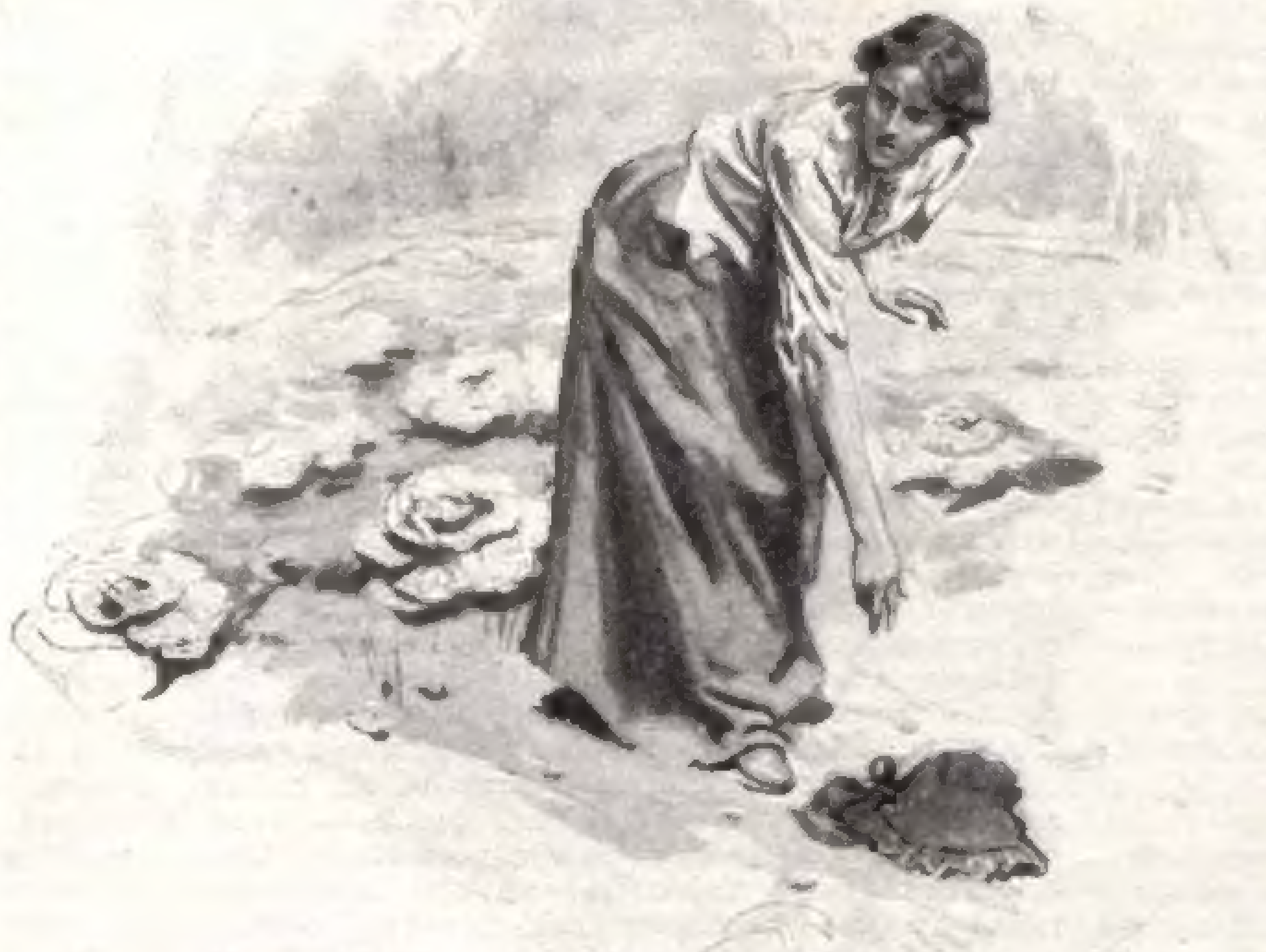
Speculation is, in the main, a device for losing money. In his interesting handbook for market operators, called Pitfalls of Speculation, Thomas Gibson reports the results of an examination of nearly four thousand speculative accounts, extending over a period of ten years. Quite eighty per cent. of the accounts were closed at a final loss, the "tendency to buy at the top and sell at the bottom being most prevalent."

The partnership between folly and money is usually of short duration.

THE PASS

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



The Sentries Were Looking After the Major

HER map, which at headquarters was supposed to be reliable, had grossly misled her; the road bore east instead of north, dwindling, as she advanced, to a rocky path among the foothills. She had taken the wrong turn at the forks; there was nothing to direct her any further—no landmarks except the general trend of the watercourse, and the dull cinders of sunset fading to ashes in the west.

It was impossible now to turn back; Carrick's flying column must be very close on her heels by this time—somewhere yonder in the dusk, paralleling her own course, with only a dark curtain of forest intervening.

So all that evening, and far into the starlit night, she struggled doggedly forward, leading her lamed horse over the mountain, dragging him through laurel thickets, tangles of azalea and rhododendron, thrashing across the swift mountain streams that tumbled out of starry, pine-clad heights, foaming athwart her trail with the rushing sound of forest winds.

For a while the clear radiance of the stars lighted the looming mountains; but when wastes of naked rock gave place to ragged woods, lakes and pits of darkness spread suddenly before her; every gully, every ravine brimmed level with treacherous shadows, masking the sheer fall of rock plunging downward into fathomless shade.

Again and again, as she skirted the unseen edges of destruction, chill winds from unsuspected depths halted her; she dared not light the lantern, dared not halt, dared not even hesitate. And so, fighting down terror, she toiled on, dragging her disabled horse, until, just before dawn, the exhausted creature refused to stir another foot.

Desperate, breathless, trembling on the verge of exhaustion, with the last remnants of nervous strength she stripped saddle and bridle from the animal; then her nerves gave way and she buried her face against her horse's reeking, heaving shoulders.

"I've got to go on, dear," she whispered; "I'll try to come back to you. . . . See what a pretty stream this is," she added half-hysterically, "and such lots of fresh, sweet grass. . . . Oh, my little horse—my little horse! I'm so tired—so tired!"

The horse turned his gentle head, mumbling her shoulder with soft, dusty lips; she stifled a sob, lifted saddle, saddle-bags and bridle and carried them up the rocky bank of the stream to a little hollow. Here she dropped them, unstrapped her revolver and placed it with them, then drew from the saddle-bags a homespun gown, sunbonnet and a pair of coarse shoes, and laid them out on the moss.

Fatigue rendered her limbs unsteady; her fingers twitched as she fumbled with button and buckle, but at last spurred boots, stockings, jacket and dusty riding-skirt fell from her; undergarments dropped in a circle around her bare feet; she stepped out of them, paused to twist up her dark hair tightly, then, crossing the moss to the stream's edge, picked her way out among the boulders to the brimming rim of a pool.

In the exquisite shock of the water the blood whipped her skin; fatigue vanished through the crystal magic; shoulder-deep she waded, crimson-cheeked, then let herself drift, afloat, stretching out in ecstasy until every aching muscle thrilled with the delicious reaction.

Overhead, tree-swallows darted through a sky of pink and saffron, pulsating with the promise of the sun; the tinted peak of a mountain, jaggedly mirrored in the unquiet pool, suddenly glowed crimson, and the reflections ran crisscross through the rocking water, lacing it with fiery needles.

She looked like some delicate dawn-sprite as she waded ashore—a slender, unreal shape in the rosy glow; while behind her, from the dim ravine, ghosts of the mountain mist floated, rising like a company of slim, white angels drifting to the sky.

All around her now the sweet, bewildered murmur of purple martins grew into sustained melody; thrush and mocking-bird, thrasher and cardinal, sang from every leafy slope; and through the rushing music of bird and pouring waterfall the fairy drumming of the cock-o'-the-pines rang out in endless, elfin reveille.

While she was managing to dry herself and dress, her horse limped off into the grassy swale below to drink in the stream and feed among the tender grasses.

Before she drew on the homespun gown she tucked her linen map into an inner skirt-pocket, flat against her right thigh; then, fastening on the shabby skirt, she rolled up her riding-habit, laid it with lantern, revolver, saddle, bridle, boots and bags, in the hollow and covered all over with heaps of fragrant dead leaves and branches. It was the best she could do, and the time was short.

Her horse raised his wise, gentle head, and looked across the stream at her as she hastened past, then limped stiffly toward her.

"Oh, I can't stand it if you hobble after me!" she wailed under her breath. "Dearest—dearest—I will surely come back to you. Good-by—good-by!"

On the crest of the ridge she cast one swift, tearful glance behind. The horse, evidently feeling better, was rolling in the grass, all four hoofs waving at the sky. And she laughed through the tears, and drew from her pockets a morsel of dry bread which she had saved from the saddle-bags. This she nibbled as she walked, taking her bearings from the sun and the sweep of the southern mountain-slopes; and listening, always listening, for the jingle and clank of the Confederate flying battery that was surely following along somewhere on that parallel road which she had missed, hidden from her view only by a curtain of forest, the width of which she had no time to investigate. Nor did she know for certain that she had outstripped the Confederate column in the race for the pass—a desperate race, although the men of that flying column, which was hastening to turn the pass into a pitfall for the North, had not the faintest suspicion that the famous Special Messenger was racing with them to forestall them, or even that their secret was no longer a secret.

Hot haste from the south hills she had come to warn Benton's division of the ambuscade preparing for it, riding by highway and byway, her heart in her mouth, taking every perilous chance. And now, at the last moment, here in the West Virginian mountains, almost within sight of the pass itself, disaster threatened—the human machine was giving out.

There were just two chances that Benton might yet be saved—that his leisurely advance had, by some miracle, already occupied the pass; or, if not, that she could get through and meet Benton in time to stop him.

She had been told that there was a cabin at the pass, and that the mountaineer who lived there was a Union man.

Thinking of these things as she crossed the ridge, she came suddenly into full view of the pass. It lay there just below her; there could be no mistake. A stony road wound along the stream, flanked by forest-clad heights; she recognized the timber bridge over the ravine, which had been described to her, the corduroy way across the swamp, the single, squat cabin crowning a half-cleared hillock. She realized at a glance the awful trap that this silent, deadly place could be turned into; for one rushing moment her widening eyes could almost see blue masses of men in disorder, crushed into that horrible defile; her ears seemed to ring with their death-cries, the rippling roar of rifle-fire. Then, with a sharp, indrawn breath, she hastened forward, taking the descent at a run. And at the same moment three gray-jacketed cavalrymen cantered into the road below, crossed the timber bridge at a gallop, and disappeared in the pass, carbines poised.

She had arrived a minute too late; the pass was closed!

Toiling breathlessly up the bushy hillock, crouching, bending, creeping across the stony open where scant grass grew in a meager garden, she reached the cabin. It was empty; a fire smouldered under a kettle in which potatoes were boiling; ash-cakes crisped on the hearth, bacon sizzled in a frypan set close to the embers.

But where was the tenant?

A shout from the road below brought her to the door; then she dropped flat on her stomach, crawled forward and looked over the slope.

A red-haired old man, in his shirt-sleeves, carrying a fishing-pole, was running down the road, chased by two gray-jacketed troopers. He ran well, throwing away his pole and the string of slimy fish he had been carrying; but, half-way across the stream, they rode him down and caught him, driving their horses straight into the shallow flood; and a few moments later a fresh squad of cavalry trotted up, forced the prisoner to mount a led horse, and, surrounding him, galloped rapidly away southward.

The Special Messenger lay perfectly still and flat, watching, listening, waiting, coolly alert for a shadow of a chance to slip out and through the pass; but there was to be no such chance now, for a dozen troopers came into view, running their lean horses at top speed, and wheeled straight into the pass. A full squadron followed, their solid galloping waking drumming echoes among the rocks. Then her delicate ears caught a distant, ominous sound—nearer, louder, ringing, thudding, jarring, pounding—the racket of field artillery arriving at full speed.

And into sight dashed a flying battery, guns and limbers bouncing and thumping, whips cracking, chains crashing, the six-horse teams on a dead run.

An officer drew bridle and threw his horse on its haunches; the first team rushed on to the pass with a clash and clank of wheels and chains, swung wide in a demi-tour, dropped a dully glistening gun, and then came trampling back. The second, third and fourth teams, guns and caissons, swerved to the right of the hillock and came plunging up the bushy slope, horses straining and scrambling, trampling through the wretched garden to the level grass above.

One by one the gun-teams swung in a half-circle, each dropped its mud-spattered gun, the cannoneers sprang to unhook the trails, the frantic, half-maddened horses were lashed to the rear.

The Special Messenger rose quietly to her feet, and then a passing cannoneer turned and saw her in the doorway.

"Hey!" he exclaimed; "what you-all doin' thar?"

A very young major, spurring up the slope, saw her, too.

"This won't do!" he began excitedly, pushing his sweating horse up to the door. "I'm sorry, but it won't do——" He hesitated, perplexed, eying this slim, dark-eyed girl, who stood as though dazed there in her ragged homespun and naked feet.

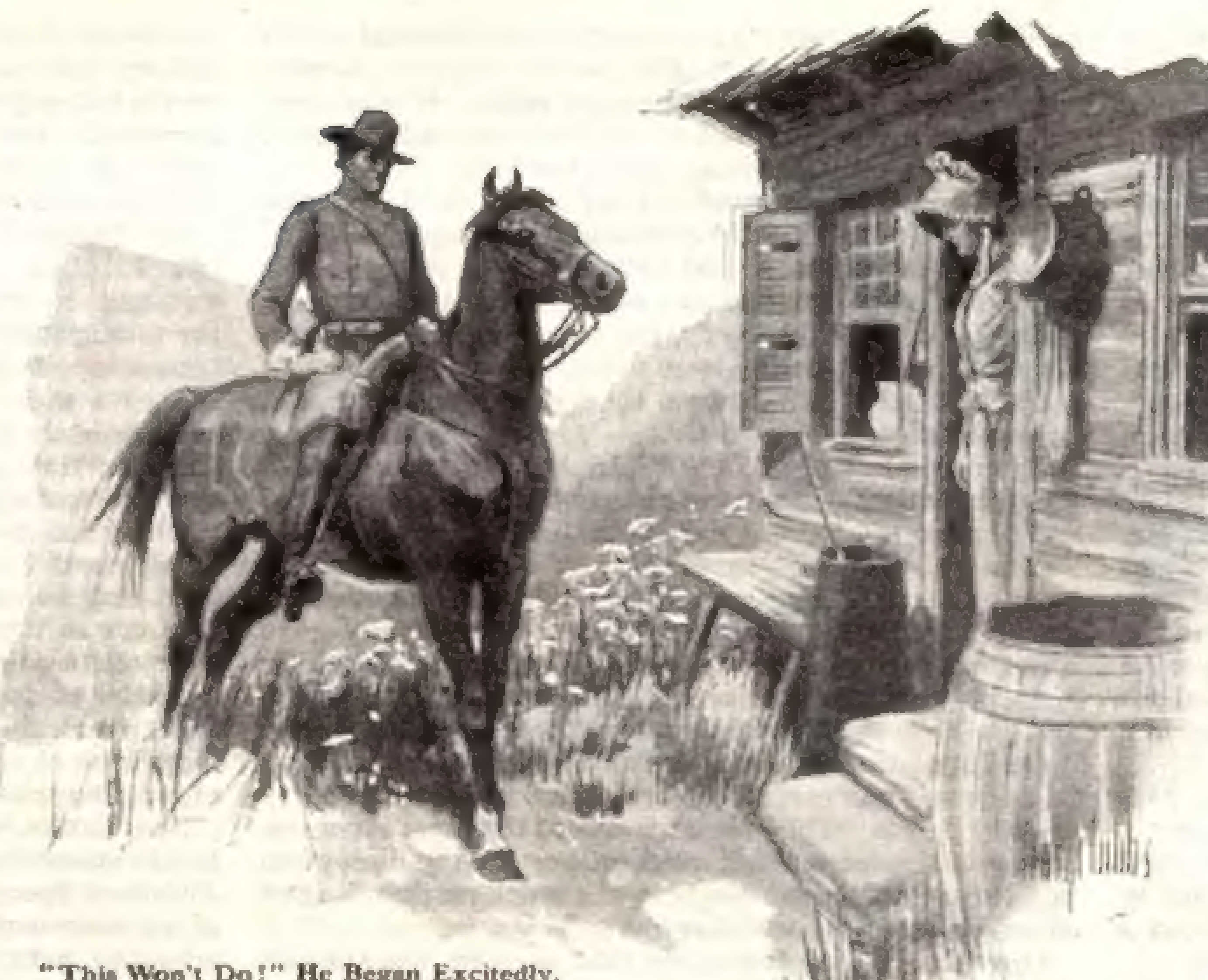
Colonel Carrick, passing at a canter, turned in his saddle, calling out:

"Major Kent! Keep that woman here! It's too late to send her back."

The boy major saluted, then turned to the girl again:

"Who are you?" he asked, vexed.

She seemed unable to reply.



"This Won't Do!" He Began Excitedly, Pushing His Sweating Horse Up to the Door. "I'm Sorry, but it Won't Do——"

A cannoneer said respectfully: "Reckon the li'l gal's jes' natch'ally skeered o' we-uns, Major, seein' how the caval'y ketched her paw down thar in the crick."

The Major said briefly:

"Your father is a Union man, but nobody is going to hurt him. I'd send you to the rear, too, but there's no time now. Please go in and shut that door. I'll see that nobody disturbs you."

As she was closing the door the young Major called after her:

"Where's the well?"

As she did not know she only stared at him as though terrified.

"All right," he said, more gently. "Don't be frightened. I'll come back and talk to you in a little while."

As she shut the door she saw the cannon at the pass limber up, wheel, and go bumping up the hill to rejoin its bespattered fellows on the knoll.

An artilleryman came along and dropped a bundle of picks and shovels which he was carrying to the gunners, who had begun the emplacements; the boyish Major dismounted, subduing his excitement with a dignified frown; and for a while he was very fussy and very busy, aiding the battery captain in placing the guns and verifying the depression.

The position of the masked battery was simply devilish; every gun, hidden completely in the oak-scrub, was now trained on the pass.

Opposite, across the stream, long files of gray infantry were moving to cover among the trees; behind, a battalion arrived to support the guns; below, the cavalry had begun to leave the pass; troopers, dismounted, were carefully removing from the road all traces of their arrival.

Leaning there by the window, the Special Messenger counted the returning fours as troop after troop retired southward and disappeared around the bend of the road.

For a while the picks and shovels of the gunners sounded noisily; concealed riflemen, across the creek, were also busy entrenching. But by noon all sound had ceased in the sunny ravine; there was nothing to be seen from below; not a human voice echoed; not a pick-stroke; only the sweet, rushing sound of the stream filled the silence; only the shadows of the branches moved.

Warned again by the sentinels to close the battered window and keep the door shut, she still watched the gunners, through the dirty window-panes, where they now lay under the bushes beside their guns. There was no conversation among them; some of the artillerymen seemed to be asleep; some sprawled belly-deep in the ferns, chewing twigs or idly scraping holes in the soil; a few lay about, eating the remnants of the morning's scanty rations, chewing strips of bacon rind, and licking the last crumbs from the palms of their grimy hands.

Along the bush-hidden parapet of earth, heaps of ammunition lay—canister and common shell. She recognized these, and, with a shudder, a long row of smaller projectiles on which soldiers were screwing copper caps—hand-grenades, brought in by blockade-runners, and fashioned to explode on impact—so close was to be the coming slaughter of her own people in the road below.

Toward one o'clock the gunners were served noon rations. She watched them eating for a while, then, nerveless, turned back into the single room of the cabin and opened the rear door—so gently and noiselessly that the boyish staff-major who was seated on the sill did not glance around until she spoke, asking his permission to remain.

"You mustn't open that door," he said, looking up, surprised by the sweetness of the voice which he heard now for the first time.

"How can anybody see me from the pass?" she asked innocently. "That is what you are afraid of, isn't it?"

He shot a perplexed and slightly suspicious glance at her, then the frowning importance faded from his beardless face; he bit a piece out of the soggy corncake he was holding and glanced up at her again, amiably conscious of her attractions; besides, her voice and manner had been a revelation. Evidently her father had had her educated at some valley school remote from these raw solitudes.

So he smiled at her, quite willing to be argued with and entertained; and at his suggestion she shyly seated herself on the sill outside in the sunlight.

"Have you lived here long?" he asked encouragingly.

"Not very," she said, eyes downcast, her clasped hands lying loosely over one knee. The soft, creamy-tinted fingers occupied his attention for a moment; the hand resembled the hand of "quality"; so did the ankle and delicate arch of her naked foot, half-imprisoned in the coarse shoe under her skirt's edge.

He had often heard that some of these mountaineers had pretty children; here, evidently, was a most fascinating example.

"Is your mother living?" he asked pleasantly.

"No, sir."

He thought to himself that she must resemble her dead mother, because the man whom the cavalry had caught in the creek was a coarse-boned, red-headed ruffian, quite impossible to reconcile as the father of this dark-haired, dark-eyed, young forest creature, with her purely-moulded limbs and figure and sensitive fashion of speaking. He turned to her curiously:

"So you have not always lived here on the mountain."

"No, not always."

"I suppose you spent a whole year away from home at boarding-school," he suggested with patronizing politeness.

"Yes, six years at Edgewood," she said in a low voice.

"What?" he exclaimed, repeating the name of the most fashionable Southern institute for young ladies. "Why, I had a sister there—Margaret Kent. Were *you* there? And did you ever—er—see my sister?"

"I knew her," said the Special Messenger absently.

He was very silent for a while, thinking to himself:

"It must have been her mother; that measly old man we caught in the creek is 'poor white' all through." And, munching thoughtfully again on his soggy corncake, he pondered over the strange fate of this fascinating young girl, fashioned to slay the hearts of Southern chivalry—so young, so sweet, so soft of voice and manner, condemned to live life through alone in this shaggy solitude—fated, doubtless, to mate with some loose, lank, shambling, hawk-eyed rustic of the peaks—doomed to bear sickly children, and to fade and dry and wither in the full springtide of her youth and loveliness.

"It's too bad," he said fretfully, unconscious that he spoke aloud, unaware, too, that she had risen and was moving idly, with bent head, among the weeds of the truck garden—edging nearer, nearer, to a dark, round object about the size of a very small apple, which had rolled into a furrow where the ground was all cut up by the wheel-tracks of the artillery and hoofs of heavy horses.

There was scarcely a chance that she could pick it up unobserved; her ragged skirts covered it; she bent forward as though to tie her shoe, but a sentinel was watching her, so she straightened up carelessly and stood, hands on her hips, dragging one foot idly to and fro, until she had covered the small, round object with sand and gravel.

That object was a loaded French hand-grenade, fitted with percussion primer; and it lay last at the end of a long row of similar grenades along the shaded side of the house.

The sentry in the bushes had been watching her; and now he came out along the edge of the laurel tangle, apparently to warn her away, but seeing a staff-officer so near her he halted, satisfied that authority had been responsible for her movements. Besides, he had not noticed that a grenade was missing; neither had the Major, who now rose and sauntered toward her, balancing his field-glasses in one hand.

"There's ammunition under these bushes," he said pleasantly; "don't go any nearer, please. Those grenades *might* explode if any one stumbled over them. They're bad things to handle."

"Will there be a battle here?" she asked, recoiling from the deadly little bombs.

"There will probably be a skirmish. I do not dare let you leave this spot till the first shot is fired. But as soon as you hear it you had better run as fast as you can"—he pointed with his field-glasses—"to that little ridge over there, and lie down behind the rocks on the other side. Do you understand?"

"Yes—I think so."

"And you'll lie there very still until it is—over?"

"I understand. May I go immediately and hide there?"

"Not yet," he said gently.

"Why?"

"Because your father is a Union man. . . . And you are Union, too, are you not?"

"Yes," she said, smiling; "are you afraid of me?"

A slight flush stained his smooth, sunburnt skin; then he laughed.

"A little afraid," he admitted; "I find you dangerous, but not in the way you mean. I—I do not mean to offend you——"

But she smiled audaciously at him, looking prettier than ever; and his heart gave a surprised little jump at her unsuspected capabilities.

"Why are you afraid of me?" she asked, looking at him with her engaging little smile. In her eyes a bewitching brightness sparkled, partly veiled by the long lashes; and she laughed again, poised there in the sunshine, hands on her hips, delicately provoking his reply.

And, crossing the chasm which her coquetry had already bridged, he paid her the quick, reckless, boyish compliment she invited—a little flowery, perhaps, possibly a trifle stilted, but very Southern; and she shrugged like a spoiled court beauty, nose uptilted, and swept him with a glance from half-closed lids, almost insolent.

The sentry in the holly-and-laurel thicket stared hard at them both. And he saw his Major break off a snowy Cherokee rose and, bending at his slim, sashed waist, present the blossom with the courtly air inbred through many generations; and he saw a ragged mountaineer girl accept it with all the dainty and fastidious mockery of a coquette of the golden age, and pin it where her faded bodice edged the creamy skin of her breast.

What the young Major said to her after that, bending nearer and nearer, the sentry could not hear, for the Major's voice was very low, and the slow, smiling reply was lower still.

But the Major straightened as though he had been shot through and through, and bowed and walked away among the weeds toward a group of officers under the trees, who were steadily watching the pass through their leveled field-glasses.

Once the Major turned around to look back; once she turned on the threshold. Her cheeks were pinker; her eyes sparkled.

The emotions of the Special Messenger were rather easily excited.

But when she had closed the door, and leaned wearily against it, the color soon faded from her face and the sparkle died out in her dark eyes. Pale, alert, intelligent, she stood there minute after minute, searching the single room with anxious, purposeless eyes; then, driven into restless motion by the torturing tension of anxiety, she paced the loose boards like a tigress, up and down, head lowered, hands clasped against her mouth, worrying the small fingers with the edge of her teeth.

Outside, through dirty window-glass, she could see sentries in the bushes, all looking steadily in the same direction; groups of officers under the trees still focused their glasses on the pass. By and by she saw some riflemen in butternut jeans climb into trees, rifles slung across their backs, and disappear far up in the foliage, still climbing.

Toward five o'clock, as she was eating the bacon and hoe-cakes which she had found in the hut, two infantry officers opened the door, stared at her, then, without ceremony, drew a rough ladder from the corner, set it outside, and the older officer climbed to the roof.

She heard him call down to the lieutenant below:

"No use; I can't see any better up here. . . . They ought to set a signalman on that rock, yonder!"

Other officers came over; one or two spoke respectfully to her, but she did not answer. Finally they all cleared out; and she dragged a bench to the back door, which swung open a little way, and, alert against surprise, very cautiously drew from the inner pocket her linen contour-map and studied it, glancing every second or two out through the crack in the door.

Nobody disturbed her; with hesitating forefinger she traced out what pretended to be a path dominating the northern entrance of the pass, counted the watercourses and gullies crossing the ascent, tried to fix the elevations in her mind.

As long as she dared she studied the soiled map, but, presently, a quick shadow fell across the threshold, and she thrust the map into the concealed pocket and sprang to open the door.

"Coming military events cast foreboding shadows," she said, somewhat breathless.

"Am I a foreboding and military event?" asked the youthful Major, laughing. "What do I threaten, please?"

"Single combat," she said demurely, smiling at him under half-veiled lids. And the same little thrill passed through him again, and the quick color rose to his smooth, sunburnt face.

"I was ready to beat a retreat on sight," he said; "now I surrender."

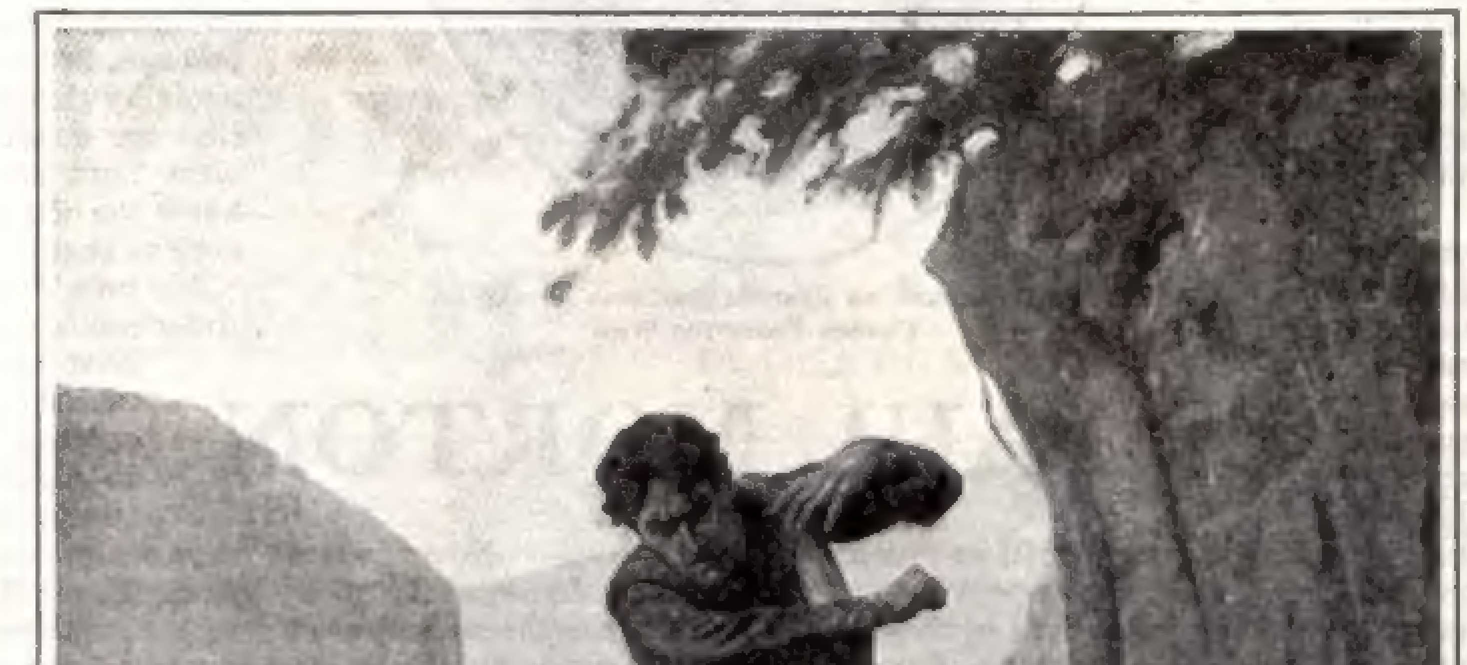
"I make no prisoners," she replied in airy disdain.

"You give no quarter?"

"None. . . . Why did you come back?"

"You said I might."

"Did I? I had quite forgotten what I said to you. When are you going to let me go?"



At the Same Instant She Sprang at Him

His face fell and he looked up at her, troubled.

"I'm afraid you don't understand," he said. "We dare not send you away under escort now, because horses' feet make a noise, and some prowling Yankee vidette at this very moment may be hanging about the pass——"

"Oh," she said, "you prefer to let me remain here and be shot?"

He said, reddening: "At the first volley you are to go with an escort across the ridge. I told you that, didn't I?"

But she remained scornful, mute and obstinate, pretty head bent, twisting the folds of her faded skirt.

"Do you think I would let you remain here if there were any danger?" he asked in a lower voice.

"How long am I to be kept here?" she asked pettishly.

"Until the Yankees come through—and I can't tell you when that will be, because I don't know myself."

"Are they in the pass?"

"We don't know. Everybody is beginning to be worried. We can't see very far into that ravine——"

"Then why don't you go where you *can* see?" she said with a shrug.

"Where?" he asked, surprised.

"Didn't you know that there is a path above the pass?"

"A path?"

"Certainly. I can show you if you wish. You ought to be able to see to the north end of the pass—if I am not mistaken——"

"Wait a moment!" he said excitedly. "I want you to take me there—just a second, to speak to those officers—I'm coming back immediately——"

And he started on a run across the ravaged garden, holding his sabre close, midway, by the scabbard.

That was her chance. Picking up her faded sunbonnet, she stepped from the threshold, swinging it carelessly by one string. The sentries were looking after the Major; she dropped her sunbonnet, stooped to recover it, and straightened up, the hidden hand-grenade slipping from the crown of the bonnet into her bodice between her breasts.

A thousand eyes seemed watching her as, a trifle pale, she strolled on aimlessly, swinging the recovered sunbonnet; she listened, shivering, for the stern challenge to halt, the breathless shout of accusation, the pursuing trample of heavy boots. And at last, quaking in every limb, she ventured to lift her eyes. Nobody seemed to be looking her way; the artillery pickets were still watching the pass; the group of officers posted under the trees still focused their glasses in that direction; the young Major was already returning across the garden toward her.

A sharp throb of hope set her pulses bounding—she had, safe in her bosom, the means of warning her own people now; all she needed was a safe-conduct from that knoll, and here it was coming, brought by this eager, boyish officer, hastening so blithely toward her, his long, dark shadow clinging like death to his spurred heels as he ran.

Would she guide him to some spot where it was possible to see the whole length of the pass?

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak, and turned, he at her side, into the woods.

If her map was not betraying her once more the path *must* follow the edges of the pass, high up among those rocks and trees somewhere. There was only one way of finding it—to climb upward to the overhanging ledges.

Raising her eyes toward the leafy heights, it seemed to her incredible that any path could lead along that wall of rock, which leaned outward over the ravine.

But somehow she must mount there; somehow she must manage to remain there unmolested, ready, the moment a single Union vidette cantered into the pass, to hurl her explosive messenger into the depths below—a startling but unmistakable signal to that blue column advancing so unsuspiciously into that defile of hell.

As they climbed upward together through the holly-scrub she remembered that she must not slip, for the iron weight in her bosom would endure no rough caress from rock or earth.

How heavy it was—how hot and rough, chafing her body—this little iron sphere, a dozen deaths sealed up in it!

Toiling upward, planting her roughly-shod feet with fearful precision, she tried to imagine what it would be like if the tiny bomb in her bosom exploded—tried to picture her terrified soul tearing skyward out of bodily annihilation.

"It is curious," she thought with a slight shudder, "how afraid I always am—how deeply, deeply afraid of death. God knows why I go on."

The boy beside her found the ascent difficult; spurs and sabre impeded him; once he lurched heavily against her, and his quick apology was cut short by the pallor of her face, for she was dreadfully afraid of the bomb.

"Did I hurt you?" he faltered, impulsively laying his hand on her arm.

(Concluded on Page 44)

BUSINESS SECTIONALISM

Why the East and the West Don't Get Together

Paul Morton, an Eastern Business Man Who Comes From the West

By PAUL MORTON

IN THE West there undoubtedly is a feeling toward the East akin to unfriendliness, while the East is, perhaps, indifferent to what the West thinks. That there should be nothing but the strongest bond of sympathy and the greatest desire to coöperate between the two sections of the country is as manifest to any thinking man as an August sun to those who are not blind. This spirit, though little thought of now, is bound to come, but to bring it about quickly should be the aim of every American who is proud of his country, for as it is expedited so will the nation be greater and happier.

Possibly the origin of this resentment of the West toward the East was in the early days of the Middle States, when many people living there thought the protective tariff was so adjusted as to favor the East and discriminate against the West. Those were the days before the benefits of the tariff had reached the West, when Western farms were mortgaged at a high rate of interest to the full limit, when corn was selling at ten and fifteen cents and wheat for about fifty cents a bushel, and when freights were so high that, in many sections of the West, it was cheaper to burn corn as fuel than to buy coal. Those were the days before the condensation in freights, when it cost as much to ship a carload of corn from Nebraska or Kansas to Chicago as it did a carload of cattle, and before the days of great packing-houses on the Missouri River.

Few people realize the saving to the farmer by the condensation referred to. It takes fully two carloads of corn to fatten one carload of steers. The carload of steers is hauled from the local station in Kansas or Nebraska to the Missouri River packing-house for less than one carload of corn, and there two cars of cattle are condensed again into less than one carload of dressed beef, and this one carload is hauled to Chicago for less money than a carload of corn was formerly transported. This is giving to the farmer the full producer's profit on his cereals, and also a better profit on his livestock, and is a concentration in freight of at least four into one—probably five into one—and represents millions of dollars saved every year to the farmers of those States. This and cheap rates on export shipments to the Gulf of Mexico, lower rates of interest, a better knowledge of the chemistry of agriculture, whereby many new uses are made of our farm products, and the home market produced by the natural growth of the country, have created such a demand for grain that corn now is worth over seventy cents and wheat more than one dollar a bushel.

The Golden Future of California

THAT community which produces a surplus of staple articles that the world demands, and ships them to markets where consumers await them, will always be a prosperous community. The manufacture of raw products where they are grown into commodities whereby the bulk is reduced and the value enhanced is a legitimate method of beneficence. The one element which inevitably gives value to a product is exchangeability.

The average American, it seems to me, if he considers the matter at all, gives only passing thought to the resources of the West and does not stop to realize its enormous actualities—what has already been accomplished and what is yet to be done. The Mississippi Valley—and by that I mean the region between the Alleghanies and the Rockies—is the most fertile valley in the world, and the people who live in it will be the richest on earth. In that vast region lie the future prosperity and political destiny of the United States. Where there have been no great cattle ranches or miles of waving grain or immense orchards, irrigation is converting arid lands into rich farms.

Beyond the Rockies lies California, which will produce everything that can be grown in Italy. Italy supports a population of thirty-two millions, while California has about two million people. With the completion of the Panama Canal shiploads of people will go direct from Europe to San Francisco and be distributed on the Pacific Slope. The political centre of the country is steadily moving westward, while New York is becoming more firmly established as the financial centre. This is as it should be, for the political and financial centres should be as far removed from each other as the poles. New York might be said to be a large mirror, reflecting the condition of the West and South. If the country generally is prosperous, New York is happy. If the country is agitated and uncomfortable, New York is miserable.

Western farm lands have increased in value fourfold. Rates of interest have been reduced on mortgages or the mortgages have been paid off. Never before has the farmer owned so much and owed so little. Never before was the prospect better for his land advancing still further in value, and never, in any country, has the agriculturist had a better foundation or a better outlook. Never, in any rural community of the same age, has there been more anxiety on the part of the people as to how they were going to invest their surplus funds.

Another reason for a somewhat bitter feeling toward the East on the part of the West and South was the idea that the East was getting rich too rapidly, and indulging in altogether too much extravagance; that, in some way or other, this was being accomplished at the expense of other sections of the country; and then, again, the apparent indifference of the East toward the West was offensive. It has been the custom of the Eastern comic papers to cartoon the Western farmer, the cowboy or the politician, and it has not been an uncommon practice for Eastern people to refer slightingly to their Western neighbors. It is the exception where this is done, perhaps, but it has been done in such a silly way that it reflects only discredit on those who do it. There is no difference between the people of the West and those of the East that cannot be changed by environment.

Yet to be a Western man is considered by many Easterners to be a great misfortune, while to be a Western woman is, in the minds of many Eastern women, an almost unpardonable sin, and the farther West one comes from the less forgivable is the offense.

I had the pleasure of sitting next to a well-known New York lady at dinner not long ago, and she expressed herself as being very much interested in the West, at the same time saying that she had been brought up to consider Western people a rather inferior class. But recently, she went on, she had been out West visiting, and had been very much impressed with the fact that Western people were quite like Eastern people, and that she thought the life out there was very interesting. I told her that I was glad to hear her say this, and asked her how far West she had been.

She said she had been as far as Utica, New York!

Again, the feeling against the East has been fanned and irritated by politicians and demagogues who have made bids for popular favor. Preaching the gospel of discontent, arraying the masses, and assailing corporations or individuals who have had some success in the world, is not new. History tells us it has been going on since the world commenced.

A former Senator from Nebraska was once making a speech in a small town in that State. He was a candidate for reëlection, and wanted the Populist vote in the legislature. His speech was one of denunciation. He was a pioneer in the art. He started in by denouncing the Standard Oil Company and many other corporations. He then went after Wall Street and the "money power," and finally turned and vigorously abused the railroads. He said such mean things about the railroads that one of his hearers stood up and asked him if he did not ride into town on a railroad pass.

With much indignation and great dramatic pose the old Senator replied: "My friend, I am glad you asked that question. During the dark and dismal days of 1861-2-3 I was colonel of a New York regiment fighting for the salvation of the Union. My orders then to my gallant soldiers always were to forage on the enemy. Yes, sir, I did ride into this town on a railroad pass and I am proud of it."

The crowd yelled. The man who asked the question was humiliated, and the Senator finished his speech. The reply seemed to suffice.

Another reason why the South and West feel unkindly to the East is because they suspect it of being greedy. The exposures of the last few years in insurance and other corporate affairs have added to this feeling. Many people get their daily information as to what is going on in the country from sensational headlines, and strong prejudices are created thereby. The newspapers, unintentionally perhaps, are quite apt to magnify the mistakes that are made by the rich and say too little about the good things that are done. Some of the most eminent financiers of New York are from the West and South. These men know the country they hail from and love it. They have not the slightest idea of doing it any injustice.

My own idea is that it should be the duty of every good American to do what he can to stifle sectional feeling. The East should know the West better. The West welcomes closer acquaintance. Its spirit was well expressed when, a few years ago, it was my pleasure to take a distinguished party of Chicago merchants and manufacturers to Oklahoma. At Guthrie we were entertained by the Commercial Club of that thriving young city. The address of welcome was delivered by a very intelligent and forceful man named Coyle, who closed his cordial remarks as follows:

"You are the kind of men we want in Oklahoma. We need capital here, and if you yourselves cannot come down here, give each of your sons twenty thousand dollars and send them to this land of opportunity. I will personally guarantee that, within five years, they will each of them double the money they bring here or—we will get it. Send them along!"

Mr. Coyle was quite right. Money invested in Oklahoma farm lands at that time would have doubled in value.

Whether it be to make investments or simply to look the country over, more Eastern people should travel West. They should see their own country. There are countless people of the very best families in New York who have been to Europe summer after summer, who have even traveled around the world, and who know nothing about the West; who do not realize the charm of the mountain and the prairie, who never have seen a great cornfield or a wonderful wheatfield or a cattle ranch, and who are absolutely ignorant of the joy of Western America. If the Grand Cañon, the Yellowstone or the Yosemite had been in Switzerland or Egypt they would have seen them all years ago, and they ought, from purely patriotic reasons, if for no others, to take a few months off and see the wonderful resources and marvelous scenery of their own country. It would make them better citizens, and the people of both the West and the East could then see that we are all made of the same kind of clay. No man is a finished American until he has crossed the continent and seen those clean and unaffected qualities of vigor, frankness and energy which are found in the West and are among the contributing factors to the larger Americanism which is the hope and salvation of industrial America.

Eastern Blood in Western Veins

MANY people of the East appear to forget that the West was settled by people from their own neighborhood, people with energy, independence, courage and individuality, many of whom went West with the idea of making some money and returning, although the attractions of the country are so great that few return. It is more likely to be the unsuccessful ones who do, or those who make themselves so useful that they are tempted to return only by lucrative offers. Those of the latter class will generally be found, like John Staley, doing active missionary work for the West, though with more success and satisfaction than he had with one of his hearers.

Staley was an Omaha pioneer who, in the early days of that city, made a visit thence to his old home in the Mohawk Valley. He was a hearty, lusty frontiersman.

Sitting in the shade on the banks of the Mohawk he descanted with enthusiasm and genuine admiration of his new home in the growing West. And in closing a eulogy upon Omaha and the enterprise and push of its citizens, he glowingly said:

"I tell you that you are asleep here in this New York village. A town in Nebraska with only five hundred population gets up earlier in the morning, does more business, makes more noise and drives ahead more projects in twenty-four hours than a town of five thousand population in the Mohawk Valley in a week."

There was a dead silence until a portly burgher, scratching his bald pate, philosophically and perspicuously remarked:

"Vell, Staley, don't you dank dot dose towns, expressly dose Western cities, vere der vimen and shildren is more dan all der oder inhabitants, is bigger dan smaller blaces of der same size in der Eastern States mit greater boperlations?"

Wall Street is one of the chief points of attack when Western people criticise New York. Many hold the opinion that everything connected with that avenue of finance is bad, whereas there is probably no other place in the world where more actual trading is done, where more money changes hands every day, or where there is more honorable dealing than on the New York Stock Exchange. The transactions there every day are of such magnitude that they dwarf the ordinary interchange of commodities. It is true that occasionally a brokerage firm goes wrong or fails, but the fact that the greatest losses the world ever saw in any exchange were made there last year, and that the failures were comparatively few, speaks volumes for the way the business is conducted. That there are unscrupulous men engaged in the Wall Street game is true, but this is true also of the Chicago Board of Trade, the Kansas City stockyards, or the real-estate, mining, cotton or fruit exchange of any large Western or Southern city

The remedy for some of the feeling against Wall Street is, to a large extent, in the hands of the New York Stock Exchange itself. The very best accountants and the highest legal talent should be employed by the Exchange to report on securities before they are listed, and not until a most careful conclusion of the real merits of a security is reached, and not until it is arranged that regular reports of earnings and operations are to be made, should a corporation security receive the stamp of approval from the Exchange.

That there has been some ground on both sides for feeling there is no question. The free-silver craze was, in a way, the natural swing of the protective tariff pendulum westward. Many of the best citizens in the West honestly believed it was to afford them relief, and, in a measure, offset the advantage the East had previously enjoyed; and then, again, others not so honest thought it would enable them to pay off their Eastern obligations in a depreciated currency.

The Eastern people also have cause for resentment. They do not like to be lured into railway construction by State, county and city aid, and after the roads are built be unfairly treated by legislatures.

The railroads of the country are not owned by a few individuals. The people of the country own the railroads, and that is as it should be. The life-insurance policyholders of the country must own at least one billion dollars' worth of railway securities; then, as large holders of these securities, there are the savings-banks, the trust companies, and other institutions owned by the people themselves. The number of individual stockholders in all our great corporations is growing very rapidly, and, as the West and South increase in wealth, the investments will multiply. My own impression, after a comparatively brief residence in the East, is, that while there may be a feeling of indifference in New York toward the West, it comes more from being very busily occupied with pressing matters than from dislike.

There should be nothing but the most fraternal feeling between the East and the West. They are as much brothers as the Siamese twins ever were, and you cannot step on the tail of the coat of one without retarding the forward movement of the other.

But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL

III

THE house where the Severences lived, and had lived for half a century, was built by Lucius Quintus Severence, Alabama planter, suddenly and, for the ante-bellum days, notably rich through a cotton speculation. When he built, Washington had no distinctly fashionable quarter; the neighborhood was then, as now, small, cheap, wooden structures, where dwelt in genteel discomfort the families of junior department clerks. Lucius Quintus chose the site partly because spacious grounds could be had at a nominal figure, chiefly because part of his conception of aristocracy was to dwell in grandeur among the humble. The Severence place, inclosed by a high, England-like wall of masonry, filled the whole, huge square. On each of its four sides it put in sheepish and chopfallen countenance a row of boarding-houses. In any other city the neighborhood would have been intolerable because of the noise of the rowdy children. But in Washington the boarding-house class cannot afford children; so, few indeed were the small forms that paused before the big iron Severence gates to gaze into the mysterious maze of green as far as might be—which was not far, because the walk and the branching drives turn abruptly soon after leaving the gates.

From earliest spring until almost Christmas that mass of green was sweet with perfume and with the songs of appreciative colonies of bright birds. In the midst of the grounds, and ingeniously shut in on all sides from any view that could spoil the illusion of a forest, stood the house, Colonial, creeper-clad, brightened in all its verandas and lawns by gay flowers, pink and white predominating. The rooms were large and lofty of ceiling, and not too uncomfortable in winter, as the family was accustomed to temperatures below the average American indoors. In spring and summer and autumn the rooms were delightful, with their old-fashioned, solid furniture, their subdued colors and tints, their elaborate arrangements for regulating the inpour of light. All this suggested wealth. But the Severences were not rich. They had about the same amount of money that old Lucius Quintus had left; but, just as the neighborhood seemed to have degenerated when, in fact, it had remained all but unchanged, so the Severence fortune seemed to have declined, altogether through changes of standard elsewhere. The Severences were no poorer; simply other people of their class had grown richer, enormously richer. The Severence homestead, taken by itself and apart from its accidental setting of luxurious grounds, was a third-rate American dwelling-house, fine for a town, but plain for a city. And the Severence fortune, by contrast with the fortunes so lavishly displayed in the fashionable quarter of the Capital, was a meagre affair, just enough for comfort; it was far too small for the new style of wholesale entertainment which the plutocracy has introduced from England, where the lunacy for aimless and extravagant display rages and ravages in its full horror of barbaric vulgarity. Thus, the Severences, from being leaders twenty years before, had shrunk into "quiet people," and were saved from downright obscurity and social neglect only by the indomitable will and tireless energy of old Cornelia Bowker.

Cornelia Bowker was not a Severence; in fact, she was by birth indisputably a nobody. Her maiden name was Lard, and the Lards were "poor white trash." By one of those queer freaks wherewith Nature loves to make mockery of the struttings of mankind, she, descended from many generations of lazy and shiftless poverty, was endowed with ambition and with the intelligence and will to make it effective. Her first ambition was education; she, by performing labors and sacrifices incredible, got herself a thorough education. Her next ambition was to be rich; she, without the beauty that appeals to the senses, married herself to a rich, vulgar New Englander, Henry Bowker. Her final and fiercest ambition was social power; she married her daughter to the only son and namesake of Lucius Quintus Severence. The pretensions of aristocracy would soon collapse under the feebleness of born aristocrats were it not for two things—the passion of the masses of mankind for looking up, and the frequent infusions into aristocratic veins of vigorous common blood. Cornelia Bowker, born Lard, adored "birth." In fulfilling her third ambition—to reign in fashionable society—she had herself born again. From the moment of the announcement of her daughter's engagement to Lucius Severence she ceased to be Lard or Bowker and became Severence—more of a Severence than any of the veritable Severences. Soon after her son-in-law and his father died she became so much *the* Severence that fashionable people forgot her origin, regarded her as the true embodiment of the pride and rank of Severence; and Severence became, thanks wholly to her, a synonym for pride and rank, though really the Severences were not especially blue-blooded.

She did not live with her widowed daughter, as two establishments were more impressive; also, she knew that she was not a livable person—and thought none the worse of herself for that characteristic of strong personalities. In the Severence family, at the homestead, there were, besides five servants, but three persons—the widowed Roxana and her two daughters, Margaret and Lucia, so named by Madam Bowker because with her birth ended the Severence hopes of a son to perpetuate in the direct line the family Christian name for its chief heir. From the side entrance to the house extended an alley of trees, with white, flowering bushes from trunk to trunk like a hedge. At one end of the alley was a pretty, arched veranda of the house with steps descending; at the other end a graceful fountain in a circle around which extended a stone bench. Here Margaret was in the habit of walking every good day, and even in rainy weather, immediately after lunch; and here, on the day after the Burke dance, at the usual time, she was walking, as usual—up and down, up and down, a slow, even stride, her arms folded upon her chest. As she walked her eyes held steady like a soldier's, as if upon the small of the back of an invisible walker in front of her. Lucia, stout, rosy, lazy, sprawling upon the bench, her eyes opening and closing drowsily, watched her sister like a sleepy, comfortable cat. The sunbeams, filtering through the leafy arch, coquetted with Margaret's raven hair, and alternately brightened and shadowed her features. There was little of feminine softness in those unguarded features, much of intense and apparently far from agreeable thought. It was one of her bad days, mentally as well as physically—probably mentally because physically. She had not slept more than two hours at most, and her eyes and skin showed it.

"However do you stand it, Rita?" said Lucia, as Margaret approached the fountain for the thirty-seventh time. "It's so dull and tiring, to walk that way."

"I've got to keep my figure," replied Margaret, dropping her hands to her slender hips and lifting her shoulders in a movement that showed the fine length of her waist.

"That's nonsense," said Lucia. "All we Severences get stout as we grow old. You can't hope to escape."

"Grow old!" Margaret's brow lowered. Then she smiled satirically. "Yes, I *am* growing old. Six seasons out and not married, or even engaged. If we were rich I'd be a young girl still. As it is, I'm 'getting on.'"

"Don't you worry about that, Rita," said Lucia. "Don't you let them harry you into anything desperate. I'm sure *I* don't want to come out. I hate society and I don't care about men. It's much pleasanter lounging about the house and reading. No dressing—no fussing with clothes and people you hate."

"It isn't fair to you, Lucy," said Margaret. "I don't mind their nagging, but I do mind standing in your way. And they'll keep you back as long as I'm still on the market."

"But I want to be kept back." Lucia spoke almost energetically, half-lifting her form, whose efflorescence had a certain charm because it was the overluxuriance of healthy youth. "I sha'n't marry till I find the right man. I'm a fatalist. I believe there's a man for me somewhere, and that he'll find me, though I was hid—even here." And she gazed romantically around at the inclosing walls of foliage.

The resolute lines, the "unfeminine" expression, disappeared from her sister's face. She laughed softly and tenderly. "What a dear you are!" she cried.

"You can scoff all you please," retorted Lucia stoutly. "I believe it. We'll see if I'm not right. . . . How lovely you did look last night! . . . You wait for your 'right man.' Don't let them hurry you. The most dreadful things happen as the result of girls hurrying and then meeting him when it's too late."

"Not to women who have the right sort of pride." Margaret drew herself up, and once more her far-away but decided resemblance to Grandmother Bowker showed itself. "I'd never be weak enough to fall in love unless I wished."

"That's not weakness; it's strength," declared Lucia out of the fullness of experience gleaned from a hundred novels or more.

Margaret shook her head uncompromisingly. "It'd be weakness for me." She dropped upon the bench beside her sister. "I'm going to marry, and I'm going to superintend your future myself. I'm not going to let them kill all the fine feeling in you, as they've killed it in me."

"Killed it?" cried Lucia, reaching out for her sister's hand. "You can't say it's dead, so long as you cry like you did last night when you came home from the ball."

Margaret reddened angrily, snatched her hand away. "Shame on you!" she cried. "I thought you were above spying."

"The door was open between your bedroom and mine," pleaded Lucia; "I couldn't help hearing."

"You ought to have called out—or closed it. In this family I can't claim even my soul as my own!"

"Please, dear," begged Lucia, sitting up now and struggling to put her arms around her sister, "you don't look on *me* as an outsider, do you? Why, I'm the only one in all the world who knows you as you are—how sweet and gentle and noble you are. All the rest think you're cold and cynical, and ——"

"So I am," said Margaret reflectively, "except toward only you. I'm grandmother over again, with what she'd call a rotten spot."

"That soft spot's the real you," protested Lucia.

Margaret broke away from her and resumed her walk. "You'll see," said she, her face stern and bitter once more.

A maid-servant descended the steps. "Madam Bowker has come," announced she, "and is asking for you, Miss Rita."

A look that could come only from a devil temper flashed into Margaret's hazel eyes. "Tell her I'm out."

"She saw you from the window."

Margaret debated. Said Lucia: "When she comes so soon after lunch she's always in a frightful mood. She comes then to make a row because without her after-lunch nap she's hardly human and can be more—more fiendish."

"I'll not see her," declared Margaret.

"Oh, yes, you will," said Lucia. "Grandmother always has her way."

Margaret turned to the maid. "Tell her I had just gone to my room with a raging headache."

The maid departed. Margaret made a detour, entered the house by the kitchen door and went up to her room. She wrenched off blouse and skirt, got into a dressing-sacque and let down her thick, black hair. The headache was now real, so upsetting to digestion had been the advent of Madam Bowker obviously on mischief bent. "She transforms me into a raging devil," thought Margaret, scowling at her fiercely sullen countenance in the mirror of the dressing-table. "I wish I'd gone in to see her. I'm in just the right humor."

The door opened and Margaret whisked around to blast the intruder who had dared adventure her privacy without knocking. There stood her grandmother—ebon staff in gloved hand—erect, spare body in rustling silk—gray-white hair massed before a sort of turban—steel-blue eyes flashing, delicate nostrils dilating with the breath of battle.

"Ah—Margaret!" The sharp, quarrel-seeking tone tortured her granddaughter's nerves like the point of a lancet. "They tell me you have a headache." She lifted her lorgnon and scrutinized the pale, angry face of her granddaughter. "I see they were telling me the truth. You are haggard and drawn and distressingly yellow."

The old lady dropped her lorgnon, seated herself. She held her staff out at an angle, as if she were Majesty enthroned to pass judgment of life and death. "You took too much champagne at those vulgar Burkes last night," she proceeded. "It's a vicious thing for a girl to do—vicious in every way. It gives her a reputation for moral laxity an unmarried woman can ill afford—unless she has the wealth that makes men indifferent to character. . . . Why don't you answer?"

Margaret shrugged her shoulders. "You know I detest champagne and never drink it," said she; "and I don't propose to begin, even to oblige you."

"To oblige me?"

"To give you a new pretext for contention and nagging and quarreling."

Madam Bowker was now in the element she had been seeking—the stormy sea of domestic wrangling. She struck out boldly, with angry joy. "I've long since learned not to expect gratitude from you. I can't understand my own weakness, my folly, in continuing to labor with you."

"That's very simple," said Margaret. "I'm the one human being you can't compel, by hook or crook, to bow to your will. You regard me as unfinished business."

Madam Bowker smiled grimly at this shrewd analysis. "I want to see you married and properly settled in life. I want to end this disgrace. I want to save you from becoming ridiculous and contemptible—an object of laughter and of pity."

"You want to see me married to some man I dislike and should soon hate."

"I want to see you married," retorted the old lady. "I can't be held responsible for your electing to hate whatever is good for you. And I came to tell you that my patience is about exhausted. If you are not engaged by the end of this season I wash my hands of you. I have been spending a great deal of money in the effort to establish you. You are a miserable failure socially. You attach only worthless men. You drive away the serious men."

"Stupid, you mean."

"I mean serious—the men looking for wives—men who have something and have a right to aspire to the hand of *my* grandchild—the only men who have a right to take the time of an unmarried woman. You either cannot or will not exert yourself to please. You avoid young girls and young men. You waste your life with people already settled. You have taken on the full airs and speech of a married woman in advance of having a husband—and that is folly bordering on insanity. You have discarded everything that men—marrying men—the right sort of men—demand in maidenhood. I repeat: you are a miserable failure."

"A miserable failure," echoed Margaret, staring dismally into the glass.

"And I repeat," continued the old lady, somewhat less harshly though not less resolutely: "this season ends it. You must marry or I'll stop your allowance. You'll have to look to your mother for your dresses and hats and gewgaws. When I think of the thousands of dollars I've wasted on you ——! It's cheating—it's cheating! You have been stealing from me!" Madam Bowker's tone was almost unladylike; her ebon staff was flourishing threateningly.

Margaret started up. "I warned you at the outset!" she cried. "I took nothing from you that you didn't force on me. And now, when you've made dress and all that a necessity for me, you're going to snatch it away!"

"Giving *you* money for dress is wasting it," cried the old lady. "What is dress for? Pray, why, do you imagine, have I provided you with three and four dozen expensive dresses a year and hats and lingerie and everything in proportion? Just to gratify your vanity? No, indeed! To enable you to get a husband, one able to provide for you as befits your station. And because I have been generous with you, because I have spared no expense in keeping you up to your station, in giving you opportunity, you turn on me and revile me!"

"You *have* been generous, Grandmother," said Margaret humbly. There had risen up before her a hundred extravagances in which the old lady had indulged her—things quite unnecessary for show, the intimate luxuries that contribute only indirectly to show, by aiding in giving the feeling and air of refinement. It was of these luxuries that Margaret was especially fond; and her grandmother, with an instinct that those tastes of Margaret's proved her indeed a lady—and made it impossible that she should marry, or even think of marrying, "foolishly"—had been most graciously generous in gratifying them. Now these luxuries were to be withdrawn, these pampered tastes were to be starved. Margaret collapsed despairingly upon her table. "I wish to marry, Heaven knows! Only—only ——" She raised herself; her lip quivered. "Grandmother, I *can't* give myself to a man that repels me! You make me hate men—marriage—everything of that kind! Sometimes I long to hide in a convent."

"You can indulge that longing after the end of this season," said her grandmother. "You'll certainly hardly dare show yourself in Washington, where you have become noted for your dress. . . . That's what exasperates me against you! No girl appreciates refinement and luxury more than you do. No woman has better taste, could use a large income to better advantage. And you have intelligence. You know you must have a competent husband. Yet you fritter away your opportunities. A very short time and you'll be a worn, faded old maid, and the settled people who profess to be so fond of you will be laughing at you and deriding you and pitying you."

Deriding! Pitying!

"I've no patience with the women of that clique you're so fond of," the old lady went on. "If the ideas they profess—the shallow frauds that they are—were to prevail what would become of women of our station? Women should hold themselves dear, should encourage men in the old-time reverence for the sex and its right to be sheltered and worshiped and showered with luxury. As for you—a poor girl—countenancing such low and ruinous views —— Is it strange I am disgusted with you? Have you no pride—no self-respect?"

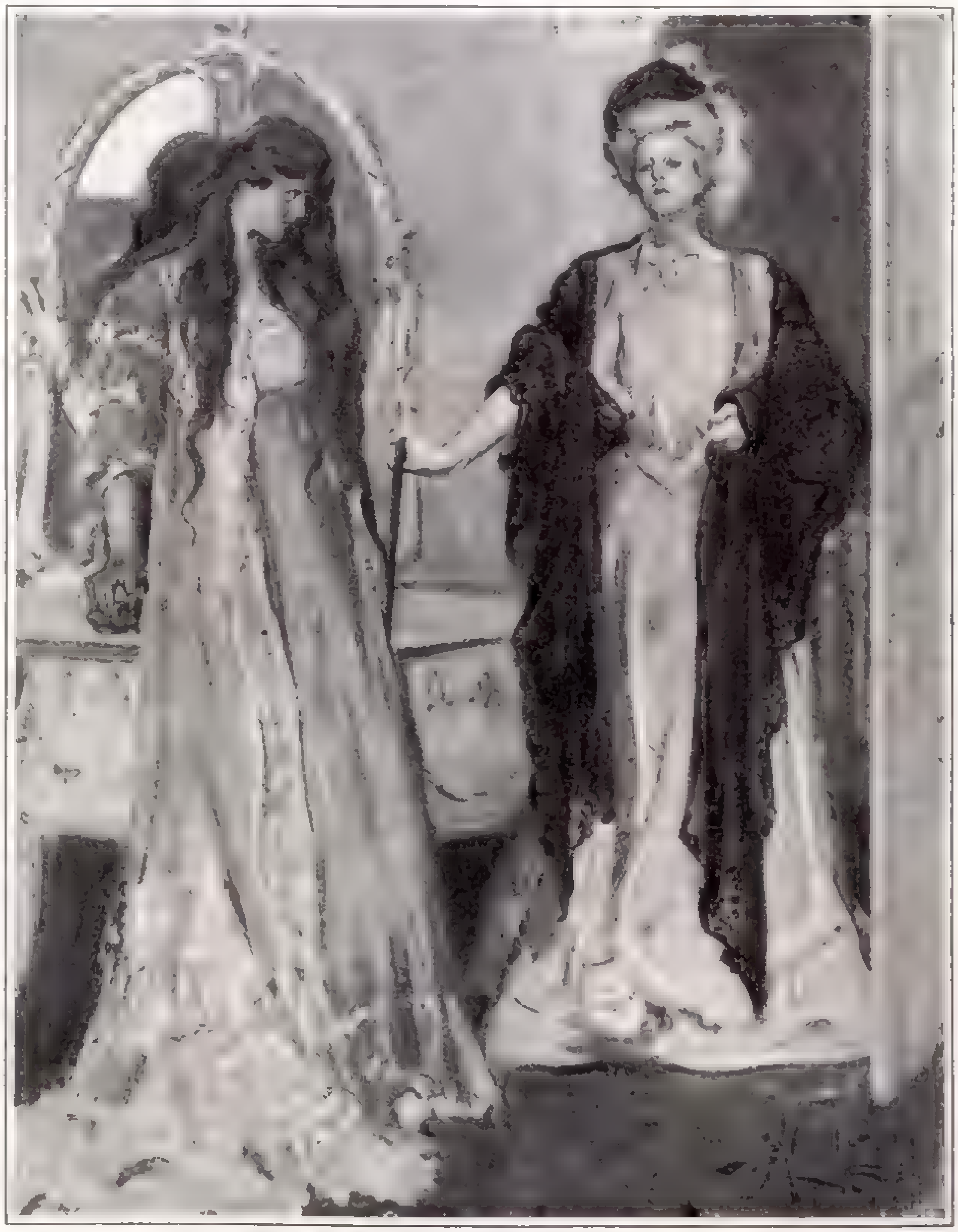
Margaret sat motionless, gazing into vacancy. She could not but acquiesce in every word her grandmother was saying. She had heard practically those same words often, but they had had no effect; now, toward the end of this the least successful of her seasons, with most of her acquaintances married off and enjoying and flaunting the luxury she might have had—for they had married men of "the right sort," "capable husbands," men who had been more or less attentive to her—now these grim and terrible axioms of worldly wisdom, of upper-class honor, from her grandmother sounded in her ears like the boom of the surf on the reefs in the ears of the sailor.

A long, miserable silence; then, her grandmother: "What do you purpose to do, Margaret?"

"To hustle," said the girl with a short, bitter laugh. "I must rope in somebody. Oh, I've been realizing these past two months. I'm awake at last."

Madam Bowker studied the girl's face, gave a sigh of relief. "I feel greatly eased," said she. "I see you are coming to your senses before it's too late. I knew you would. You have inherited too much of my nature, of my brain and my character."

Margaret faced the old woman in sudden anger. "If you had made allowances for that, if you had reasoned with me quietly, instead of nagging and bullying and trying to compel, all this might have been settled long ago." She shrugged her shoulders. "But that's past and done. I'm going to do my best. Only—I warn you, don't try to drive me! I'll not be driven!"



"Ah—Margaret!" The Sharp, Quarrel-Seeking Tone Tortured Her Granddaughter's Nerves Like the Point of a Lancet

"What do you think of Grant Arkwright?" asked her grandmother.

"I intend to marry him," replied Margaret.

The old lady's stern eyes gleamed delight.

"But," Margaret hastened to add, "you mustn't interfere. He doesn't like you. He's afraid of you If you give the slightest sign he'll sheer off. You must let me handle him."

"The insolent puppy," muttered Madam Bowker. "I simply detest him."

"You don't want me to marry him?"

"On the contrary," the old lady replied, "he would make the best possible husband for you." She smiled like a grand inquisitor at prospect of a day with rack and screw. "He needs firmness."

Margaret burst out laughing at this implied compliment to herself; then she colored as with shame and turned away. "What frauds we women are!" she exclaimed. "If I had any sense of decency I'd be ashamed to do it!"

"There you go again!" cried her grandmother "You can't be practical five minutes in succession. Why should a woman be ashamed to do a man a service in spite of himself? Men are fools where women are concerned. I never knew one that was not. And the more sensible they are in other respects the bigger fools they are about *us!* Left to themselves they always make a mess of marriage. They think they know what they want, but they don't. We have to teach them. A man needs a firm hand during courtship, and a firmer hand after marriage. So many wives forget their duty and relax. If you don't take hold of that young Arkwright he may fall a victim to some unscrupulous hussy."

"Unscrupulous hussy!" Margaret looked at herself in the mirror, met her own eyes with a cynical laugh. "Well, I'm no worse than the others," she added, half to herself. Presently she said: "Grant's coming this afternoon. I look a fright. I must take a headache powder."

Her grandmother rose instantly. "Yes, you do look badly—for you. And Arkwright has very keen eyes thanks to those silly women of your set who teach men things they have no business to know." She advanced and kissed her granddaughter graciously on top of the head. "I am glad to see my confidence in you was not misplaced, Margaret," said she. "I could not believe I was so utterly mistaken in judgment of character. I'll go to your mother and take her for a drive."

IV

MARGARET continued to sit there, her elbows on the dressing-table, her knuckles pressing into her cheeks, the hazel eyes gazing at their reflection in the mirror. "What is it about me," she said to her image, "that makes me less successful at drawing men to the point than so many girls who are no better looking than I?" She made an inventory of her charms that was creditably just and free from vanity. "And men certainly like to talk to me," she pursued. "The fish bite, but the hook doesn't hold. Perhaps—probably—I'm not sentimental enough. I don't simper and pretend innocence and talk tommy-rot—and listen to it as if I were eating honey."

This explanation was not altogether satisfactory, however. She felt that if she had a certain physical something, which she must lack, nothing else would matter—nothing she said or did. It was baffling; for there, before her eyes, were precisely the charms of feature and figure that in other women, in far less degree, set men, many men, quite beside themselves. Her lip curled, and her eyes laughed satirically, as she thought of the follies of those men—how they let women lead them up and down in public places, drooling and sighing, and seeming to enjoy their own pitiful plight. If that expression of satire had not disappeared so quickly she might have got at the secret of her "miserable failure." For it was her habit of facing men with only lightly-veiled amusement, or often frank ridicule, in her eyes, in the curve of her lips, that frightened them off, that gave them the mortifying sense that their assumptions of superiority to the female were being judged and derided.

But time was flying. It was after three; the headache was still pounding in her temples, and her eyes did look almost as haggard and her skin almost as sallow as her grandmother had said. However, she had learned how to deal, after a fashion, with a situation that is part of the routine of life in a society making the most savage demands upon beauty and health and strength. She took a headache powder from a box in her dressing-table, threw off all her clothes, swathed herself in a long robe of pale blue silk. She locked the door into the hall, went into her bedroom, closed the door between. She put the powder in water, drank it, dropped down upon a lounge at the foot of her bed and covered herself. The satin pillow against her cheek, the coolness and softness of the silk all along and around her body, were deliciously soothing. As the powerful dose of "medicine"—so the druggists call these poisons—took hold on her heart her blood beat less fiercely, and her sombre thoughts drew slowly away into a vague cloud at the horizon of her mind. Lying there, with senses soothed by luxury and deadened to pain by the drug, she felt so safe, so shut in against all intrusion. In a few hours the struggle, the bitterness, would begin again; but at least here was this interval of repose, of freedom. Only when she was thus alone did she ever get that most voluptuous of all sensations—freedom. Freedom and luxury! "I'm afraid I can't eat my cake and have it, too," she mused drowsily. "Well—whether or not I can have freedom, at least I *must* have luxury. I'm afraid Grant can't give me nearly all I want—who could? . . . If I had the courage—— Craig could make more than Grant has if he were put to it. I'm sure he could. I'm sure he could do almost anything—but be attractive to a woman. No, Craig is too strong a dose. Grant's safest. Better a small loaf than—than no Paris dresses."

Arkwright, entering Mrs. Severence's drawing-room with Craig at half-past five, found a dozen people there. Most of them were of that young married set which Margaret preferred, to the anger and disgust of her grandmother and against the entreaties of her own common-sense. "The last place in the world to look for a husband," Madam Bowker had said again and again to both her daughter and her granddaughter. "Their talk is all in ridicule of marriage and of every sacred thing And if there are any bachelors they have not come in search of a wife."

The room was noisily gay; but Margaret, at the tea-table, in a rather sombre brown dress, with a big brown hat whose great plumes shadowed her pale, somewhat haggard face, was evidently not in one of her sparkling moods. The headache powder and the nap had not been successful. She greeted Arkwright with a slight, absent smile; seemed hardly to note Craig as Arkwright presented him.

"Sit down here beside Miss Severence," Grant said.

"Yes, do," acquiesced Margaret; and Craig thought her cold and haughty, an aristocrat of the unapproachable type, never natural and never permitting others to be natural.

"And tell her all about yourself," continued Grant. "My friend Josh, here," he explained to Margaret, "is one of those serious, absorbed men who concentrate entirely upon themselves. It isn't egotism; it's genius."

Craig was ruffled, and showed it. He did not like persiflage; it seemed an assault upon dignity, and in those early

(Continued on Page 32)

FRIENDS

By MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF ROSNAH

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"MY MAMMA," reported Morris Mogilewsky, choosing a quiet moment during a writing period to engage his teacher's attention—"my mamma likes you shall come on mine house for see her."

"Very well, dear," answered Miss Bailey with a patience born of many such messages from the parents of her small charges. "I think I shall have time to go this afternoon."

"My mamma," Morris began again, "she says I shall tell you 'scuse how she don't sends you no letter. She couldn't to send no letter the while her eyes ain't healthy."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Teacher, with a little stab of regret for her prompt acceptance of Mrs. Mogilewsky's invitation; for of all the ailments which the children shared so generously with their teacher, Miss Bailey had learned most to dread the many and painful disorders of the eye. She knew, however, that Mrs. Mogilewsky was not one of those who utter unnecessary cries for help, being in this regard, as in many others, a striking contrast to the majority of parents with whom Miss Bailey came in contact.

To begin with, Mrs. Mogilewsky had but one child—her precious, only Morris. In addition to this singularity she was thrifty and neat, intensely self-respecting and independent of spirit, and astonishingly outspoken of mind. She neither shared nor understood the gregarious spirit which bound her neighbors together and is the lubricant which makes East-Side crowding possible without bloodshed. No groups of chattering, gesticulating matrons ever congregated in her Monroe Street apartment. No love of gossip ever held her on street corners or on steps. She nourished few friendships and fewer acquaintanceships, and she welcomed no haphazard visitor. Her hospitalities were as serious as her manner; her invitations as deliberate as her slow English speech.

And Miss Bailey, as she and the First Readers followed the order of studies laid down for them, found herself, again and again, trying to imagine what the days would be to Mrs. Mogilewsky if her keen, shrewd eyes were to be darkened and useless.

At three o'clock she set out with Morris, leaving the Board of Monitors to set Room 18 to rights with no more direct supervision than an occasional look and word from the stout Miss Blake, whose kingdom lay just across the hall. And as she hurried through the early cold of a November afternoon, her forebodings grew so lugubrious that she was almost relieved at last to learn that Mrs. Mogilewsky's complaint was a slow-forming cataract, and her supplication that Miss Bailey would keep a watchful eye upon Morris while his mother was at the hospital undergoing treatment and operation.

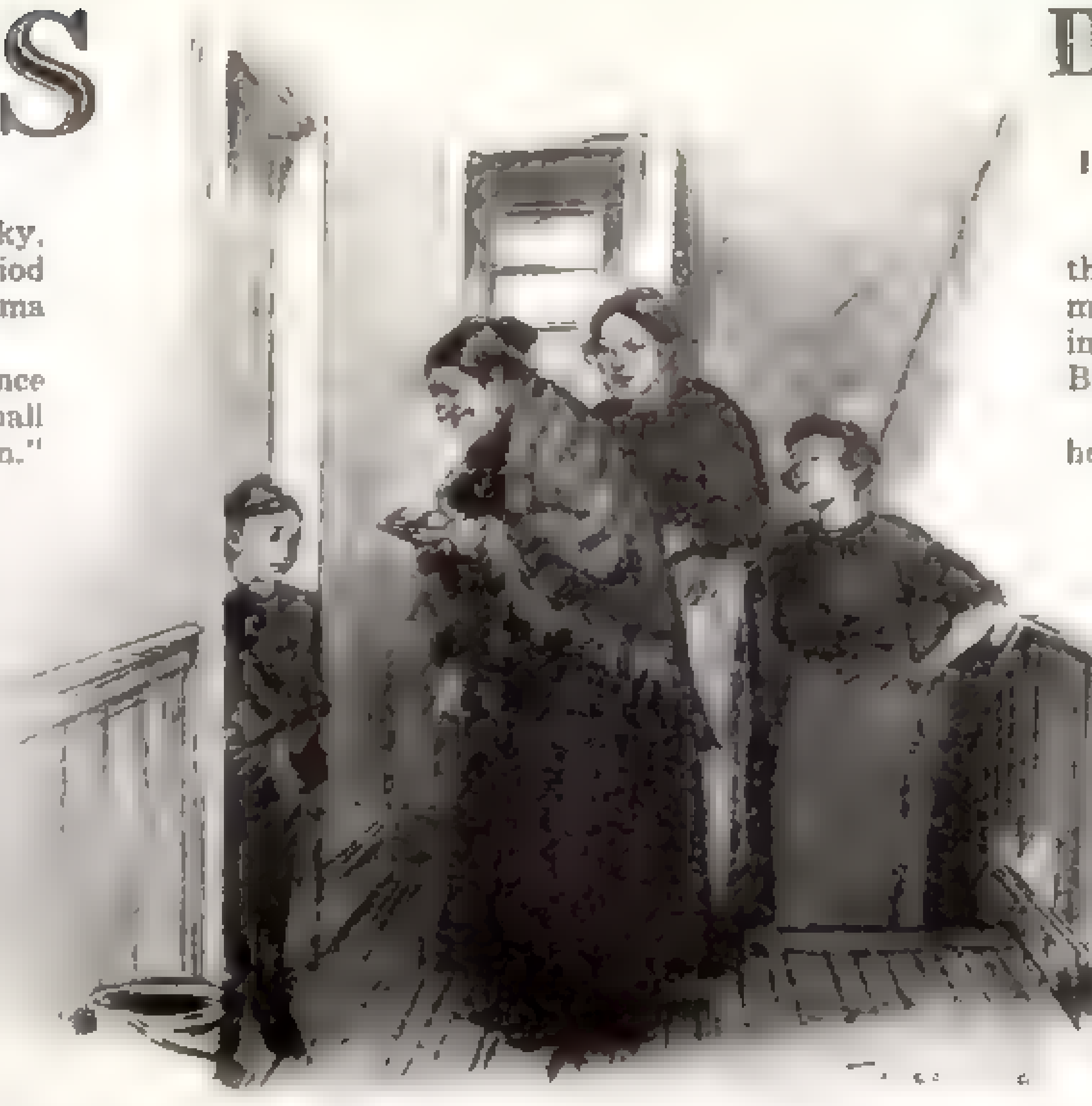
"But of course," Miss Bailey agreed, "I shall be delighted to do what I can, Mrs. Mogilewsky, though it seems to me that one of the neighbors ——"

"Neighbors!" snorted the matron; "what you think the neighbors make mit mine little boy? They got four, five dozens childrens theirselves. They ain't got no time for look on Morris. They come maybe in mine house und break mine dishes, und rubber on what is here, und set by mine furnitures und talks. What do they know over takin' care on mine house? They ain't ladies. They is educated only on the front. Me, I was raised private and expensive in Russia. I was ladies. Und you ist ladies. You ist Krisht—that is too bad—but that makes mit me nothings. I wants *you* shall look on Morris."

"But I can't come here and take care of him," Miss Bailey pointed out. "You see that yourself, don't you, Mrs. Mogilewsky? I am sorry as I can be about your eyes, and I hope with all my heart that the operation will be successful. But I shouldn't have time to come here and take care of things."

"That ain't how mine mamma means," Morris explained. He was leaning against Teacher and stroking her muff as he spoke. "Mine mamma means the money."

"That ist what I means," said Mrs. Mogilewsky, nodding her ponderous head until her quite incredible wig slipped back and forth upon it. "Morris needs he shall have money. He could to fix the house so good like I can. He don't needs no neighbors rubberin'. He could to buy what he needs on the store. But ten cents a day he needs. His papa works by Harlem. He is got fine jobs und he gets fine moneys, but he couldn't to come down here for take care of Morris. Und the doctor he says I shall go *now* on the hospital. Und any way," she added sadly, "I ain't no good; I couldn't to see things. He says I shall lay in the hospital three weeks, maybe—that is twenty-one days—und for Morris it is two dollars und ten cents. I got the money." And she fumbled for her purse in various hiding-places about her ample person.



All Their Offers of Help, All Their Proffers of Advice Were Politely Refused by Morris; All Their Questions and Visits Politely Dodged

"And you want me to be banker," cried Miss Bailey; "to keep the money and give Morris ten cents a day—is that it?"

"Sure," answered Mrs. Mogilewsky.

"It's a awful lot of money," grieved Morris. "Ten cents a day is a awful lot of money for one boy."

"No, no, my golden one," cried his mother. "It is but right that thou shouldst have plenty of money, und thy teacher, a Christian lady, though honest—und what neighbor is honest?—will give thee ten cents every morning. Behold I pay the rent before I go, und with the rent paid und with ten cents a day thou wilt live like a landlord."

"Yes, yes," Morris broke in, evidently repeating some familiar warning; "und every day I will say mine prayers und wash me the face und keep the neighbors out, und on Thursdays und on Sundays I shall go on the hospital for see you."

"And on Saturdays," broke in Miss Bailey, "you will come to my house and spend the day with me. He's too little, Mrs. Mogilewsky, to go to the synagogue alone."

"That could be awful nice," breathed Morris. "I likes I shall go on your house. I am lovin' much mit your dog."

"How?" snorted his mother. "Dogs! Dogs ain't nothing only foolishness. They eats something fierce und they don't works."

"That iss how mine mamma thinks," Morris hastened to explain, lest the sensitive feelings of his Lady Paramount should suffer. "But mine mamma she never seen *your* dog. He iss a awful nice dog; I am lovin' much mit him."

"I don't needs I shall see him," said Mrs. Mogilewsky, somewhat tartly; "I seen, already, lots from dogs. Don't you go make no foolishness mit him. Don't you go und get chawed off of him."

"Of course not, of course not," Miss Bailey hastened to assure her; "he will only play with Rover if I should be busy or unable to take him out with me. He'll be safer at my house than he would be on the streets, and you wouldn't expect him to stay in the house all day."

After more parley and many warnings the arrangement was completed. Miss Bailey was intrusted with two dollars and ten cents and the censorship of Morris. A day or so later Mrs. Mogilewsky retired, indomitable, to her darkened room in the hospital, and the neighbors were inexorably shut out of her apartment. All their offers of help, all their proffers of advice were politely refused by Morris; all their questions and visits politely dodged. And every morning Miss Bailey handed her Monitor of the Gold-Fish Bowl his princely stipend, adding to it from time to time some fruit or other uncontaminated food, for Morris was religiously the strictest of the strict and could have given cards and spades to many a minor rabbi on the intricacies of Kosher law.

The Saturday after his mother's departure Morris spent in the enlivening companionship of the antiquated Rover, a collie who no longer roved farther than his own back yard, and who accepted Morris' frank admiration with a noble condescension and a few rheumatic gambols. Miss Bailey's mother was also hospitable, and her sister did what she could to amuse the quaint little child with the big eyes, the soft voice and the pretty foreign manners. But Morris preferred Rover to any of them, except, perhaps, the cook, who allowed him to prepare a luncheon for himself after his own little rites.

Everything had seemed so pleasant and so successful that Miss Bailey looked upon a repetition of this visit as a matter of course, and was greatly surprised on the succeeding Friday afternoon when the Monitor of the Gold-Fish Bowl said that he intended to spend the next day at home.

"Oh, no!" she remonstrated; "you mustn't stay at home. I'm going to take you out to the park and we are going to have all kinds of fun. Wouldn't you rather go and see the lions and the elephants with me than stay at home all by yourself?"

For some space Morris was a prey to silence, then he managed by a consuming effort:

"I ain't by mineself."

"Has your father come home?" said Teacher.

"No, ma'am."

"And surely it's not a neighbor. You remember what your mother said about the neighbors, how you were not to let them in."

"It ain't neighbors," said Morris.

"Then who ——?" began Miss Bailey.

Morris raised his eyes to hers, his beautiful, black, pleading eyes, praying for the understanding and the sympathy which had never failed him yet. "It's a friend," he answered.

"Nathan Spiderwitz?" she asked.

Morris shook his head and gave Teacher to understand that the Monitor of the Window-Boxes came under the ban of neighbor.

"Well, who is it, dearest?" she asked again. "Is it any one that I know?"

"No, ma'am."

"None of the boys in the school?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you known him long?"

"No, ma'am."

"Does your mother know him?"

"Oh, Teacher, *no*, ma'am! mine mamma don't know him."

"Well, where did you meet him?"

"Teacher, on the curb. Over yesterday on the night," Morris began, seeing that explanation was inevitable, "I lays on mine bed, und I thinks how mine mamma has got a sickness, und how mine papa is by Harlem, und how I ain't got nobody beside of me. Und, Teacher, it makes me cold in mine heart. So I couldn't to lay no more, so I puts me on mit mine clothes some more und I goes by the street the while peoples is there, und I needs I shall see peoples. So I sets by the curb, und mine heart it go und it go so I couldn't to feel how it go in mine inside. Und I thinks on my mamma, how I seen her mit bangages on the face, und mine heart it goes some more. Und, Teacher, Missis Bailey, I cries over it."

"Of course you did, honey," said Teacher, putting her arm about him. "Poor, little, lonely chap! of course you cried."

"Teacher, yiss, ma'am; it ain't fer boys they shall cry, but I cries over it. Und soon something touches me by mine side und I turns und mine friend he was sittin' by side of me. Und he don't says nothings, Teacher; no, ma'am; he don't says *nothings*, only he looks on me und in his eyes stands tears. So that makes me better in mine heart und I don't cries no more. I sets und looks on mine friend und mine friend he sets und looks on me mit smilin' looks. So I goes by mine house und mine friend he comes by mine house, too, und I lays by mine bed und mine friend he lays by mine side. Und all times in that night, sooner I open mine eyes und thinks on how mine mamma is got a sickness und mine papa is by Harlem, mine friend he is by mine side und I don't cries. I don't cries never no more the whiles mine friend is by me. Und I couldn't to go on your house to-morrow the whiles I don't know if mine friend likes Rover."

"Of course he'd like him," cried Miss Bailey. "Rover would play with him just as he plays with you."

"No, ma'am," Morris maintained; "mine friend is too little for play mit Rover."

"Is he such a little fellow?"

"Yiss, ma'am; awful little."

"And has he been with you ever since the day before yesterday?"

"Teacher, yiss, ma'am."

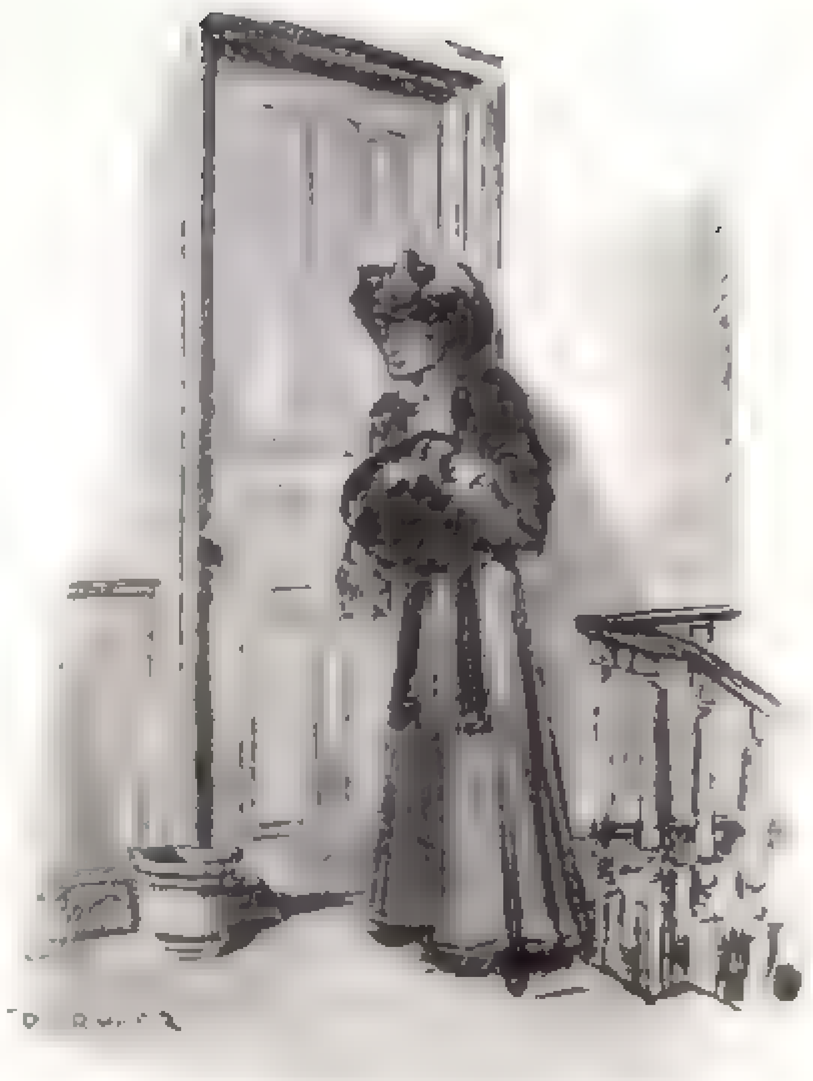
"Does he seem to be happy and all right?"

"Teacher, yiss, ma'am."

"But," asked Miss Bailey, suddenly practical, "what does the poor little fellow eat? Of course ten cents would buy a *lot* of food for one boy, but not so very much for two."

"Teacher, no, ma'am," says Morris; "it ain't so very much."

"Well, then," said Miss Bailey, "suppose I give you twenty cents a day as long as a little strange friend is with you."



"Bread," it Said, "iss Awful Healthy for You, Only You Dasn't Eat it 'Out Chewin'. I Never in My World Seen How You Eats"

"That could to be awful nice," Morris agreed, "und, Missis Bailey," he went on, "sooner you don't needs all yours lunch mine friend could eat it, maybe."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she cried; "it's ham to-day."

"That don't make nothings mit mine friend," said Morris; "he likes ham."

"Now, Morris," said Miss Bailey very gravely, as all the meanings of this announcement spread themselves before her, "this is a very serious thing. You know how your mother feels about strangers, and you know how she feels about Christians, and what will she say to you—and what will she say to me—when she hears that a strange little Christian is living with you? Of course, dearie, I know it's nice for you to have company, and I know that you must be dreadfully lonely in the long evenings, but I'm afraid your mother will not be pleased to think of your having somebody to stay with you. Wouldn't you rather come to my house and live there all the time until your mother is better? You know," she added, as a crowning inducement, "Rover is there."

But Morris betrayed no enthusiasm. "I guess," said he, "I ain't lovin' so awful much mit Rover. He iss too big. I am likin' little dogs mit brown eyes what walks by their legs und carries things by their mouths. Did you ever see dogs like that?"

"In the circus," answered Teacher. "Where did you see them?"

"A boy by our block," answered Morris, "is got one. He is lovin' much mit that dog und that dog is lovin' much mit him."

"Well, now, perhaps, you could teach Rover to walk on his hindlegs and carry things in his mouth," suggested Teacher; "and as for this new little Christian friend of yours ——"

"I don't know *be* he a Krisht," Morris admitted with reluctant candor; "he ain't said nothin' over it to me. On'y a Irisher lady what lives by our house she says mine friend is a Irisher."

"Very well, dear; then of course he's a Christian," Miss Bailey assured him, "and I sha'n't interfere with you to-morrow—you may stay at home and play with him. But we can't let it go on, you know. This kind of thing never would do when your mother comes back from the hospital. She might not want your friend in the house. Have you thought of that at all, Morris? You must make your friend understand it."

"I tells him," Morris promised; "I don't know can he understand. He's pretty little, only that's how I tells him all times."

"Then tell him once again, honey," Miss Bailey advised, "and make him understand that he must go back to his own people as soon as your mother is well. Where are his own people? I can't understand how any one so little could be wandering about with no one to take care of him."

"Teacher, I'm takin' care of him," Morris pointed out.

All that night and all the succeeding day Miss Bailey's imagination reverted again and again to the two little ones keeping house in Mrs. Mogilewsky's immaculate apartment. Even increasing blindness had not been allowed to interfere with sweeping and scrubbing and dusting, and when Teacher thought of that patient matron as she lay in her hospital cot trusting so securely to her Christian friend's guardianship of her son and home, she fretted herself into feeling that it was her duty to go down to Monroe Street and investigate.

There was at first no sound when, after climbing endless stairs, she came to Mrs. Mogilewsky's door. But as the thumping of the heart and the singing in her ears abated somewhat, she detected Morris' familiar treble.

"Bread," it said, "iss awful healthy for you, only you dasn't eat it 'out chewin'. I never in my world seen how you eats."

Although the words were admonitory, they lost all didactic effect by the wealth of love and tenderness which sang in the voice. There was a note of happiness in it, too, a throb of pure enjoyment quite foreign to Teacher's knowledge of this sad-eyed little charge of hers. She rested against the door frame, and Morris went on:

"I guess you don't know what iss polite. You shall better come on the school und Miss Bailey could to learn you what iss polite and healthy fer you. No, you couldn't to have no meat! No, *sir!* No, *ma'am!* You couldn't to have no meat 'till I cuts it fer you. You could to, maybe, make yourself a sickness und a bashfulness."

Miss Bailey put her hand on the door and it yielded noiselessly to her touch, and revealed to her guardian eyes her ward and his little friend. They were seated *vis-à-vis* at the table; everything was very neat and clean and most properly set out. A little lamp was burning clearly. Morris' hair was parted for about an inch back from his forehead and sleeked wetly down upon his brow. The guest had evidently undergone similar preparation for the meal. Each had a napkin tied around his neck, and as Teacher watched them Morris carefully prepared his guest's dinner, while the guest, an Irish terrier with quick eyes and one down-flopped ear, accepted his admonishings with a good-natured grace and watched him with an adoring and confiding eye.

The guest was first to detect the stranger's presence. He seized a piece of bread in his teeth, jumped to the ground and, walking up to Teacher on his hindlegs, hospitably dropped the refreshment at her feet.

"Oh! Teacher! Teacher!" cried Morris, half in dismay at discovery and half in joy that this so sure confidant should share his secret and appreciate his friend. "Oh! Teacher! Missis Bailey! this is the friend what I was telling you over. See how he walks on his feet! See how he has got smilin' looks! See how he carries somethings by his teeth! All times he makes like that. Rover, he don't carries nothin's, und gold-fishes they ain't got no feet even. On'y Izzie could to make them things."

"Oh, is his name Izzie?" asked Miss Bailey, grasping at this conversational straw and shaking the paw which the stranger was presenting to her. "And this is the friend you told me about? You let me think," she chided, with as much severity as Morris had shown to his Izzie, "that he was a boy."

"I had a fraid," said the Monitor of the Gold-Fish Bowl frankly.

So had Teacher as she reviewed the situation from Mrs. Mogilewsky's chair of state and watched the friends at supper. It was a revelation of solicitude on one side and patient gratitude upon the other. Morris ate hardly anything and was soon at Teacher's knee—Izzie was in her lap—discussing ways and means.

He refused to entertain any plan which would separate him immediately from Izzie, but he was at last brought to see the sweet reasonableness of preparing his mother's mind by degrees to accept another member to the family.

"Und he eats," his protector was forced to admit—"he eats somethin' fierce, Missis Bailey; as much like a man he eats. Und my mamma, I don't know what will she say. She won't leave me I shall keep him; from long I had a little bit of a dog und she wouldn't to leave me I should keep *him*, und he didn't eat so much like Izzie eats neither."

"And *I* can't very well keep him," said Miss Bailey sadly, "because, you see, there is Rover. Rover mightn't like it. But there is one thing I can do: I'll keep him for a few days when your mother comes back, and then we'll see, you and I, if we can persuade her to let you have him always."

"She wouldn't never to do it," said Morris sadly. "That other dog, didn't I told you how he didn't eat so much like Izzie, and she wouldn't to leave me have him. That's a cinch."

"Oh! don't say that word, dear," cried Teacher. "And we can only try. We'll do our very, very best."

This guilty secret had a very dampening effect upon the joy with which Morris watched for his mother's recovery. Upon the day set for her return he was a miserable battlefield of love and duty. Early in the morning Izzie had been transferred to Miss Bailey's yard. Rover was chained to his house, Izzie was tied to the wall at a safe distance from him, and they proceeded to make the day hideous for the whole neighborhood.

Morris remained at home to greet his mother, received her encomiums, cooked the dinner, and set out for afternoon school with a heavy heart and a heavier conscience. Nothing had occurred in those first hours to show any change in Mrs. Mogilewsky's opinion of home pets; rather she seemed, in contrast to the mild and sympathetic Miss Bailey, more than ever dictatorial and dogmatic.

At a quarter after three, the gold-fish having received perfunctory attention and the Board of Monitors being left again to do their worst, unguarded, Morris and Teacher set out to prepare Mrs. Mogilewsky's mind for the adoption of Izzie. They found it very difficult. Mrs. Mogilewsky, restored of vision, was so hospitable, so festive in her elephantine manner, so loquacious and so self-congratulatory, that it was difficult to insert even the tiniest conversational wedge into the structure of her monologue.

Finally Miss Bailey managed to catch her attention upon financial matters. "You gave me," she said, "two dollars and ten cents, and Morris has managed so beautifully that he has not used it all, and has five cents to return to you. He's a very wonderful little boy, Mrs. Mogilewsky," she added, smiling at her favorite to give him courage.

"He iss a good boy," Mrs. Mogilewsky admitted. "Don't you get lonesome sometimes by yourself here, huh?"

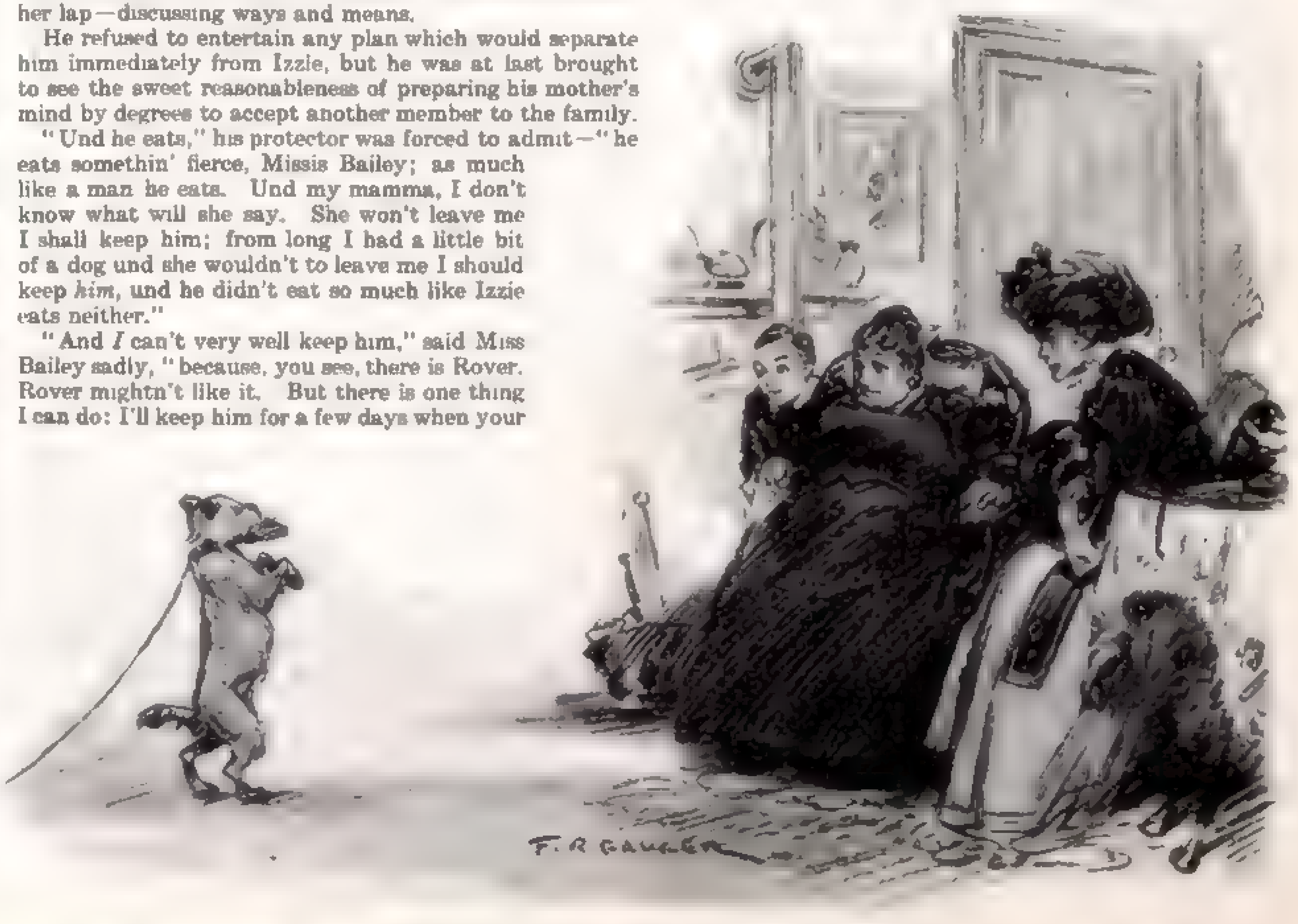
"Well," said Miss Bailey, "he wasn't always alone."

"No?" queried the matron with a divided attention. She was looking for her purse, in which she wished to stow Morris' surplus.

"No," said Teacher; "I was here once or twice. And then a little friend of his ——"

"Friend!" the mother repeated with a glare; "was friends here in mine house?"

Miss Bailey began a purposely vague reply, but Mrs. Mogilewsky was not listening to her. She had searched the pockets of the gown she wore, then various other hiding-places in the region of its waist-line, then a large bag of mattress covering which she wore under her skirt. Ever hurriedly and more hurriedly she repeated this performance two or three times, and then proceeded to shake and wring the outdoor clothing which she had worn that morning. (Continued on Page 31)

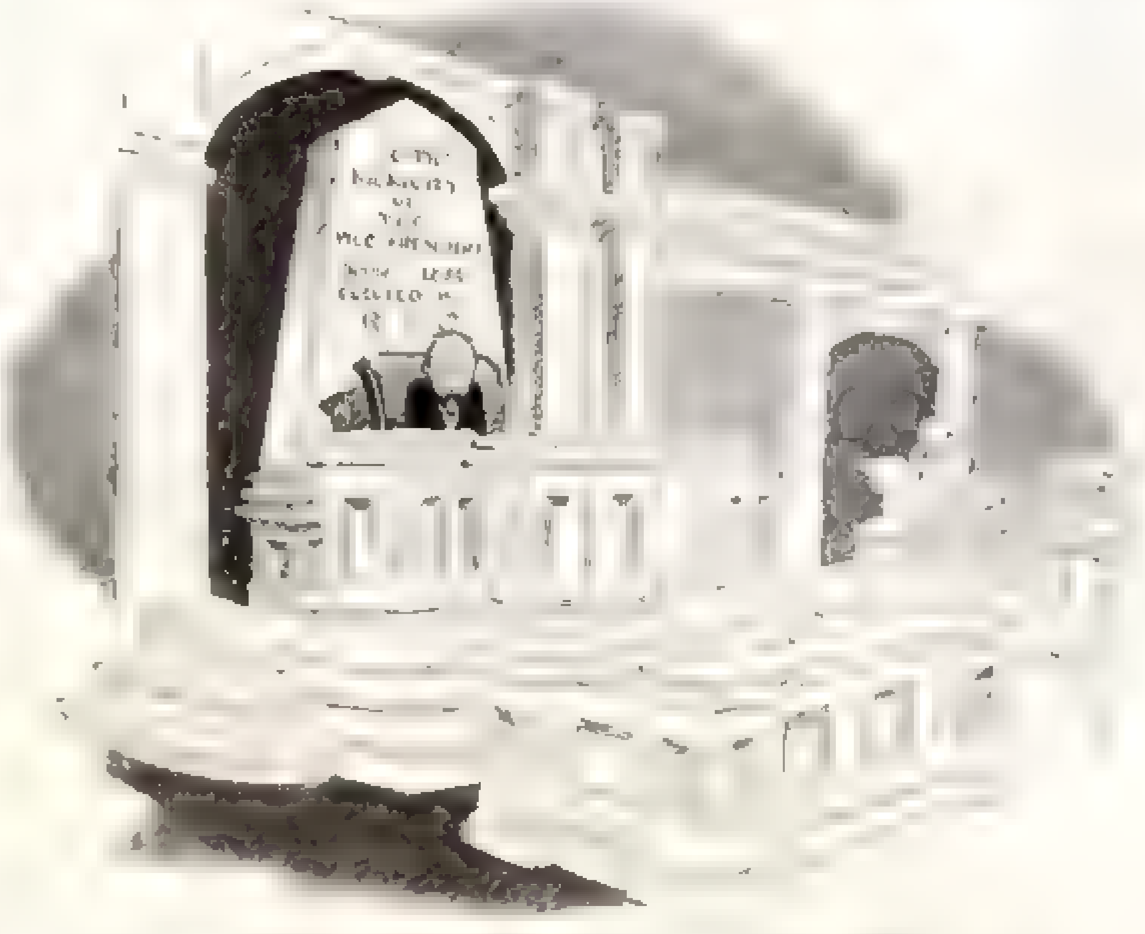


She Staggered Back Into a Chair, Fortunately of Heavy Architecture, and Stared at the Apparition Before Her

THE POLITICAL LEMON

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



Anyway, it is Worth More Than Twelve Thousand Dollars a Year to Sit and Listen to the Senate

WHEN those illustrious and solemn forefathers, who invented the Constitution, had finished debating the vital points and had provided a document which, though not much longer than a daily stock report, now keeps fifty courts and a thousand lawyers busy trying to interpret it, they paused in their labors and got off a joke—the first and only joke in the Constitution of the country. It is now one hundred and thirty years old, and though not so old, of course, as the mother-in-law joke, the twins joke, or the hired-girl joke, it is venerable enough to be respected for its age alone. It is the Vice-President joke.

The Vice-President is a man who is compelled by law to do nothing for twelve thousand dollars a year. He is the vermiform appendix of the Government, the unsolved problem of politics, the American version of Japanese hara-kiri. He is a petrified statesman, an illustrious nonentity—a political zero. He is a Presidential possibility, picked from the ranks of the impossibles.

For months, and sometimes years, before a Presidential election the country is torn with anxiety over the question of choosing a President. A dozen big men are discussed and examined under the magnifying glass of hostile publicity for flaws and imperfections. At convention time a thousand delegates gather, in a superheated hall, in the early dog-days, and wrestle with the problem until there isn't a dry collar in the vast assemblage. A dozen bands, a score of marching clubs, a hundred speeches, five hundred special correspondents, and a score of cheers a block around and twenty minutes long, are required to settle the question. When at last a man, perfectly qualified in every particular to lead his country, has been nominated, and a thousand chairs have been broken in the demonstration which follows, the convention swabs its brow, collectively speaking, and proceeds to the task of nominating a man to take the President's place should he fail to live through his term—as has happened five times out of twenty-six.

The Stuff That Slogans are Made Of

DOES this call for another three days of oratory, perspiration, untrammeled whooping and unlimited expense? No, indeed. The convention adjourns for the day, and half a dozen leaders, around a small table, with something moist before them, try to think of some man who is good-natured enough to act as the tail of the campaign kite.

"I know a man who will take it," says a counselor solemnly, between drinks. "His name is Jones."

"Whothedevil is Jones?" asks the leader thoughtfully.

"I don't know him personally," says the proposer; "but I know a man who is a friend of his. He is the favorite son of Mariposa County. He was defeated for the legislature last year, and the boys there want to get something light and easy for him, to get him into line. He'll run for anything."

"Good," is the chorus. Then the man who knows Jones is sent for and the qualifications of the candidate are investigated. "What is his full name?" "Is he of age?" "Was he born in America?" "Can he carry his own State?" "Does he furnish anything that will help carry another State?" "Does he wear a plug hat gracefully?" "Does his wife look well in a low-neck gown?" "Will he annoy the Senate?" "Is he good to his family?" "Will his name go well with the name of the Presidential candidate?" This last is a most important question, for it is absolutely necessary that the Vice-Presidential candidate's name shall ripple along smoothly after that of the Presidential candidate. "Anstruther" might be a great statesman, but as a Vice-Presidential candidate he would be a frost. You can't make a slogan out of "Anstruther." John Tyler helped win the great Harrison victory because his name blended magnificently with "Tippecanoe." Suppose his name had been "Montmorency." "Tippecanoe and Montmorency, too," would not have carried a single precinct. As a matter of fact, it happened that Tyler's name was much better fitted for the Vice-Presidency than he was, but that was not thought of until too late.

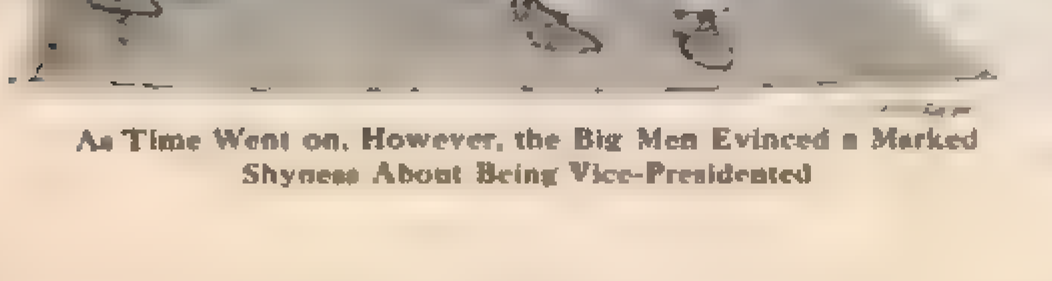
The committee finds that Jones is white, native born and rich, and that his name will not jar with that of the Presidential candidate. He has thus proved himself qualified in every respect for the high position, and the next day he is nominated in fifteen minutes amid great enthusiasm. A few energetic weeks are devoted by the people to finding out who he is, and on the next fourth of March some one of the Justices, who isn't busy, swears him in. If the President keeps his health nothing more is heard of him. He spends his four years in a comatose condition, and passes away into Who's Who at the end of his term.

From Obscurity to Oblivion

THERE is every reason to believe that the Constitutional Convention did not intend to perpetrate a joke when it framed the Vice-Presidency. It was a serious body, and lived in a serious time, which might any time have become fatal to the President of a young country surrounded with well-armed enemies. It was felt that the head of the nation should be backed up by a good, able-bodied Vice-President, able at all times to pick up his dead chief's sword and wade into the foe with a practiced arm, and for this reason the office was invented. But, unfortunately, the convention itself established the precedent of dealing with the Vice-Presidency by guess. It merely created him and left to posterity the job of finding a use for him.

Posterity has fallen down on the proposition. For the first two or three terms it did very well. It gave the successful candidate the Presidency and the next highest man the Vice-Presidency, making the latter a consolation prize. Thus, in these administrations, the place was filled with such talented, though disgruntled, timber as John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who had just missed being President themselves.

As time went on, however, the big men evinced a marked shyness about being Vice-Presidented. The results of the operation began to be noticed upon even the most rugged political constitutions. The Vice-President served faithfully for four years, giving up whatever office he had held and emerged from obscurity at the end of this term to find himself forgotten. He didn't even have the satisfaction of hauling the next President up to the inauguration by the arm. The evacuation of Moscow was a blithely-humorous performance compared with the retreat of a Vice-President. No retainers wept as be departed. He had no retainers. No beneficiaries wished him well. He had none. No paper alluded in complimentary tones to his acts of state. He hadn't acted. Alone and forgotten he climbed aboard his horse and rode home, to find his old seat in Congress occupied by a newcomer, who showed a marked aversion to giving it up. He had to begin life all over again and run for supervisor once more—and this in his old age.



As Time Went on, However, the Big Men Evinced a Marked Shyness About Being Vice-Presidented

Noting these effects, the great men of the country, after a few years, firmly declined to run for the office.

John Quincy Adams might have had the Vice-Presidency. He declined because he was running at the time for senior vice-potentate in a lodge in Massachusetts and could not leave the scene of battle.

John Marshall was prominently mentioned. He confessed that he would rather be Vice-President than anything in this world, but that it would compel him to leave his home just as cherries were getting ripe and he could not make the sacrifice.

John Randolph could have been Vice-President, but declined on account of rheumatism. Henry Clay was repeatedly offered the place, but refused because of the poor quality of cantaloups sold in Washington. John Sherman was begged to become Vice-President, but put the honor aside because his ancient hunting dog, of which he was very fond, found the atmosphere of Washington conducive to ague.

Thus, as the years went on, the Vice-Presidency fell from its high estate. Instead of being made useful to the nation, the best that could be done with it was to make it useful to the political parties. So it happened that the Vice-Presidency has been used in succession as a bait, a pacifier, a campaign barrel and a sarcophagus. It was found that by nominating a Vice-President from a doubtful State, that State could be swung into line. It was next used to keep a disappointed faction from organizing an independent party and complicating proceedings. Then for some time it became the fashion to put on the tail of a ticket a modest, retiring man with from two million to nineteen million dollars at his disposal. He paid the expenses of the campaign and in return became known for a few months to a great many people. Finally it became the fashion to seize ambitious politicians with a dangerously large following and bury them alive in the Vice-Presidency.

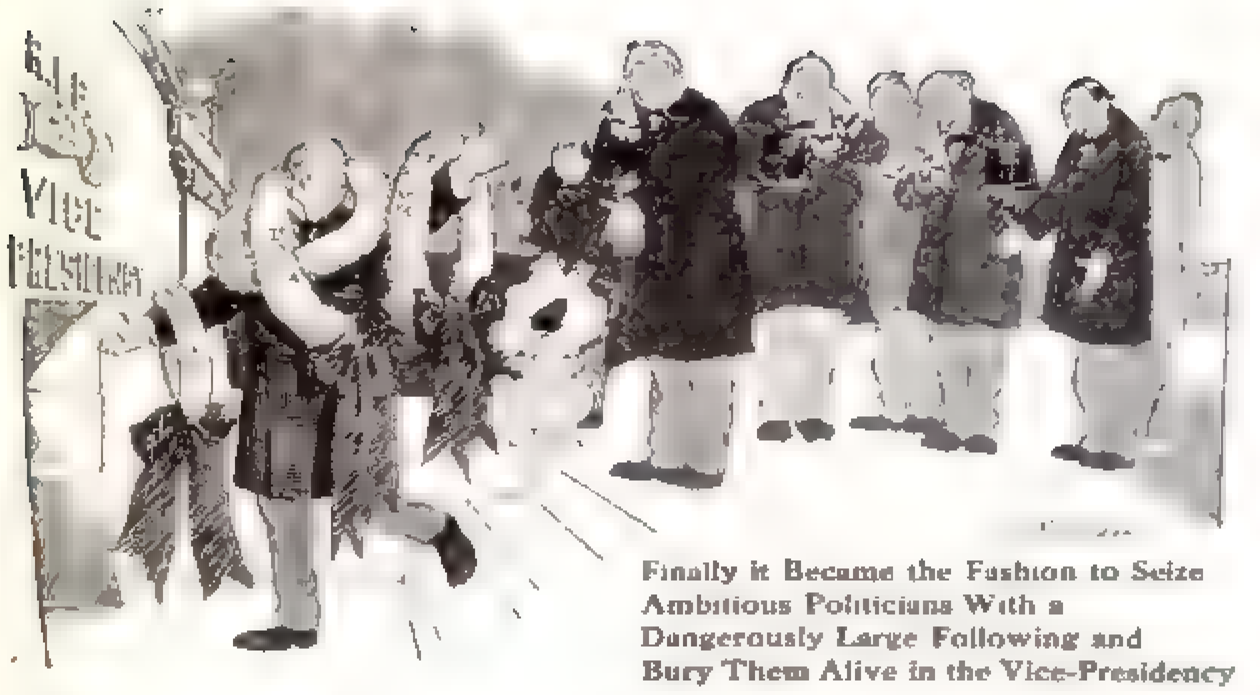
Laborious delving through history and the meagre record preserved upon this subject reveals some scanty information about Vice-Presidents. There have been twenty-six of them. No Vice-President has been less than thirty-five or more than one hundred years old. All of them have been men of reputation in their home towns and most of them held office before being given a doctor's chance for the Presidency. Eight of them became Presidents, three by election, three by assassination and two by death. Five Vice-Presidents died entirely during their terms of office. One was tried for murder. Two were nominated so carelessly that they turned out to be of the wrong political complexion when they became Presidents. Three seceded from their country; two of them entered the Confederacy, and one attempted to start a country of his own. No Vice-President has been assassinated, except in a political sense.

Vice-Presidential Appendicitis

JOHN ADAMS was the first Vice-President. He filled the position very satisfactorily for two terms, wearing good clothes and entertaining well at dinner. As a reward he was promoted to the Presidency. He also ran for reëlection as President, thus being on the ticket off and on, for sixteen years. It is said that at the beginning of the fifth Presidential campaign there was some fear that it would be going against precedent not to put Mr. Adams on the Presidential ticket, he having been a candidate ever since the Republicans opened for business. As this was not much more foolish than various other forms of precedent, it is a wonder that the candidacy of John Adams was not then and there made permanent.

Thomas Jefferson was Vice-President under Adams. He filled the office with great ability, saddling his horse with his own hands, and cultivating his garden every spring. He was then elected President, because he was the only man in the republic who had had absolutely no chance to make enemies during the four years.

Aaron Burr was the third Vice-President. In him the country had its first attack of Vice-Presidential appendicitis. While mixing in New York politics, which was a popular thing, even then, for a Vice-President to do, Burr shot Alexander Hamilton, as a rebuttal in a political



Finally it Became the Fashion to Seize Ambitious Politicians With a Dangerously Large Following and Bury Them Alive in the Vice-Presidency

argument, and fled. Then for the first time the country found a real use for a Vice-President. It wanted to use him as defendant in a murder trial. Burr was finally captured and acquitted, but the country, realizing the awful consequences which might follow the election of another strong man to the Vice-Presidency, resolved never to do it again. This resolution was firmly adhered to for many years.

After Burr had been gotten rid of and had gone off down the Mississippi to start a country of his own, a prominent New Yorker, by the name of George Clinton, retired from politics into the Vice-Presidency and held the job very successfully for eight years. Mr. Clinton enlarged the scope of the office, and made it more influential by introducing the custom of calling for his mail at the Washington post-office every Sunday morning and chatting with the villagers about the weather. He was succeeded by Elbridge Gerry, author of the celebrated Gerrymander system of getting what doesn't belong to you.

For this he was sent to the Vice-Presidency and died a year later. This was the first time the office had been used as a punishment.

Daniel D. Tompkins, of New York, was Vice-President with Monroe and served eight years. Among his most important official acts were the choosing of a new carpet for the Senate chamber, during the vacation of 1820, and the invention of an improved mosquito discourager for use during the hot summer nights—the mosquito population on the Potomac being very large at that time.

John C. Calhoun was Vice-President during John Quincy Adams' term. He made a better success of the job than Adams did of his and was reëlected with Andrew Jackson.

Mr. Calhoun is famous, but not for any acts committed during his Vice-Presidency.

Noble Deeds Done by Vice-Presidents

DURING the following twelve years Martin Van Buren worked gradually into and out of the President's chair, via the Vice-Presidency. He began with a term as Vice-President during Jackson's term and was then elected President by the country, as a rest cure after Jackson. The following term he slid down into the position of defeated candidate, winding up as a favorite son four years later.

Mr. Van Buren's successor in the Vice-Presidency was Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, an old man who had served with great bravery in the war of 1812. In this case the Vice-Presidency was used as a pension.

After Mr. Johnson, John Tyler gave the country its second attack of Vice-Presidential inflammation. Promoted to the Presidency by death, he soon made it plain that while elected as a Whig he had only a few scattering symptoms of the popular disease. He served four uproarious years, lacking one month, and then retired into obscurity and later from the Republic altogether, being a member of the Confederate Congress at the time of his death.

With James K. Polk as President came George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, as Vice-President. Dallas introduced steamed oysters into Washington and did many other official acts which so endeared him to the people that he was pardoned after four years.

Millard Fillmore, the next Vice-President, was called to fill the President's chair when Taylor died. This was really unfortunate, for once having been President he insisted on running for the office until he died, with no success whatever, whereas he might have been a popular and successful Vice-President for the rest of his life.

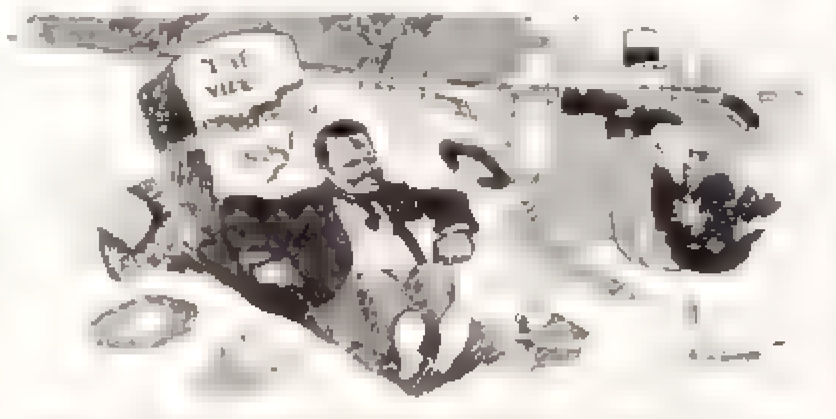
William R. King, of Alabama, was inaugurated as Vice-President with Pierce, and died the same year, which was a great shock to Pierce when he heard of it. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, who was Vice-President during Buchanan's term, was so disgusted with Washington that he afterward joined the Confederate army in the hope of getting a chance to bombard it. Breckenridge is a famous name in Kentucky, but is not remembered to any great extent in Washington.

Hannibal Hamlin was Vice-President during Lincoln's first administration. He performed many notable services for his country, holding the President's hat on several occasions during the troubled years of the Civil War. Exhausted by the burdens of office, Mr. Hamlin did not make a fierce campaign for reëlection and was succeeded by Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, who was elected as a reward for his loyalty. A few months later he became Lincoln's successor as President.

Mr. Johnson was fitted by nature with all the qualifications of an ideal Vice-President, and there was universal regret when he was compelled to leave the position. The cruelty of compelling him to leave his quiet life and endure the turmoil of reconstructing the Republic, with only a vast and adamantine stubbornness to assist him, made such an impression that a determined effort was made to relieve him of his burdens by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Presidents. It failed, however, and Mr. Johnson continued in office until his term expired.

For the next twelve years the Vice-Presidents were almost invisible to the naked eye. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, and William A. Wheeler, of New York, were their names, and no cigars have ever been named after them.

In 1880, James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was nominated for President against the express wishes of Roscoe Conkling, and the latter was allowed, in consequence, to give the Vice-Presidency to a personal friend, one Chester A. Arthur, of New York. Mr. Arthur proved to be a most estimable gentleman, never having been in politics to any extent, and filled the office of President, upon Garfield's death, so well that the country began to wonder whether, after all, common-sense wasn't as good a thing to make Presidents out of as political prestige.



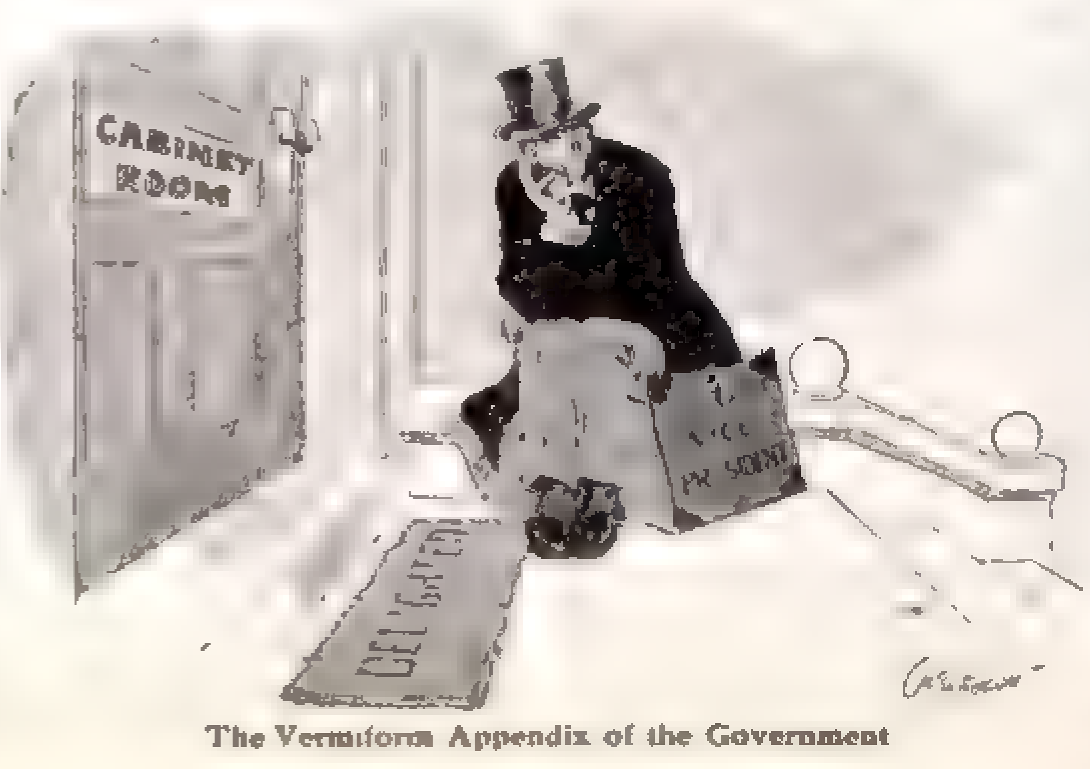
Every Time Thomas Platt Remembers That He was Sexton He Shrieks With Chagrin Because He Did Not Dismember the Victim Before Screwing Down the Lid

Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, was Vice-President under Cleveland. Death relieved his sufferings.

Levi P. Morton (twelve million dollars) received the office as a reward for political patriotism, and survived the ordeal so well that he afterward became Governor of New York.

Adlai E. Stevenson, Vice-President during Cleveland's second term, achieved, during his administration, the triumph of becoming acquainted with President Cleveland, something which few Illinoisans ever accomplished. Mr. Stevenson, after leaving the Vice-Presidency, rose until he became one of the leading citizens of Bloomington, Illinois, and is now running for Governor of Illinois on the Democratic ticket.

Garret A. Hobart became known to the country by becoming Vice-President in McKinley's first administration. He was the first Vice-President to become Assistant President, and was allowed in the White House at all times without an admission ticket.



The Vermiform Appendix of the Government

Eight years ago the Republican party made a rude departure from established customs, and nominated for Vice-President a man who was still very much alive—T. Roosevelt. It is claimed that Mr. Roosevelt was nominated for the purpose of burying him, and that every time Thomas Platt remembers that he was sexton at the ceremonies he shrieks with chagrin because he did not dismember the victim before screwing down the lid. There is, however, a well-founded suspicion that Mr. Roosevelt accepted the Vice-Presidency as he would mount a bronco—just to see what he could do with the blamed thing. He soon became President, and, in view of his record, there is a great curiosity to know just how soon he would have exploded if he had remained an inactive volcano in the Vice-President's chair.

Encouraged by the success of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Charles K. Fairbanks, of Indiana, accepted the Vice-Presidency four years ago, hoping to be promoted to the Presidency for his sacrifice. He is the most Vice-President we have ever had longitudinally, but unfortunately is not steam heated.

The country was grateful to him for taking the job, but, while he was maintaining its official silence, a gentleman named Taft, much larger east and west, succeeded in winning the affections of the people. Next spring Mr. Fairbanks will begin all over and run for alderman in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Narrow Escapes From Being Buried Alive

DURING the present summer two leading candidates for the Vice-Presidency have been nominated, namely, J. S. Sherman, of New York, and John W. Kern, of Indiana. Both are estimable gentlemen and have been introduced to some of the most prominent citizens of the country since their nomination.

It is known that both are opposed to constitutional monarchies, the slave trade in the Congo, and the introduction of the hoop-skirt, while further information regarding them is expected in every mail.

Among defeated candidates who have come very close to being Vice-Presidents were Nathan Sanford, Nathaniel Macon, Richard Rush, John Sargent, Francis Granger, T. Frelinghuysen, W. O. Butler, W. A. Graham, Joseph Lane, Arthur Sewall, H. G. Davis, B. Brown, W. H. English. Little is known of these men except that they were all born in this country, and that almost all of them are dead.

It is evident that the duties and privileges of the Vice-Presidency need radical changing before the office becomes again attractive to our great men. Many suggestions have been made. All of them are good. At least, none of them is as bad as the present plan. It has been suggested that it be made a capital offense to joke about the Vice-Presidency. This, in itself, would make the office three times as desirable. The Vice-President should be given something to do. Riding around on the Senate without being allowed to pull on the reins is a tedious job. Besides, the Senate feels above the Vice-President. It feels above everything, but that is no comfort. Anyway, it is worth more than twelve thousand dollars a year to sit and listen to the Senate. It does a man that much mental damage in the course of a year.

If the Vice-President can't have a better job he ought at least to be given a house. The idea of burying a man and then compelling him to rent his own coffin is not compatible with American ideas of fairness.

It would be best of all if a Vice-President were allowed to hold some other job besides Vice-Presidenting. In the first place, it would open up the position to a large number of patriots who cannot afford it at present. The pay of the Vice-President is only twelve thousand dollars a year and feed for his horses, and, at that price, he cannot afford to go down to a Washington hotel for dinner more than once a month. As it is now, the job, with a few startling exceptions, is confined to two classes: first, rich men who are not smart enough to form trusts; and, second, statesmen who are going to die, politically, anyway, and see a chance to do it in a comparatively painless manner.

The ideal solution of the problem would be to make the position purely an honorary one. Let the Vice-President be inaugurated and then let him go back home, where he will not be in the way all the time, and mind his business. Let him continue to be Governor or editor or member of the Cabinet, or Senator, and let him spend his extra twelve thousand dollars on good books such as How to be President, in Eighteen Lessons by Correspondence; The Veto, Its Disposition and Habits; Shaking Hands and Shaking Followers; Should Presidential Dignity be Detachable?; Wild and Tame Presidents That I Have Met; The Lack of Terminal Facilities Among Railroads and Presidents' Messages

A two years' course of such reading would give us a better quality of Vice-Presidents—men who could use larger words, and who could, in case of accident, step into the President's shoes without the aid of a windlass and a rope ladder.

The Autobiography of an Obscure Author

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IV

FORTUNATELY, I had brought to Chicago a general letter of recommendation from the Catlin Bank, addressed To Whom it May Concern, although, obviously, it concerned nobody but myself. On Monday morning, with this missive in hand and a chastened spirit, I repaired to the First National Bank—because that was the biggest institution I knew of. I thought it just as well to begin at the top and work down. By this plan, as the merest tyro in natural science must see, one is assisted by the force of gravitation instead of opposed by it.

The bank looked much too big and complicated as I crossed the large parallelogram of its general office, and I handed the letter to Cashier Symonds with misgivings, prepared to undergo a searching investigation, which would probably disclose fatal deficiencies. But the fact is that I was hired almost before I knew it. Mr. Symonds glanced at the letter and at me, and briskly directed a boy to take me to the chief clerk. The chief clerk read the letter and made me a little speech, very good-naturedly, substantially as follows:

"Everybody here begins at the bottom of the ladder and works his way up. Promotions are strictly according to merit, under civil service rules. Your experience in the country bank is of no use to us. General knowledge of the banking business isn't what we want. The big watch factory, for example, doesn't care whether a man knows how to make a watch or not. What they want is a man who can perform a single operation—say filing a watch-spring—swiftly and accurately. Same here. We have a corps of officers to run the bank. What we want in a new clerk is good character and the ability to add up a column of figures accurately without taking all day to do it. See how long it takes you to list these checks and add 'em up."

With that he gave me a bundle of canceled checks and a long sheet of paper, at the top of which he marked the hour and minute. I listed the checks on the sheet and added them. He consulted his watch to see how long it had taken me, ran over the addition to see that it was correct, and told me I could go to work at eight o'clock in the morning.

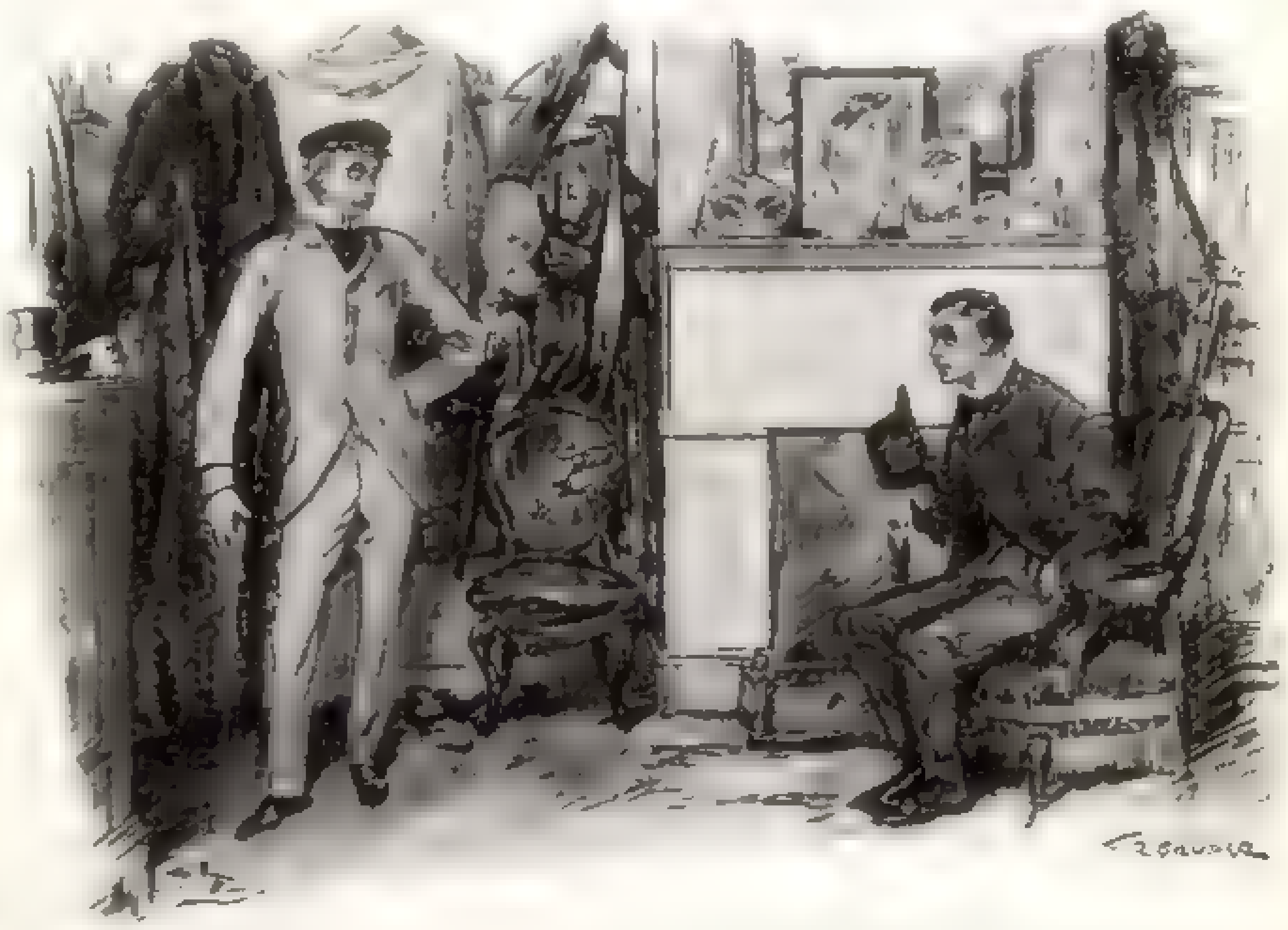
Thus, shabbily deserted by the muses, I was adopted into the teeming commercial life of the city, and in one of her most famous institutions. It had been almost as easy as posting a letter. I should add that the wage was twenty-five dollars a month.

Of course, I could work my way up, promotion being strictly according to merit. Yet we deemed it prudent, after a sober discussion that afternoon, for my wife to go back to my mother's and wait a while.

The First National was then in the red-brick building on the site of its present spacious quarters. The officers occupied the Monroe Street end, ranging from President Nickerson and Vice-President Gage, in the corner, down to the chief clerk. At the opposite end, about half a block distant, an upper deck, or gallery, had been built to accommodate the messenger department. Thither, next morning, the chief clerk conducted me, and presented me to Mr. D——, manager of the department.

Mr. D—— said nothing, but looked at me in a manner so unfriendly that I stood on the other foot. The gallery was already as busy as a beehive, and I spent two exceedingly embarrassing hours trying to keep out of people's way and waiting for the manager's attention. Presently, he beckoned me to his desk.

The young men who came into the messenger department, he said, were mostly blockheads whom it was practically impossible to teach anything. They didn't really want to work at all; but such scatterbrains as they had were bent upon amusing themselves; hence, they never made the slightest attempt to discover how they might be useful, but just stood around on one leg, like so many geese, until he thrust the work into their hands. As he looked me hard in the eye while saying this in a most gloomy manner, and as it quite accurately described what I had been doing the last two hours, modest blushes suffused my cheeks.



He Asked Me Very Earnestly if the West was Impregnated With Shakespearian Culture

A man, he said, with so little intelligence, industry and character that he would not work unless he was led up to it like a horse to a trough, might as well get out one time as another, for he would never succeed there. Unfortunately, he continued, it was the bank's policy to hire anybody that applied and had sense enough to write his name, and then to dump all that impossible material into the messenger department and expect the manager to pull it into shape. He did what he could under such discouraging conditions. I might turn out better than the average—time would tell. With that, he called another messenger, and told him to show me what to do.

The other messenger said there wasn't anything to do until afternoon, except go down in the basement and eat a very good luncheon, which the bank provided gratis. This other messenger had preceded me by three days, and so occupied the rung immediately above my bottom one. The messengers handled the mail. In the afternoon my mentor and I sat on tall stools at a desk upon which other messengers constantly emptied baskets of letters ready for mailing except that they were unsealed and unstamped. It was my superior's duty to spread these letters in long rows, pass a wet sponge over the extended flaps of the envelopes in order to moisten the mucilage, seal them and push the pile over to me. I was provided with many strips of postage stamps, and by a little practice learned to wet them on a sponge and affix them to the envelopes with neatness and dispatch. It seemed very simple, yet the next day the clerk who was over us notified me that I had got a discredit. I had wet some of the stamps so much that they had failed to stick, and seven letters had been returned from the post-office to be restamped. Thus, at the very outset, my march toward the presidency received a check.

That day I managed again to attract Mr. D——'s attention. Standing in the gallery, when there seemed absolutely nothing for me to do, I caught his eye leveled upon me with every sign of high displeasure. It was very disconcerting. I essayed a feeble smile, gaped helplessly about for a clew, and stood on the other foot. Still Mr. D——'s forbidding glance transfixed me, momentarily increasing my confusion.

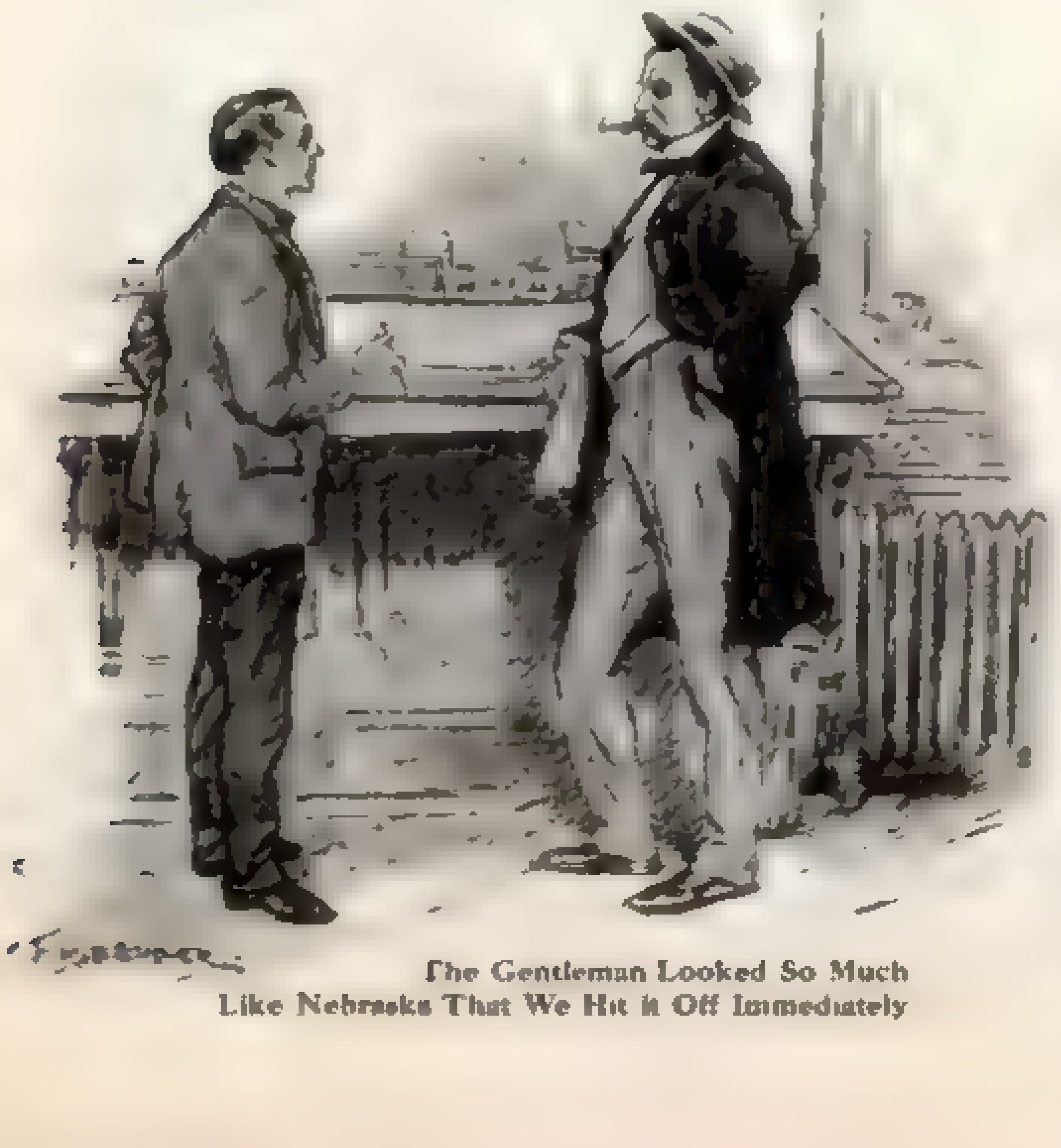
"Do you see anything on the floor?" he asked, at length, in accents of scorn.

Looking down hastily, I perceived several objects, but none which conveyed a definite suggestion.

"The string?" I stammered, at a venture.

"The string?" he repeated witheringly. "Stand there long enough, and it will pick itself up and go wind itself on the ball."

It was the first I had heard of a string or a ball, but I refrained from saying so, lest I bring my predecessor in for a blackguarding. Another messenger, perceiving my discomfiture, sprang to help me pick up the string and showed me where to put it.



The Gentleman Looked So Much Like Nebraska That We Hit it Off Immediately

"You mustn't mind the insulting old devil," he said, when we were out of earshot. "He's sore on his job, and takes it out on us."

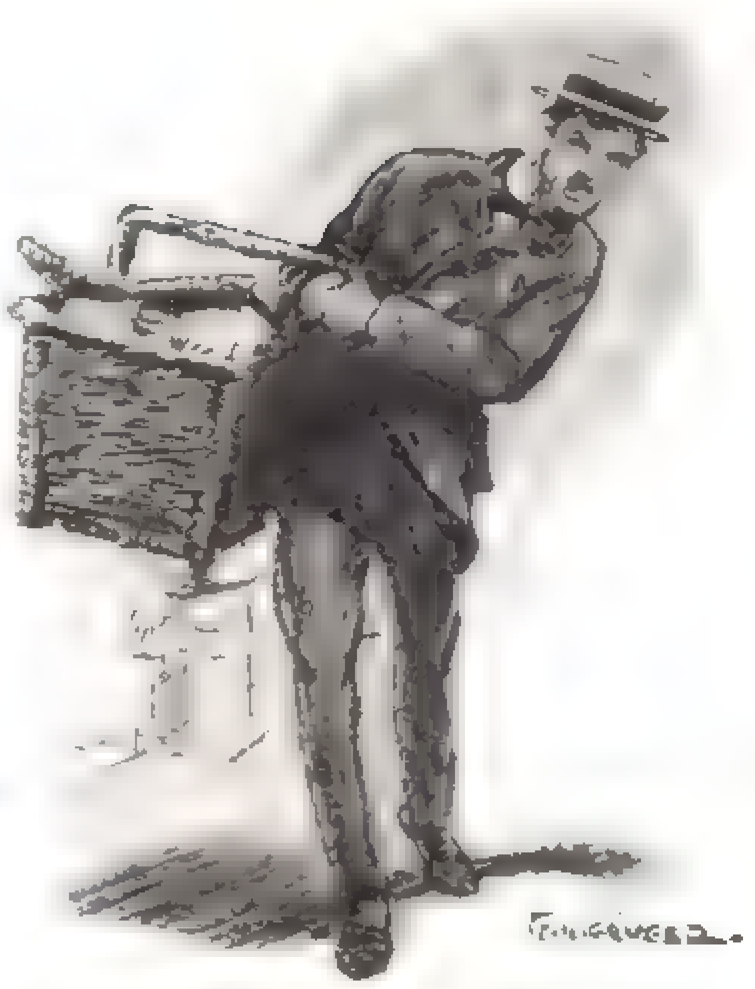
Mr. D—— was a type absolutely new to me. From the talk of the other messengers I learned that disappointed ambition in respect of promotion and the small value which those higher up placed upon his most cherished schemes for improving the system had quite soured a disposition which could have been none too sweet to begin with. He frankly regarded the young men under him as so many personal afflictions.

The first time a fellow-messenger favored me with his general opinion of the bank I was shocked. To speak in such terms of the institution that employed one seemed to my rural mind a kind of treason. But to the messengers Mr. D—— stood for the bank, and I found that their affection for it nicely corresponded to the affection which it, represented by him, seemed to entertain for them.

Through Cousin Janet's husband, Albert, I was learning how the underpaid and overworked clerks in the railroad office felt toward their employer. It appeared that the chief clerk's position in the affections of his superiors depended upon his ability to extract the largest possible amount of labor from the clerks for a given sum in wages. The theory was always held out that the rush would soon let up a bit, and then the clerks would not have to work overtime so much. But, Albert said, if the rush did actually let up some clerks were "laid off," so those who remained were as heavily burdened as ever. Their attitude toward the railroad was not merely detached and indifferent, like that of the messengers toward the bank. On the contrary, they hated it as cordially, as impotently. Thus, about the first thing I clearly perceived in the city was the outline of a labor problem and a sharp class division.

I had been in the messenger department only two days when I was promoted automatically by the entrance of another novice. From the humble function of sticking on postage stamps I advanced to the more responsible duty of sealing the envelopes. I discovered, however, that such celerity of promotion occurred only in the sub-cellar. The higher one got, the more slowly he advanced. Most of the messengers were youths who lived with their parents, and, theoretically, could afford to wait. I calculated that, by very good luck, I might achieve a wage which would support life on its barest terms in six months, but more likely it would be a year.

So I began marking the "Help Wanted" advertisements in the newspapers and answering them on the bank's stationery, judging that the name of the great institution would carry weight. At first I selected those advertisements which promised light, agreeable employment at handsome wages. They invariably turned out to be chances to peddle books or patented articles on a commission—after paying from twenty to fifty dollars down for the "agents' outfit." Then I turned to the advertisements which said more about work and less about wages, and soon had several answers. I was negotiating with a cement concern, when word came to the messenger department that a gentleman "in front" wished to see me. The gentleman had a huge red mustache, wore his straw hat far back on his head, smoked a big cigar at a rakish angle, and, altogether, looked so much like Nebraska that we hit it off immediately, and I went to work for him the next day, leaving the First National with an unblemished record, after having been thirteen days in its employ.



Even the Baby, in a Crisis, May be Sent by a Messenger; but Canned Fruit Must be Conveyed by Hand

My wage in the new place was to be seventy dollars a month, and I at once sent for my family. There were three partners, or stockholders, in the company, which made various electrical appliances and had a downtown office, consisting of one small room, in the Rookery Building. They were good, human people. The treasurer, who had employed me and who came from Denver, immediately called me by my first name and turned the books and accounts over to me with absolute confidence. He would have done the same, I am sure, if the trust thereby devolved had been much greater. The truth is that the company, while all that the heart could wish on the human side, sadly lacked capital.

Also, the patented devices on which they were banking, and to exploit which they must secure capital, would not work very well. The factory was in a dim loft, over on the West Side, and that factory would have broken a heart of stone. It was always demanding money, and then sending out appliances which developed some fatal defect at most inopportune moments. I have forgotten most of the technical nomenclature now, but it used to be as familiar to me, and as charged with woe, as the words in the mortuary returns are to a sympathetic physician.

Our great task was to get some men of large means interested. To that essential end the partners directed faith and energy that might have moved mountains; and I got so I could fairly tell by the way the telephone bell rang that some man of large means whom they had been getting interested was at the other end of the wire, raging because he had been short-circuited or his plugs had blown out.

The trouble seemed ended when we sold old man M—— an elevator equipment for the building he was remodeling. As everybody knew, old man M—— was bursting with capital, and he was very much interested. For once the partners contemplated pay-day and the rapidly-maturing note at the bank, without a qualm. I remember well how they were sitting about the office, in the highest good humor, when in stumped old man M——, black in the face. His motor had burned out, his elevator had stopped running, his cellar was full of water, his tenants were threatening to sue him for damages.

It often seemed to me that if they would just blow up the factory they could get on first-rate. But the partners had broader views. They perceived that what was necessary was a bang-up electrical expert to run the factory. So they employed one—at ten thousand dollars a year.

Meantime, the man who had the little flat above Cousin Janet's moved out, and I took the place. Except that the roof leaked some and the wind blew the rugs off the floor, it was not a bad habitation for summer. The two families did their cooking in common, not from Socialistic principles, but because Cousin Janet had a stove. A few necessary articles we bought on the installment plan.

In Catlin our domestic economy had been simple. If we wanted any money I took it out of the cash-drawer and dropped in a debit ticket. We now felt the absence of debit-ticket facilities quite keenly. We had never known that there was any but a merely theoretical difference between a dime and a quarter. I now discovered that the difference, in fact, was a meal. If one carried sandwiches downtown in his coat pocket and surreptitiously ate them in the vault at noon one could go to the park on Sunday. Otherwise, one stayed at home for lack of carfare.

Yet these brutal experiences of the inelasticity of the currency were less galling than might be imagined. If one could not go to the park one could walk a mile to the lake shore, which was just as good. We at once decided that that was where we would live when we were able. We discovered down there a new house for sale, which enchanted us. It stood all alone in a pretty little copse of oak and maple, with a small, smooth lawn. It was of brick, with green blinds at the white-cased windows. Its littleness and its smart Colonial style were what made it so charming—someway like a small girl roguishly dressed in her mother's party-gown. Going to the lake, we always walked by it and peeked in the windows at the fireplace. Finally, my wife wrote to the agent whose sign was on the porch—using her own initials to avoid compromising me. The agent replied that he would sell us the house for fifteen thousand dollars, half down.

We joked about offering to give him the three or four dollars which constituted our stock of cash at the moment, in order to bind the bargain. But we kept his letter, went around by the house as much as ever; even sat on the edge of the porch and discussed what we would do with the lawn if we owned it. The fact is we were still of the age when lacking a dollar in ready money is rather immaterial, because one can buy a fifteen-thousand-dollar house in his mind.

Then the boy, who had been notably sturdy, fell ill—lost appetite, color and flesh. We were quite sure it was nothing acute, and from the first Cousin Janet was staunchly and cheerfully against calling in a doctor. Her boy had had it; it was a sort of low malarial fever; a doctor would do no good. But more nights than one, as he moaned and we held his small, hot hands and looked into his big, dull eyes, we anxiously debated that doctor question. We were just about keeping afloat, as it was. A doctor meant debt. The idea that, while so many other children were superabundantly provided for, my boy must be scanted, was exceedingly bitter to the taste. Presently he mended, and in a little while was as sturdy as ever. But the bitter taste remained.

Things were going rather poorly at the office. The new factory superintendent had come on. I could not see, for the life of me, where he was going to get his ten thousand dollars a year, unless he was a bang-up magician as well as electrical expert. He began not to see, either, and to lose his temper about it. The possibility that the snug, friendly little concern might be wound up in a row was rather disquieting. My literary faculties had never emerged from the inundation of the spring; but I had been getting acclimated to the city, and reading the newspapers, and at the end of the summer I was ready for another try at journalism. One day I read this advertisement:

> WANTED—Young men and women to play in Shakespearian repertoire. Regular salaries. Previous stage experience not necessary.

A man's name was signed and an address given in Michigan Avenue below Twelfth Street. This address proved to be a large brownstone-front boarding-house, of decayed aspect. A man in shirt-sleeves and cap, who may have been the landlord, answered my ring, said Mr. Markham was expected back at any moment, and showed me into a gloomy and fly-blown parlor to wait for him. When Mr. Markham appeared I innocently thought that he looked the actor, because he looked extraordinary. He was tall, pale and freckled, with an abundance of curly red hair. He wore a conspicuous summer suit, almost white, and marked off in large checks by pale yellow stripes; a big puff tie and a kind of yachting cap. In one hand he jauntily carried a pair of light yellow gloves, in the other a slender walking-stick.

He cordially invited me across the hall to his own parlor, the walls of which were hung with royal robes of cotton velvet and tinsel crowns. There were also a number of large colored posters announcing the appearance, at various points in New Jersey, of the eminent Shakespearian tragedian, Mr. Elbert Markham, supported by a brilliant company.

Mr. Markham explained that Lawrence Barrett had informed him there were many communities in the young, growing West, which were full of culture and athirst for adequately presented Shakespearian drama, yet not large enough to support so extensive and costly an organization as Mr. Barrett carried. Larry thought he would find a higher artistic usefulness in quenching this thirst than in sticking to his well-established and lucrative field in the East—which, possibly, having long enjoyed his artistic ministrations, no longer thirsted so much. He asked me very earnestly if I were a native Westerner, and about how much, judging from my observation, the West was impregnated with Shakespearian culture. Recalling our Shakespeare Club at Catlin, I was able to give him a flattering report, in which he seemed to find great comfort.

He was good enough to say that I impressed him as very promising material, and he urged me to come back next evening to witness a preliminary rehearsal of The Merchant of Venice, as his company was nearly complete. It was I, not he, who mentioned terms. After consideration, he said all he would ask was fifty dollars down for use of the costumes and for the instructions in dramatic art, and as soon as the company was on the road he would pay me twenty dollars a week and expenses.

I returned next evening. Seven or eight actors besides Mr. Markham and myself assembled in the fly-blown parlor. The middle-aged, sallow lady who had the part of Portia was a professional—had supported McCullough, Mr. Markham told me aside. She regarded the rest of us with open contempt, sitting languidly in her chair and merely mumbling the end of her line which gave the next reader his cue. The very obvious fact that she had performed her ablutions in a hasty and inaccurate manner made her scorn easier to bear. Yet, on the whole, it was justified. Mr. Markham's amateurs struck me as a very unpromising lot.

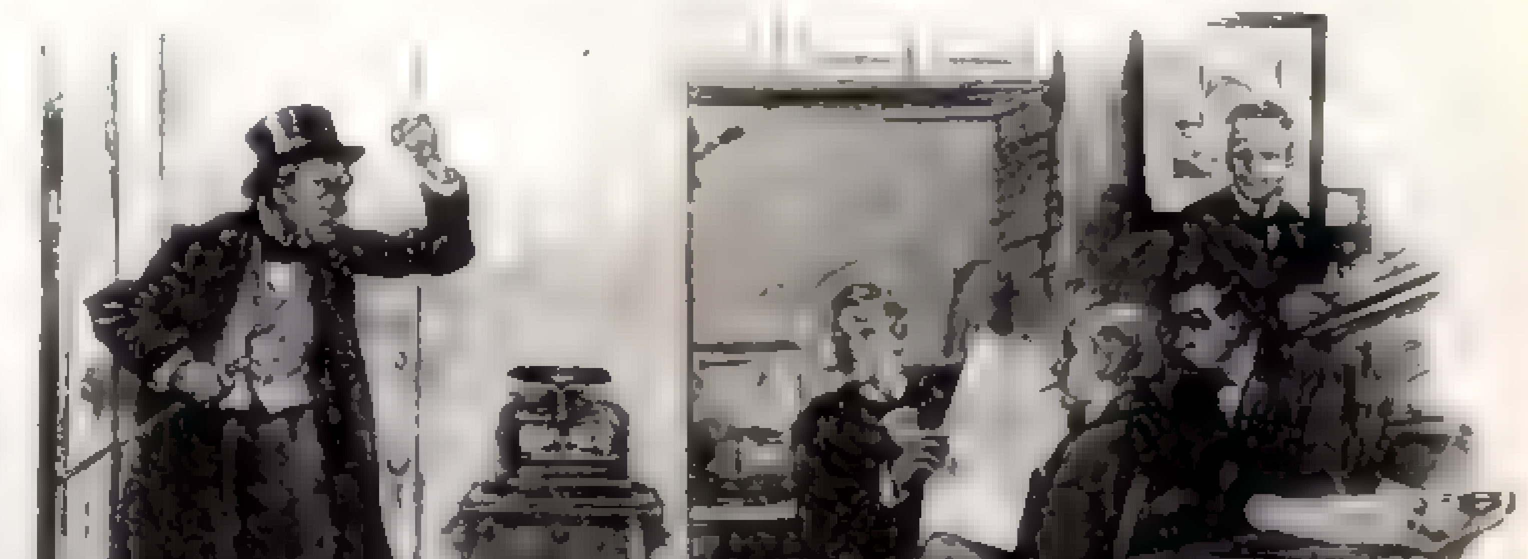
After the rehearsal he talked to me with a frankness which surprised me. He acknowledged that he was downcast over the thick-set, swarthy man who floundered so pitifully in his pronunciation of all long words. The man, Markham explained, was an affluent and stage-struck barber, who was putting up two hundred dollars, so his ridiculous whim to play Lorenzo had to be humored. Markham was very anxious to get his company on the road as soon as possible, and he made me the generous offer to forego half the bonus, taking only twenty-five dollars if I would join at once.

It is proper to say here that I thought Mr. Markham was merely a swindler, who was fleecing these stage-struck people and who intended nothing more than to get their money, and leave them in the lurch. But I did not know his kind. Several months later, one miserable winter day, with the wet snow driven before a boisterous wind that cut to the bone, I was going along Clark Street, and Markham passed me, head down before the wind. He still wore what was left of that conspicuous light summer suit and the jaunty yachting cap. He had no overcoat, and one hand clutched his coat collar together at his throat. He dove into an inexpensive and untidy restaurant. I am sure the other hand clutched a dime. He had actually taken his ridiculous company on the road, kept it out as long as he could raise a cent, and walked back to town.

There are swindling theatrical managers and agents who prey upon the stage-struck; but Markham was of that stranger lot who will rob their grandmothers in order to make half a dozen appearances in a star part before a handful of village deadheads. They are, in fact, supported by their amateur companies in a sense different from that conveyed by the posters. But it is not with malice prepense. They are the most besottedly stage-struck of all.

Seeing Markham that winter day I was glad that, at least, I did not use his name or address when I wrote the sketch about the Shakespearians, which I sent to the Daily News, with a note saying I would like a job. I received a reply, but it was non-committal. It said the managing editor might be found at his office, any day, between eight and two. I did not go at once, but wrote

(Continued on Page 35)



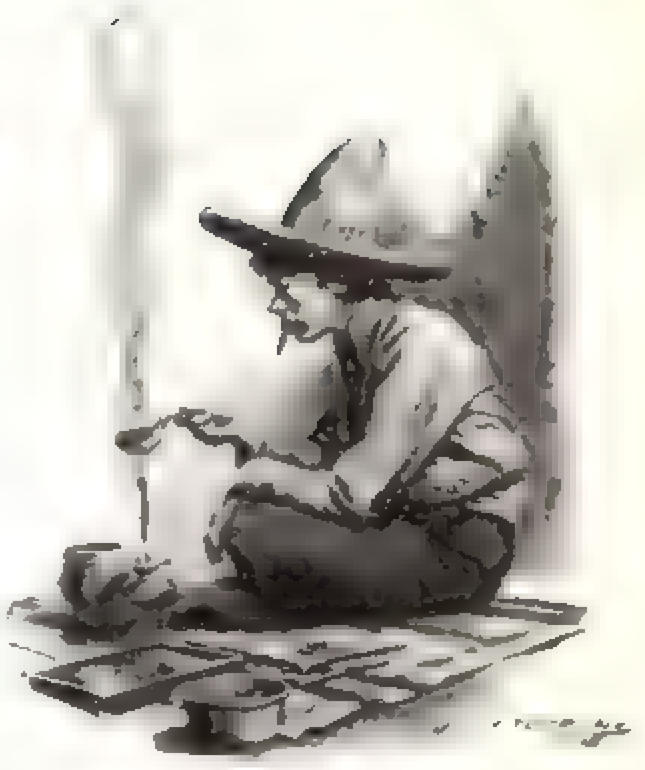
His Motor had Burned Out, His Elevator had Stopped Running, His Cellar was Full of Water, His Tenants Were Threatening to Sue Him for Damages

Frauds and Deceptions in Precious Stones

SOME FAMOUS COUNTERFEITS AND FORGERIES

By George Frederick Kunz

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL



In Mexico Opals Were Covered With Oil, Which was Heated Over a Lamp

ABOUT 1889, certain dealers in precious stones in Paris and in other parts of the world observed, either on their own account or through customers, that diamonds which had been bought as white stones, and had been sold by the dealer as such, became off-color. Complaints grew so numerous that they ultimately led to an investigation by the syndicate of diamond and precious stone merchants, to whom all such disputes are referred in France. It was found that all the diamonds in question could be traced to a single dealer who lived in Antwerp. The fact was revealed that he was in the habit of purchasing immense quantities of slightly off-color stones, but sold nothing except good white material. Still further investigation proved that the gems which he sold, if washed in alcohol or boiled in an acid, would, in some instances, change from white to an off-color. It was proved that the dealer had sold diamonds to the value of twenty millions of francs. All of the stones had been dipped in a solution of Prussian blue, a slight film of the blue solution adhering to the off-colored stone, the blue neutralizing the yellow, just as "bluing" neutralizes the yellow in linen. Possibly the dealer may have used varnish or shellac in addition, which held the color securely to the stone until it was placed in acid or an ammoniacal solution, or until the perspiration of the body removed the blue wash. At any rate, the fraud was not detected until the diamonds had been sold, and many of them resold several times. The dealer was made to restore a large sum of money.

The Dealer
Leaving it to the Buyer to Give a Name to the String of Beads He Offers for Sale

The following is probably the most flagrant instance of illegitimate diamond coloring the writer has ever known. He once examined a necklace in the possession of a Moscow dealer which had the reputation of being one of the most remarkable necklaces of colored diamonds in Europe. The yellows, the browns, the whites and the intermediate shades were wonderfully beautiful; the value of the necklace, however, consisted in the pinks, greens, aquamarine tints and blues. These blended wonderfully with the other colors, and, as these colors are the most expensive ones, naturally some examination followed. This proved that the reds, the pinks, the greens, the aquamarine tints and the blues had all been colored on the back. The stones were set open and the coloring matter had been applied with unusual skill, but it required only a moment's examination to enable the writer to remove part of the coloring from each of these stones. The dealer's only explanation was that he wished to beautify the necklace, though, at the same time, he had added a much greater value to it and, naturally, not a legitimate one.

The Doctored Emeralds of Budapest

EVEN the great Benvenuto Cellini, the famous goldsmith and artist of the sixteenth century, boasts of his success in "treating" a diamond. The stone in question was set in a ring which had been given to Pope Paul III by the Emperor Charles V, when the latter was in Rome after his expedition to Tunis. This stone, though rather shallow, was estimated to be worth 12,000 crowns. The Pope was not pleased with the way in which the diamond was set and he intrusted it to Cellini for resetting. At the same time he sent several expert jewelers to judge of the quality of the work. One of the most renowned jewelers of Venice had already provided the diamond with a foil; this was removed by Cellini, who substituted one of his own fabrication. The jewelers enthusiastically declared that the gem was worth 2000 ducats more than before. Cellini's ambition was aroused, and he relates that he withdrew to his workshop and treated the diamond by a process he had discovered. This consisted in applying to the surface of the stone a wash composed of various vegetable oils and tinged with a specially-prepared mixture, one of the ingredients of which was lampblack. In the case in question he used a very light shade of the mixture, which was differently blended for each stone treated. He also placed beneath the diamond a thin layer of crystal, so adjusted between the foil and the diamond that it did not touch the latter. The unbounded admiration of the jewelers was expressed in the assertion that the diamond was now worth 18,000 crowns, instead of the 12,000 crowns at which it had formerly been valued.

Some drop-shaped emeralds which were examined in Budapest appeared to be of good color and remarkably reasonable in price. The color seemed homogeneous and even, but it was found upon examination that coloring matter had been forced into the crevices of the emerald, as is sometimes done; and, besides this, the entire outside of each stone — which, being of Oriental cutting, would naturally be without a bright polish — had, in this instance, been coated with a greenish chemical made to adhere by a varnish-like substance. When this varnish was removed the emeralds were found to have less than one-twentieth of the value assigned to them. They were emeralds, mineralogically, but of inferior quality, and artificial coloring matter had been applied to give them the value of high-class gems.

With the great increase in the price of emeralds, and the great favor accorded to green stones, much material which has hitherto been rejected as being unfit for setting has been subjected to every manner of cutting and has frequently been sold for a number of dollars per carat. Thus, many impure emeralds of very poor coloring have been cut into the form of beads. In addition to this, an immense number of emeralds that found their way to the Indies, or were set a century or more ago in the jewelry of the Magyars of Hungary and the boyars of Russia, have been ripped from their settings to find a market in Western Europe. These emerald-beads generally had an aperture through which had passed a cord or wire. This aperture was filled with a dark wax of a greenish color, and the interior of the bead itself was frequently given a coating of green material, so as to make the stone appear many shades richer in color.

Why are gems so highly valued? On account of their rarity and because they are Nature's products. If a stone is artificially made the chief sentiment is lost, and, no matter how well it may be made, an expert will be able to determine the difference. A manufactured stone cannot take the place in commercial value with a native-mined gem.

About the year 1887 there appeared in the Paris market, and since then in the markets throughout the world, a kind of ruby made by a heating process. These stones have always shown certain rounded striæ and bubbles, such as occur in bubbly masses. They are not true crystals, as any one familiar with gems understands a distinct crystal — as, for instance, a distinct crystal of quartz — but are of a massed structure resembling ice or a massive quartz. They contain a trifle of magnesia, are a shade less hard than a real ruby, and invariably manifest such physical changes as are produced by unannealed material. These stones, actually artificial rubies, are sold under the name of reconstructed rubies, scientific rubies or synthetic rubies. They are generally sold without a guarantee, the buyer being under the impression that he is buying a genuine ruby. In one instance, an American gentleman bought such a stone which he believed had been guaranteed as a ruby, but when the case came into court, as it soon did, the dealer showed that he had written the word "synthetic" in very small characters in one corner of the bill. The buyer was, therefore, unable to sustain his complaint, as the bill did not prove an actual fraud, although it may have been made with such intent. These stones are sold throughout the world. They are constantly turning up, and in almost every instance the buyer is surprised to find that he does not possess what he wished to acquire, a true ruby, the product of Mother Earth.

The Secret of the Singhalese Sapphires

THE buyer who purchases a gem and does not do so in clear daylight is apt to be deceived, for the better the light the more the beauties or the imperfections of gems become apparent. In a study of conditions in many of the cities of nearly every country in Europe the writer was surprised to note in how many instances the selling offices for jewels were beautifully fitted up with hangings and curtains of the most elegant character, there being frequently several gas or electric lights in the same small room. This naturally tends to disguise the off-color in a diamond. It would also heighten the color of a ruby and would make an imperfect emerald the greener, while an inferior pearl would appear to possess an almost perfect Oriental sheen. The unsuspecting buyer, purchasing under such circumstances, rarely realizes that a thousand miles away his diamond will not appear so white; his pearl will not display its Oriental sheen; his ruby will not appear so red, nor his emerald so green, as when he purchased them in the little room with the sumptuous hangings and the electric lights. But what can he do? There was no guarantee; he probably did not know the firm. To begin an international lawsuit would involve great expense, and, in addition, he would be exposed to the mortification of admitting that he was not a competent buyer.

A decade ago a great seller of jewelry, but one who did not possess much experience in purchasing, bought a number of papers of sapphires from some Singhalese dealers. As the color to him was perfect and the price seemed reasonable, he bought them for the firm with which he was connected; but when he examined them in the United States he was amazed to find that they were neither so blue nor so even in color as he expected. In a discussion of the conditions of purchase he admitted that the table at which he sat had mirrors on three sides, the light coming from above. Apparently no gem possesses the power of dispersing color more abundantly than does the sapphire, and the stones, being in a parcel, had reflected and re-reflected the light until the entire paper seemed to be of one beautiful, harmonious tone. Away from the mirrors the color of many of the stones was not so blue and that of others was in regular bands and patches. The purchaser had lost a large sum of money by not being cognizant of this kind of deception. It is well known that a sapphire may have but a tiny tip of blue at the lower, or culette, end, and yet, if cleverly set, the entire stone will appear blue. And we must remember that, while the value of an entirely homogeneous-colored stone may be several thousands of dollars, that of one uneven in color may be only as many hundreds.

The Dealer's Only Explanation was That He Wished to Beautify the Necklace

Until the year 1905 the black opal was considered one of the rarest of gems, and hence it was often sophisticated. At that time some magnificent examples were discovered in New South Wales, the opal itself being covered by a black oxide of manganese or some organic coloring. Before that time, in Mexico and elsewhere, if opals were very poor in quality—too poor to find a market—they were covered with oil, which was heated over a lamp, the oil turning black and the opal becoming covered with innumerable fissures, each of which absorbed the black burnt oil. Sometimes, again, an opal was heated and thrust into a black solution, which also cracked it, the black substance entering the cracks, which closed up immediately afterward. Then these stones, worth from ten to fifty cents apiece, were sold to tourists for as many dollars as they were worth cents.

If agate is thoroughly heated and boiled in a solution of Prussian blue it readily absorbs the color and retains it for a long time. It then somewhat resembles lapis lazuli. This material has had a large sale in the Alps and other tourist resorts throughout the world, the dealer leaving it to the buyer to give a name to the string of beads, the necklace, the bracelet or the cuff-buttons he offers for sale. Often he has a rough piece of the material by him and he can truthfully say that his objects were cut from it. The buyer feels sure that he has the natural lapis lazuli, whereas it is only a jaspery agate, too poor in quality to sell as agate, though it makes an admirable and durable imitation

Another substance is sold as the Mont Blanc ruby or the Indian emerald. When it is blue it is called African sapphire. This stone is simply a quartz rock-crystal which has been heated and then dipped in a blue, red or green solution. The sudden change of temperature fills the stone with innumerable fissures, and the color of the solution absorbed imparts the natural hue of whatever gem the color represents.

The chrysoprase is a translucent variety of quartz, of a rich, golden green. It has been found in Silesia, and, more recently, equally fine specimens have been discovered in California. When this is pure and free from flaws it is, although not an expensive gem, still quite valuable when compared with common agate. The latter, when colored by a green solution of nickel, does not possess the golden green color, though it is sold as chrysoprase in Russia, England, New York, Colorado and elsewhere. It can be manufactured for one-fiftieth the cost of the true chrysoprase.

There are four forms of turquoise, or the Turkish stone, as it was originally called, because it came to Europe by way of Turkey. The sky-colored material was called *pierre du ciel*, or stone of Heaven. It has been imitated in four different ways: First, as a blue enamel which often simulates the color of the turquoise, but the lustre is that of glass and not that rich tone peculiar to this stone. Second, an imitation has been made by grinding ivory to an impalpable powder, precipitating this in a blue copper solution, and then pressing the product in a hydraulic press, thus making a blue substance strikingly like the turquoise in general effect, but brittle and soft. Then again, a pale gray chalcedony is dyed by a solution to make it the color of a pale turquoise. This has the advantage of hardness, but has not the correct color nor the lustre. Last, the turquoise itself, when mined, is often too pale a blue, or it is faintly green-tinted. This is treated with Prussian blue and other blue coloring matter, coating the stone to a slight depth. If, however, the stone is broken or abraded the fact is soon betrayed that this brilliant hue is not its original color. Many of the so-called guaranteed turquoises are of this character. The dealer simply restains the stone but does not restore its supposed original color. The writer has found that a solution of ammonia, or carbonate of ammonia in solution, will remove the acquired color, notwithstanding the statement that it is permanent.

In the zinc mines of Laurium, in Greece, which were worked in the time of Pericles, there is found a carbonate of zinc, stratified, which, when cut in the form of a turquoise gem, more closely resembles it in color than any other known imitation. We also have what is known as "bone turquoise," a fossil bone naturally stained by copper salts, producing a material which, when cut, very closely resembles turquoise in lustre and texture, although the color is never quite that of the true stone, and an expert can readily determine the difference. A set of turquoise that belonged to the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette, a magnificent set combined with diamonds, was of this odontolite or bone turquoise.

For some reason or other our great expositions have been flooded by unscrupulous dealers, who have sold the turquoise imitation material under all possible names to the unsuspecting visitors, who, feeling that they were under the protection of an exposition company, thought that no one would deceive them. This is the argument advanced by many of them, but, unfortunately, the material was sold at from twenty to fifty times the price for which precisely the same material could be bought in any of the large department stores in the cities.

Thousands of antique gems were sophisticated during the Renaissance, and, in the eighteenth century, the greatest artists of the Georgian period, when gem-collectors abounded, used all their skill to produce beautiful gems and satisfy the great demand. These gem-cutters copied and rearranged old subjects and also created new ones in the same style, just as to-day we copy and adapt Colonial or Louis-Quinze designs for furniture or porcelains. Many of these imitations were detected at the time by the keen collectors of the period, but others escaped detection in spite of gem-collecting being a fad both among noblemen and the leading connoisseurs of Europe.

(Continued on Page 42)

THE BUTLER'S STORY

The Deluge—By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

HOW is this thing going to hit *us*?" says Mrs. Carter looking up over her paper and taking a bit of egg and sausage

"Darn if I know," says her husband. "I've shrunk two or three millions already, only they haven't begun to cut dividends yet so it don't make any particular difference in our income," he says. "All the same I guess you and Harriet had better go slow for a while on all real lace gowns and such. Wot worries me," he says, "is these investigations. The way they are going at things now, if a fellow has given the office boy a five dollar gold piece at Christmas and charged the company for it they indite him for larceny," he says.

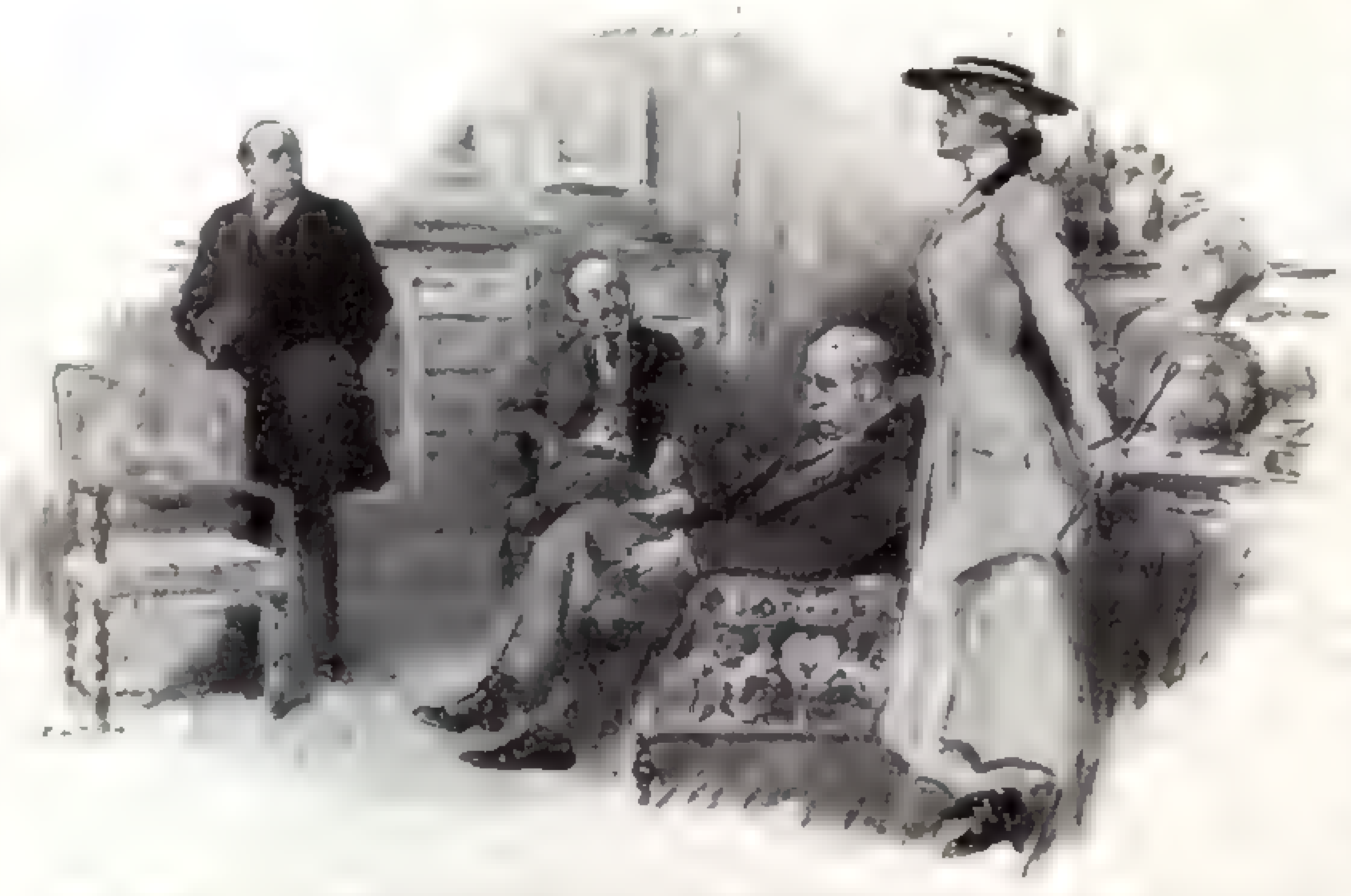
"Well, *you* have never done anything wrong, *have* you, Samuel?" says Mrs. Carter suspicious-like.

"No, of course not," he says, "But many an innocent man has suffered for the sins of others. The public insists on having victims."

Just then James came in and said there was a young man wanted to see Mr. Carter most urgent.

"Tell him to wait!" says Mr. Carter.

"I told him to and he used bad language," says James, "and, if you'll pardon *me*, sir, he said that you had better get a move on. He said he knew you were home."



"From Now on He is Going to Tell the Truth and Do Right, No Matter Wot the Consequences May Be"

"O!" says Mr. Carter, "I suppose I may as well see him! He may be a process server or something."

"Don't go near him!" says Mrs. Carter very anxious. "He may be a crazy man and shoot you."

But her husband told her not to be a fool and how of course it was all right, but you had to be pleasant and agreeable with certain kinds of people, and went out to see wot the man wanted, and he was only gone a few minutes, but when he come back he looked five years older. So Mrs. Carter noticed how upset he was and insisted on knowing wot the trouble was, and he showed her a brown slip of paper and said that he was subpœnaed before that blamed Grand Jury.

"O, Samuel!" says his wife.

"O, it is nothing!" he says pouring out more coffee. "I'm a member of the Grand Jury myself," he says.

"Well," she says, "Maybe it would have been better if you had served on it sometimes instead of giving that man the box of cigars and the overcoat every year."

"Wot are you talking about!" he growls looking very fierce at her.

"Why, don't you remember ——" she began, but he shut her off quick and told her not to talk so much (he was awful mad and cross) and he bolted his coffee and stuffed a few rolls down his throat and told me to call up Mr. Ketchem on the telephone.

Well, I was that uneasy that I could hardly do my work for I hated to think that anything might happen to one of Miss Patricia's family for she loves her father most devoted, just as if he was a ordinary working man, and I was most anxious to hear wot Mr. Carter would say to Mr. Ketchem and he to him for it was evident that there was something rotten in the State of Denmark to say the least. So in a couple of hours Mr. Ketchem arrived in a brougham and fur overcoat and went right into the library with them on and of course I had to go along to help him off. So he says,

"Well, Carter, wots the hurry call?" he says.

Mr. Carter just shifted his big cigar and handed him the brown subpœna.

"Hm!" says Ketchem. "Well, wot are you going to tell 'em?"

"Hanged if I know," says Mr. Carter. "Here, have a cigar."

"No, thanks," says Ketchem, "I don't smoke in the morning."

"Have a drink then," he says.

"Don't care if I do," he says.

"Scotch or rye, sir?" I says.

"Scotch," he says. "Look here, Carter," he says, "This looks serious," he says, "It must be that 'Tunnel Deal!'"

"That's it, fast enough," says Mr. Carter.

So I helped Mr. Ketchem off with his coat and fussed around getting the whisky for quite a while.

"Well, I always said you was skinning awful close," says Ketchem. "I merely told you how it *could* be done, I didn't *advise* it. You remember that?"

"I don't remember very clear," says Mr. Carter, "But anyhow we dug the hole and now the question is how are we going to get out of it."

"Let me see," says Mr. Ketchem, "There was Wiggin, and Snow, and Bumstead in it, wasn't there? Well, Wiggin is dead—you can shove most of it on *him*."

Mr. Carter took a little walk around the room before he replied. Finally he said,

"I don't like to do that, Ketchem."

"Well, put a *little* on him," says the lawyer.

"Wot else could we do?" asks Mr. Carter.

"Well, the first thing," says Ketchem, "is to get hold of Snow and Bumstead and tell 'em not to remember anything."

"They'd have sense enough to forget everything until they saw us, anyway," says Mr. Carter. "I tell you wot.

You go over to Boston to see 'em while I go before the Grand Jury."

"Can't," says Ketchem. "I've got a subpœna myself," he says.

"Damn!" says Mr. Carter.

"I tell you we're up against it," says Ketchem, "and we've got to be mighty leery."

"It looks like it," says Mr. Carter.

"Yes," says his lawyer, "and the way things is now you've got to give the impression of being willing to talk even if you're not," he says.

"That is bad!" says Mr. Carter.

"Well, you can talk about anything that don't count," says Ketchem. "And just forget on the important things. Take my advice," says Ketchem, "and put it on Wiggins. Dead men tell no tales," he says.

"It would be a low down dirty trick!" says Mr. Carter rather nervous.

"Well, it would be better than going to jail," says Ketchem

"There's no fear of that, is there?" asks Mr. Carter.

"They just convicted Miller, didn't they?" says Ketchem. "And all he did was to overcertify an account by a couple of hundred thousand. You can't tell wot may happen, these days. If they got a chance they would convict an archbishop of forgery."

"Well, we must get into communication with Boston at once," says Mr. Carter.

"There's another thing," says Ketchem. "You had better retain a regular criminal lawyer besides," he says. "No civil practitioner knows anything about it, and I have never had a criminal case in my life. Take my advice and get the best one there is." Then he sees me fussing around by the door and he says, "Who's that?" he says.

"O, that's only Ridges," says Mr. Carter.

"Well, he had better get out of here," says Ketchem. So I had to go out, and although I would have given my ears to hear more, that was all I did hear.

Well, you may be sure there was great excitement downstairs at noon for James had told everybody about Mr. Carter's subpœna and all the servants was sure that they would be out of a place for he would have to go to prison. James said as how the Grand Jury was used only to try men as had committed horrid felonious crimes and Mr. Carter must be far different from wot he seemed, and another of the men was positive that if you once got in you would never get out. Poor old Aunty Robinson was that upset she couldn't eat and was on the edge of crying all the time. She said it was dreadful to think of any one belonging to Miss Patricia having to go to prison. Well, I said he didn't have to go to prison just because he was summoned at all, but they all said I was wrong and that you might be called for a regular jury and get off, but it was different with grand juries, and Evelyn said the only way to get out of it was to say that if you told anything it would degrade and discriminate you, and that if you said that, they would lock you up anyway. They all agreed there was very little hope for him and as I did not know much about it I began to feel pretty well down myself. I did not know wot he had done but I said I was sure there was no malice or premeditation in it. Then one of them said that if you stole with malice you had a malicious prosecution, while if you stole with deliberation and premeditation it was larceny, but just ordinary stealing was theft. It didn't sound exactly right but I let it pass for I didn't want no argumentum with them and about arf after four o'clock the evening papers came and there it all was.

CARTER CALLED BEFORE GRAND JURY

Tunnel Deal Under Investigation

Indictments Expected Soon

And about four columns telling all about how Mr. Carter and Mr. Wiggins and the others had got up this company and made the capital of it several millions when all they had was some sort of permission to dig a tunnel that had never been dug, and then how they had sold that company to another company for about twice that, and the other company had sold all the stock to widows and orphans. It was very confusing and mixed up, but the idea seemed to be that Mr. Carter and his friends had gotten a lot of money for nothing at all and that if they hadn't committed any crime they ought to have. We all felt awful about it and James said he guessed it was time for any respectable man to leave the house but I told him to hold his tongue for a stupid ass and learn not to believe everything he read in the papers.

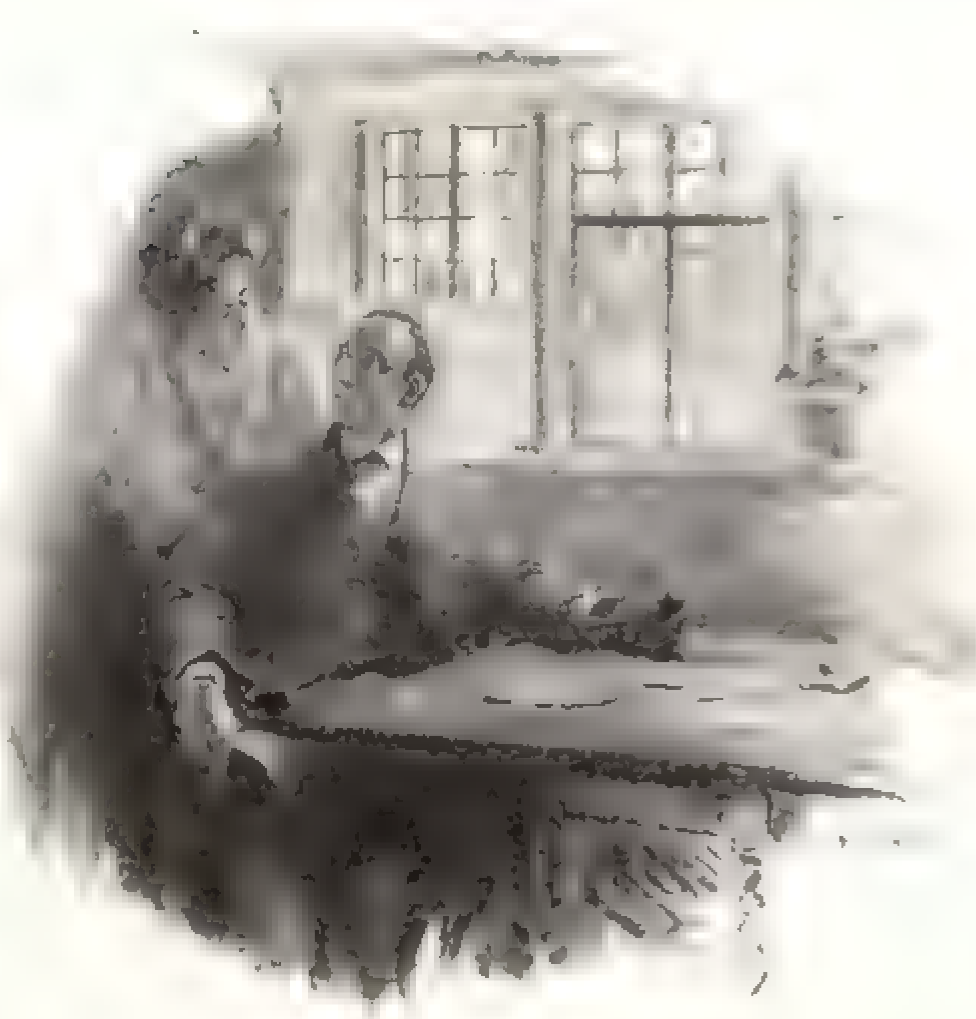
That night at dinner we had a terrible scene for Mr. Carter came in all haggered and tired and threw himself into a chair and called for a glass of whiskey and then Mrs. Carter and Miss Harriet came in and nobody said a word for a long time. Then Miss Harriet says:

"Have you seen the papers?"

Mr. Carter shook his head and says:

"No, I have had enough without reading the papers"

"Well," says Miss Harriet, "I would like to know wot I am to tell my friends," says she.



But Now All is as Happy as Can Be

Mr. Carter looked at her and the veins in his forehead sort of swelled out and he started to speak and then he stopped and shook his head again and picked up his fish as if he was going to eat. But Miss Harriet kept right on and wanted to know if wot the papers said was true and that he had got up a bogus company. She was that mad she didn't care who heard her, and her mother said,

"Harriet! O Harriet! Not before the servants!"

And she says, "Wot do I care when all the world knows?" she says.

"Leave the room," says Mr. Carter to James and me and when we had gone into the pantry I could hear him talking in a low tone to Miss Harriet, but it seems it did not satisfy her for I could hear her voice saying:

"Well, I never would have believed it! I don't know wot I can say to everybody. I shall be ashamed to hold up my head. I'm disgraced!"

Then Mr. Carter got mad and called her an ungrateful child and first Mrs. Carter sided with one and then with the other and they had an awful time. And just as I opened the pantry door a little crack to see if it was time to serve the ontray he put his head in his hands and began to cry and Miss Patricia who had been upstairs dressing to go out to the theatre came in and when she saw her father sitting there all broke up, and Harriet and her mother just looking at him cold and haughty, she ran and threw her arms around him and got down on her knees and hugged him and said how he was the nicest father in the world and she would never believe any wrong of him as long as she lived, and, by and by, he stopped crying and patted her head and said she was a good girl and the best in the lot and wiped his eyes and said they had better go on with dinner, which they did.

Well, James had heard enough to make him sure all was over and went on cackling about it downstairs until I wanted to cuff him, but I do not blame him for being excited about it, and all the more so as later in the evening Mr. Ketchem came with a round-headed little man with a sharp nose named Mr. Isaacs and they all went into the library. Now I never would have heard anything more had it not been for the fact that there is a ventilator between the pantry and the library near the sink and if you listen you can hear quite plain, so I sent James away and so long as I was there alone with no noise could not help overhearing part of wot was said.

Now it seems that Mr. Ketchem and Mr. Isaacs had got it all planned out beforehand that Mr. Carter should remember all about everything that had happened before the Statue of Limitations, wherever that may be, and either forget wotever happened elsewhere or put it on poor old dead Mr. Wiggins which it could not harm in the least they said being as he was in his grave. For while Mr. Carter had gone down to the building where the Grand Jury was they had not been able to see him, being too busy and so he was to be heard the next morning. But Mr. Carter had it on his mind that he didn't want to put anything on Mr. Wiggins that the latter did not deserve and he had some hesitation about lying anyway, and Mr. Ketchem got sort of irritated and says,

"Carter, you talk as if you was a white robed angel and not a man of the world."

And Mr. Carter waits a minute and then says sadly:

"No, Ketchem, you know I ain't no angel nor no parson neither, but I never lied under oath yet and no matter how many dirty deals you have put me through I have never laid any blame where it did not belong or got anybody else in trouble and I have taken my losses, as I have my gains, without squealing. You have always talked about being a good sport and to my mind that includes not blackguarding the dead nor telling a lie when you give your word of honor," he says.

And I felt proud of him and I says to myself: "Good for you!"

"Oh fudge!" says Ketchem. "Wot kind of distinction is that," he says, "Lying under oath and lying without; and wot kind of honor is it that will sacrifice the living for the dead!" he says. "Do you want your wife and family to be ruined because you go to jail?" he says.

"O," says Mr. Carter. "You don't think it could come to that, do you, Mr. Isaacs?"

And I heard Mr. Isaacs put down his glass and say, "Bretty glose to id," he says, "Bretty glose to id."

No one spoke for a long time. Then, at last, Mr. Ketchem says,

"Not only that but if you tell 'em the truth," he says, "You are liable for every cent," he says, "and your family will be beggared!"

"Wot is that?" says Mr. Carter.

"Yes," says Ketchem, "Beggared, ruined, cleaned out, bankrupted!"

"Why so?" asks my master in a faint voice.

"Because the evidence you will give will make you civilly liable for every cent these people claim they have lost—which is about ten times the value of your estate," he says.

Well that put a different color on it and I could almost feel Mr. Carter on the other side of the wall struggling to make up his mind whether to be an honest man or a rascal. I do not believe he would have hesitated an instant had it not been for his family and his pride, but I could understand that he felt he owed a duty to his wife and Miss Patricia and the others he had brought into the world wotever they might be, and Mr. Ketchem evidently saw his chance for he began to talk very fast about how foolish it would be to admit now that wot he had done before was wrong and to give up the money he had earned merely out of a foolish sentimentality and disgrace your family and go to jail into the bargain, and Mr. Carter kept saying "Yes, yes," there was something in that to be sure, only two wrongs could never make a right.

Just as I began to realize that the honor and welfare of Miss Patricia and the whole family was at stake and that good and evil was in mortal combat together in the library and had made up my mind to throw my weight on the right side if I ever got the chance, I heard the swish of skirts and I saw Miss Patricia come into the dining-room in her riding habit. So I went to see wot she wanted.

"Ridges," says she, "Please fetch me a glass of water."

And then wot impelled me I know not for instead of obeying her I rushes forward and I clasps my two hands together and says:

"O, Miss, I think your father needs you in the library!"

And she looks at me for a minute and then she says:

"Did he send for me?"

And I says:

"No, Miss, if you'll pardon me, he did not send for you, but—but he needs you just the same!"

"I think I understand," she says. "Thank you, Ridges, I'll go to him," and forgetting all about the glass of water she goes down the passage and knocks at the door of the library. Some one said "Who's there?" And without giving any answer Miss Patricia opened the door and went in and I slipped back to my pantry near the ventilator.

"It's me, father—Pat," she says.

"O," said her father, "You must excuse me. We are very busy."

"I am sorry to intrude," she says. "Good morning, Mr. Ketchem! How-dy-do? Father, will you present this gentleman to me?"

I could just see old Isaacs getting up smirking and a-pulling of his forelock only there wasn't any being as how he is as bald as an owl and I could hear Mr. Carter saying:

"This is my attorney, Mr. Isaacs. My daughter, Miss Carter."

"Glad to make your acquaintance," says Isaacs.

"You must excuse us," says Ketchem very short. "We have an important matter under discussion."

"May I not stay?" asks Miss Patricia. "I will be still as a mouse. Father, do let me stay! Wot you are deciding may have to do with the future of all of us."

"No, no," says Ketchem. "No women."

"Wot is that, sir?" says Mr. Carter his voice changing "This is my house and my affair and I will decide who shall be present at this interview. If my daughter wants to remain she may do so. I have no secrets from her."

"O, as you choose!" growls Ketchem.

"Thank you, father dear!" says Miss Patricia.

"Then," continues Ketchem, "It is decided, is it not? You will do as we planned? And I will decline to answer on the ground of privilege."

There was a long silence inside the room and I could hear the big clock tick off a minute and a arf in the hall and then Mr. Carter said sort of agonized,

"O my God!"

I heard Miss Patricia exclaim,

"Father, dear! Wot is it all about? Tell me!"

“I thought you were not going to interfere,” says Ketchem, getting up out of his chair.

Then all of a sudden Mr. Carter began to talk very fast to Miss Patricia and although I could not hear all he said I could tell that it was about how they wanted him to lie about wot he had done and how it was the only thing that stood between him and State's prison and their all being beggared and thrown penniless into the street, and then I heard Miss Patricia's voice say:

“Is that wot you have advised my father to do, sir?” to Ketchem.

And he said,

“It is either that or go to jail.”

And then there was a silence and she said in a sort of surprised way,

“Have you given him his answer, father?”

“No,” he says, sort of ashamed. “I cannot see you disgraced.”

“Ah!” she said. “Well, I will give him his answer. Mr. Ketchem, my father declines to take your advice and commit perjury in addition to any other offenses into which you, with your clever scheming, may have lured him. From now on he is going to tell the truth and do right no matter wot the consequences may be. If he is asked wot he has done he will tell, and if he is asked who advised him to do it, he will tell that too. Am I right, father?”

“Yes,” I heard him say, “You are always right, Pat!”

“Then I may as well go,” shouted Ketchem. “You know wot this means I suppose? It's each one for himself and the Devil take the hindermost.”

“He has got his claws on one of you already,” said Miss Patricia very quiet.

Then the door opened very sudden and Mr. Ketchem came out in a great hurry and very red in the face and he pounded through the dining room and out into the front hall and slammed the front door and ——

“I think the young lady is right,” I heard Mr. Isaacs say, “I may be only a criminal lawyer, but I respect honesty and nobility of character when I see it. I suppose, Mr. Carter, you will have no further need of my services, and I will wish you good morning with the hope that the course your daughter has advised you to persue will give you peace of mind and in the end greater happiness than the other.”

“No, no, Isaacs,” says Mr. Carter. “Stay here. I believe you are the only honest lawyer in the lot.”

“I am sure of it,” exclaimed Miss Patricia.

“Well, well,” said Isaacs, “I have not often had the pleasure of hearing those sendiments and if I can be of any assistance I will be glad to remain your counsel.”

“I leave myself in your hands and that of my daughter,” said Mr. Carter.

Then Isaacs said,

“I suppose, Miss, you understand just wot this will certainly mean to your father. If the Grand Jury find anything criminal in the transactions he may be indicted, convicted and even sent to prison, and as Counselor Ketchem pointed out the disclosures he may be forced to make will put his creditors in position to seize all his proberty and throw him into bankruptcy.”

“Then,” answered Miss Patricia, “he will have done all in his power to make amends for any wrong he has done. I do not believe my father ever intended to harm any one, and if he has he will be the first to try to make restitution. At any rate wot would wealth be worth if dishonestly obtained? I can work. So can my father. If wot he has now rightfully belongs to others, let us give it back to them. If it is necessary for my father to go to prison, which I do not for a moment believe, he will come out with a clear conscience ready to begin life over again.”

“If everybody were like you, young lady, we lawyers would have to go out of business,” said Isaacs.

Just then the bell rang and I had to go and it turned out to be Mr. Amos, so Miss Patricia came out to see him in the drawing room and Mr. Carter and Mr. Isaacs stayed in the library and I heard no more, but I began to feel that I had not done right in listening even if it had been the cause of Miss Patricia's coming to her father's rescue, and when Mr. Amos went out I was a-standing in the hall and when I had handed him his hat I told him everything wot I had done and wot I had heard pass, and it almost made the tears come into my eyes.

“You're an old rascal, Ridges!” he says (when I was through), “Aren't you ashamed of yourself for an eavesdropper?”

“Yes, sir,” I says, “I *am* ashamed of myself, but I am proud of Miss Patricia.”

“Well said, Ridges!” he says, “You have the temperature of an advocate!”

Then he paused and looked at me very hard, and all of a sudden he slapped his knee and exclaimed,

“By George!” says he, “Ridges, do you think you could tell that over again,” he says, “just as you have told it to me?”

And I says:

“If it was to help Miss Patricia,” I says, “I could shout it to a multitude from a Mound of Olives.”

And he larfed and says:

“I may give you a chance, but,” he says, “If you tell any of it tell it all to the very last word.”

Well, I did not know wot was up so I went back to the pantry, and by and bye James came in with the evening papers and there it was worse than ever. They had found out all about the tunnel deal and how Mr. Ketchem was at the back of it and it said how possibly Mr. Carter and the others would be indicated and the ones out of the States would have to be extracated, so it seemed a little better to be here than there. But it was clear that everything was in a very bad way indeed and all the servants were so excited they could hardly eat.

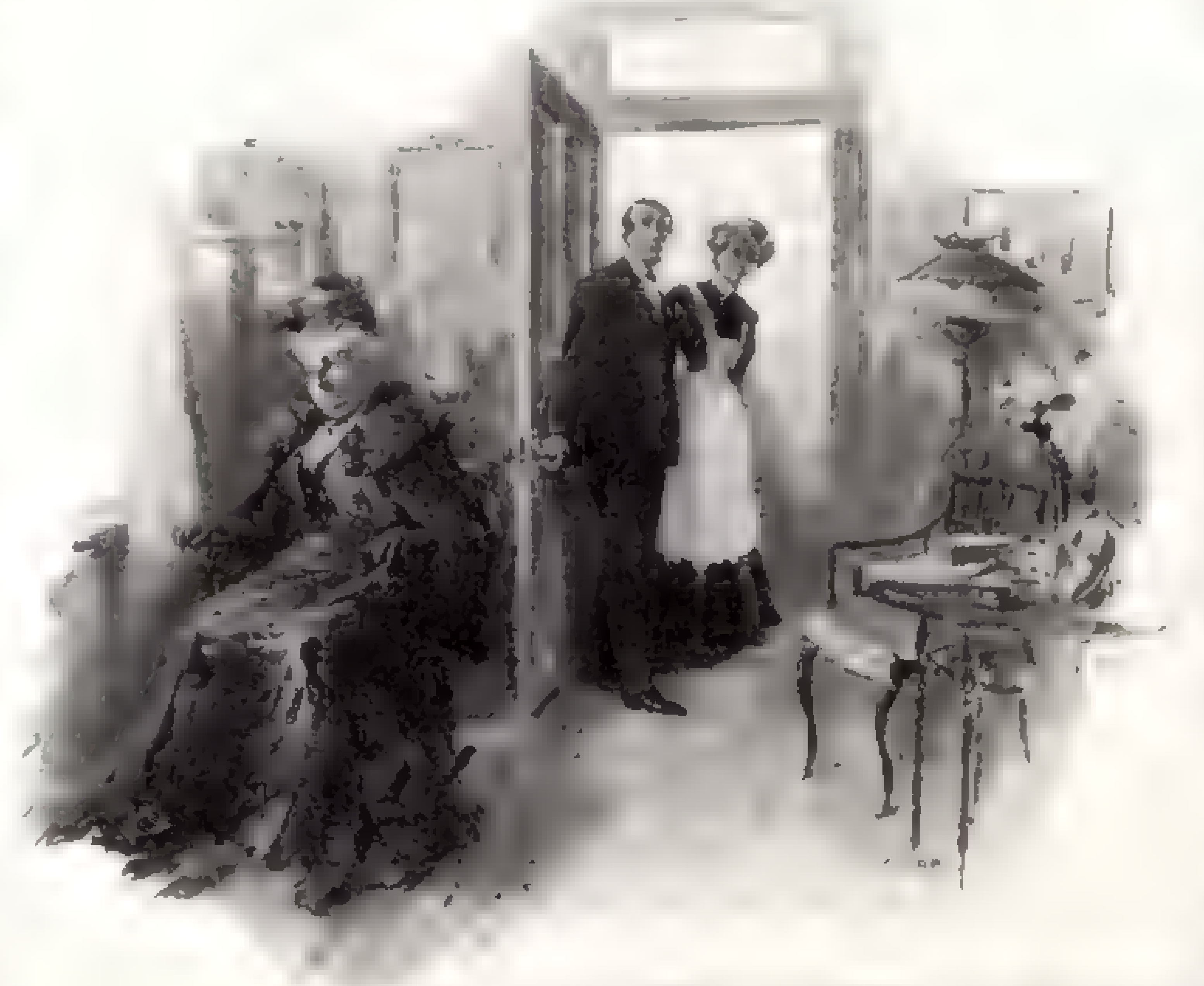
Dinner that night was a gloomy affair and no one hardly spoke much less eat and the only thing Mr. Carter said was that they had better get a good full meal while they could because you could never tell when you would get another. Mr. Amos came back after dinner and so did Mr. Isaacs, and they all stayed up very late looking over great quantities of papers in the library.

Next morning the papers had everybody's picture and cartoons with convicts in stripes breaking stones, and Mrs. Carter and Miss Harriet claimed they had not slept a wink, and after breakfast Mr. Isaacs came for Mr. Carter in a cab and they drove orf to go before the Grand Jury. My eye! It was a horrible sensation to open the door for Mr. Carter for perhaps the last time and being so happy before. All that day I felt terrible and by and bye in the afternoon Mr. Carter came home looking very tired and depressed and went right to his room, and when the evening papers came they said he had told everything and now there would be no dufficulty in putting the guilty parties in jail.

And then the strangest thing happened. About six o'clock the door bell rang and as James was upstairs I answered it and a cheeky sort of a fellow was there smoking a cigar with his hat on one side, and he says,

“Are you Carter's valay?” he says.

“I am employed by Mr. Carter,” I says in reply.



“I Haven't Felt So Happy as I Do Now Since I Lived There”

‘All right,” he says laying a green paper on my arm, “You are subpœnaed to appear before the Grand Jury to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.” And before I could say a word he was arf a block down the street.

Sure enough the paper said I was to come and testify against John Doe, which was some comfort as it was not Mr. Carter, so I did not sleep much myself and the next morning I went down in the subway and finally found my way to the Grand Jury. But there is nothing grand about it. The building it is in is so durty it cannot have been cleaned for years and it is full of horrible stale smoke and Italians. Well, they passed me along until I reached a room with an orficer by the door full of Jews and Armenians and people that had the appearance of having recently been intoxicated, and every once in a while a man came to a door and shouted a name and the person went in. Pretty soon he would come out and the man would shout another name.

Well, by and by he called Peter Ridges and, as I got up to go in, another door opened and who should come out but old Mr. Gerard, Mr. Amos' father, and he gave me a smile and a wink and says:

“Ridges, tell it all!”

That naturally encouraged me summat, so I mustered up my courage and went in through the door, and I thought I should drop dead for there was a great circle of desks and a gentleman sitting behind each one and I was all alone in the middle of them like David in the lion's den. Then one of them asked my name in a beard and another handed me a Bible and swore me to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help my God and to take a chair, and again I was forced to be seated in the presence of my betters. Then a nice looking gentleman in another beard asked wot I knew about certain conversations between one Ketchem and one Carter my employer, and if I could tell how it was that said Carter had decided to confess all he knew about the tunnel deal. So I did not feel embarrassed any longer and began to tell them and they were very particular about Mr. Ketchem and asked a lot of questions, and when I got to the part about Miss Patricia they all listened very hard and nodded and one asked me wot she looked like, and I said she was like an angel on earth and the most beautiful lady you had ever seen, and then another who was smiling inquired if I thought Mr. Carter would do anything wrong, and I said not if he asked Miss Patricia first, and that she loved him better than anybody in the world, and it would kill her if anything happened to him, and that he was going to take her advice and give back all the money he had in the world to his creditors.

Then a fat little man with grey eyes said he was of the opinion that the Grand Jury were under a great obligation to *Mister* Ridges (Think of that!), and the grey-bearded man said he thought so too, and they were all much obliged and I might go now, which I did feeling somehow much happier than when I had went in. And that night the extraordinary thing occurred for when I took up the paper I read that the Grand Jury had not indicted Mr. Carter at all but had indicted Mr. Ketchem instead and that he was held in twenty thousand dollars bail! And I was that overjoyed that I cried right on the paper, but the family had another already. Here is wot it said:

KETCHEM INDICTED

Grand Jury Indicts Lawyer for Conspiracy to Defraud

The Grand Jury to-day returned a true bill against Joshua Ketchem the well known corporation lawyer for conspiracy to defraud. Contrary to general expectation no action was taken against another well known New Yorker whose name has recently been mentioned in connection with the matter. It is believed that the action of the Grand Jury in regarding the moral guilt of the attorney who devised and engineered the transaction as greater than that of his clients will meet with general approval. Among the incidents of the day the appearance before the Grand Jury of Peter Ridges, a butler in the employ of Samuel Carter, excited considerable comment.

And that is the first and last time my name was ever printed in the paper, and thank God it was not my picture.

……

Primrose Lodge,
Craven Hall,
Alderlea, Hants

Who would ever have thought it would come out this way? And indeed it is hard for me to believe that it is true myself and that I am back again at Craven Hall and that my book is almost full of writing. To be sure in the hurry and confusion of selling the house and packing up the things I thought that I had lost it and not much matter at that, but when I packed my box there it was sure enough with the cracked ha'penny and Mr. Hunter's waistcoat button way at the bottom under my Inverness coat that I had not worn since that night at Rector's. I can hardly believe that there ever was such a place or such a night, as I sit here on the porch with Eliza beside me smoking my pipe or how near I came to losing her once and for all. But it is so in fact. From where I sit I can see the grey walls of Craven Hall and there on the croquet ground are Mr.

(Continued on Page 38)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $2.25 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 17, 1908

Where and Why People Vote

BEFORE the Civil War the total vote amounted to fourteen or fifteen per cent. of the population. Since the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were adopted the Presidential vote has usually been about eighteen per cent. of the population. The Presidential vote is, of course, the highest vote. Perhaps a fifth of those who might vote are habitually voiceless in politics.

The South presents the largest proportion of dumb electors. In six Southern States the vote in 1904 was less than half the number of native-born whites above the age of twenty-one. In Louisiana and Mississippi but little over a third of the native whites above twenty-one voted. If the others had exercised their elective franchise they would no doubt have voted the Democratic ticket, and what was the need? With five thousand Republicans in Louisiana and three thousand in Mississippi, the call to leave the plow and repel the enemy could not have seemed very pressing. In Vermont, which is almost equally solid on the other side, less than half the males over twenty-one voted.

In ten typical Northern States, where politics is not entirely ossified, about three-quarters of all males over twenty-one voted, although the foreign-born, some of whom were not naturalized, comprised nearly one-third of the total number.

In State elections, if a governor is to be chosen, the vote runs about nine-tenths of that for President; if only a Supreme Court judge or a regent of the State University, it naturally falls much lower. If a Vice-President were to be voted for separately from the President, the ballots of a populous city could probably be collected in a basket.

The "Frats" and Democracy

ONE view of democracy is that all men are brothers, and if some, having greater material advantages, draw off by themselves socially, it makes the unadvantaged brothers very miserable. For example, the yearning for brotherhood in the man on foot is rebuffed and humiliated by the exclusiveness of the top-lofty man in an automobile.

This view seems to us entirely mistaken. What the man on foot really wants is not the brotherly society of the top-lofty automobilist, but just the automobile. His need for comradeship will turn, not toward some one who makes a barrier of mere adventitious conditions, but toward some one who doesn't. A man must be either fearfully lonesome or not above unpleasant suspicion if he pines to be brotherly with a snob.

These general considerations are inspired by the discussions, usual to this season, of the effect of fraternities upon college life. That fraternities do tend to divide the more fortunate from the less fortunate students, or to mark a division which already exists, and are therefore undemocratic and unkind, is a rather common opinion. That they exercise unkindness in the way of humiliating unadvantaged students we do not believe.

We have a different idea of the students. It is not characteristic of them, we think, to be made unhappy by any merely adventitious scheme of social selection which leaves them out, any more than it is characteristic of men generally to repine because some circles exclude them. All circles must exclude many. Where money is an important element in the exclusion, those on the outside must be poverty-stricken indeed if they cannot find company more to their liking.

If fraternities do, in fact, divide the more fortunate from the less fortunate students, the latter, clearly, are not the ones to bother about it.

A System Without a Head

WE ARE glad to hear a report that the Monetary Commission returns from Europe with a purpose to recommend a central Government bank for this country.

That the country could use such an institution to advantage, as every other great commercial nation does, scarcely admits of argument. Generally speaking, there is nothing the matter with our banks individually, but the banking system is poorly articulated and really headless. Our whole experience of late years has taught the need of greater solidarity in the banking system, and all the important steps, inspired by experience, that the banks have taken, have been in that direction.

A central bank would tend to diminish the everlasting and fruitless currency discussion, and it would, we believe, give the banks a greater measure of authority and of public confidence than they now possess. An institution speaking for the banks with all the power of the Government in times of stress might take away the strongest argument for insurance of bank deposits.

The Commission's intention to recommend a Government bank does not, of course, go very far. Many will be in opposition, including those to whom anything new is painful; or, if the thing is thoroughly approved by long European experience, it is more painful still. The bank will necessarily have much capital, which in itself is, to some, a highly odious circumstance. It will do business with Wall Street, if it does business at all, and even with concerns dominated by Standard Oil and other predatory wealth. In short, it will be a financial agency, not a stump speech.

But it is precisely a financial agency and not a stump speech that the country needs. Of the latter it has an abundant supply.

The Little Brother to the Railroads

MR. HARRIMAN is really the Little Brother to the Railroads.

When the Chicago and Alton sought shelter under his wing, some eight years ago, it was a sort of poor orphan among railways—only a few hundred miles in extent and having no good friends who could nourish it on connecting traffic and supply its financial needs. The Erie, which he vouchsafed to save from insolvency a few months ago, is a more pretentious concern, yet it had to turn to Mr. Harriman for help. In those tables which the reckless newspapers used, periodically, to print, in order to prove that the railroads of the country were being divided up among a few men, the Gould system figured prominently. Certain operations in aid of that system not long since were currently reported as being in the nature of a benevolent assimilation of it by Mr. Harriman; and gossip has said that the burdened Rock Island system would, presently, find its logical destiny in the Little Brother's protective hands.

Whether the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Southern, and so on, will manage to stand upon their own comparatively-puny legs, or whether they, too, must flock to the good-natured genius of Union Pacific for shelter from a troublous world, remains to be seen.

It was reported the other day that Mr. Harriman had gone over the situation of Erie with Mr. Morgan and they had agreed that its income account should be strengthened by "expanding its tonnage," which means by sending over it freight which would otherwise go over another road.

Obviously the more railroads one controls the more possible it is to perform kindnesses of that sort to a temporarily needy one. Union Pacific, thanks to brilliant financiering, still pays ten per cent.; and the staff of Mr. Harriman's success is not his ability to run railroads, but his ability to command capital in a pinch.

To Napoleon's famous maxim, "The tools to him who can use them," Mr. Harriman adds, "Provided he can get them."

The Law Do Move

IT HAS often been remarked with regret that law, the agency from which reform of everything else is expected, cannot possibly reform itself; that we were much readier to take our law from England than we have been to take England's improvement of the law—while to take an improvement from any other source, or to make one in a spirit of irresponsible, youthful effervescence, with no other warrant than our own mere hundred and twenty years of experience, is hardly to be expected in so conservative a field.

This is the lay view, however, and it contains about the same admixture of error that most lay views of legal subjects do. That is, the layman, observing the delays, the absurd pleadings, the costs, the reversals and retrials upon thin technicalities, concludes that there can have been no reform because it couldn't ever have been worse. But gentlemen learned in the law will inform him that, in fact, reform does happen pretty constantly—only, it is mostly of a kind that none but a gentleman learned in the law can detect. It hasn't as yet, for example, made any important impression upon that scandal of criminal law which makes murder, under some circumstances, comparatively so safe.

Emotional insanity, as known to the law, is an affliction mostly confined to jurors. If every plea of that sort were submitted to an independent commission of experts, instead of to a soft-hearted and soft-headed jury, there would be a big and admirable falling off in the malady and in its bloody effects.

A Play for Big Stakes

COTTON, at this writing, is about four cents a pound under the price at which it began the previous crop year.

Such a difference, applied to an average crop, would mean over two hundred million dollars less money for the growers. Last year's early September price was extraordinarily high, and a decline soon followed. Nevertheless, the difference is sufficiently impressive to cotton growers. What appears to be the largest association yet formed among them, for the purpose of influencing price, was recently announced. The association proposes to market the product of its members, dealing directly with domestic and foreign spinners, and to restrict offerings until a satisfactory price is obtained. When every cent a pound means fifty million dollars or more to producers, the motive to strive for as many cents as possible is obvious and laudable.

The United States still produces, and doubtless will continue to produce, two-thirds of the world's cotton. In stimulating competition elsewhere much effort has been made, but with no large results. The nearest competitor is British India, with about fifteen per cent. of the world's total crop. The average yield per acre in that country the last ten years has been eighty pounds, or decidedly less than half that of the United States. Egypt, on irrigated lands worth two to six hundred dollars an acre, gets three hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds an acre, but produced last year only seven per cent. of the total crop.

Perhaps the greatest factor in influencing the price of cotton is prosperity in the United States. The crop of 1895 was only seven million bales and the average price only 7.6 cents. Next year, with less than nine million bales, it was 6.6 cents. In 1906, with 13½ million bales, it was 10.08 cents. The crops of 1894 and 1903 were of the same size, but the latter brought 576 million dollars against 220 millions for the former—a stake, to say the least, worth striving for.

In the total problem there are, of course, many and difficult factors, including, for example, China's ability to buy cotton cloth. That the growers themselves should study the factors and seek as far as possible to influence them in their own favor will appear reasonable—except to those singular economists who deem it folly, verging to sin, for mere producers to attempt control over the price of their product.

Some Unwritten Letters

SUPPOSE, for a moment, that Mr. Hearst should produce a letter like this:

UNION PACIFIC HEADQUARTERS,
EQUITABLE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY,
January, 1907.

Dear Theodore:

Please send Congress a red-hot message on predatory wealth, roasting everybody. As I mentioned to you the other day, I am short several million shares of stock, and I judge a message of that sort will break the market.

Affectionately yours, E. H. H.

Or this:

STANDARD OIL BUILDING,
26 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Dear William:

As I told you at our last conference behind the woodshed, I hope you will soak that undesirable citizen at Washington in this campaign. Give it to him strong. I inclose check for one hundred thousand dollars to pay for one year's subscription to The Commoner.

Your true friend, JOHN D. R.

In either case, presumably, the campaign would be all over. Nothing would remain but for indignant electors to cast their votes *en masse* for the party which the damning letter did not hit. If that happened to be the Republican party, then the verdict of the people would be recorded as indorsing high tariff, with some schedules raised; a larger army; Uncle Joe's boss-ship of the House, and so on. If it happened to be the Democratic party, then the people would be considered as giving their voice for guaranty of bank deposits, limited use of injunctions, and so on.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Genial 'Gene

THERE are several ways of being a Socialist. One is by being good and rich and living in a palace on Long Island Sound, emerging therefrom, from time to time, to speak soulfully about the distribution of wealth, but being distraught and silent when it is suggested that an excellent place to begin the distribution would be with your own wealth. Another is to write books lambasting the eternal tar out of everybody who has more than four dollars and a half in the bank, with particular attention to the scoundrels who have made a million or so. Another is to take society, real society, you know, the kind we read about, and just kick the daylights out of it; usually starting with a terrific arraignment of the orgies that prevail every time any group of society people have something to eat, whether it is a chicken sandwich, or a dinner that begins with an appetizer that tastes and smells as if it had been kept too long in a hot room, and ends with a priceless *rosoglio*, for which somebody must have had the price, by the way, which proves the downtrodden are downtrod to beat the band.

Then there is the method of craftily erecting a dry-goods box on the corner, and mounting thereon and declaiming against the existing state of things, while a large, imposing policeman leans carelessly against the lamp-post, waiting until you reach the "rouse-rouse-rouse!" stage, at which moment he will go into action, to the great discouragement of the cause for the time being. We have, too, the back-room brand, which is safe but not spectacular, inasmuch as the odds are that every person in the back room with you can talk just as long as you can.

These sorts of Socialism are much like theosophy and musical criticism, and the discussion of technique in art and baseball. All you need to be an expert is to know the patter, and to rise, run your fingers through your hair, and say, with the loud pedal on: "What is Socialism? I repeat, my fellow-slaves, not to say serfs, what is Socialism? It is this, this, my poor underlings, my associates in thraldom, it is this: We seek to abolish entirely the individual effort on which modern society rests and to substitute coöperation, I may say coöperative action—co-oo-per-a-tive acshun—which will introduce a perfect distribution of the products of labor, and make land and capital, as the instruments of production and the means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community. Do you get that, my submerged brethren, do you get that? Land and capital the joint possession of the members of the community, of which we are whom."

"Raw! Raw!" your brethren will yell. "Great! When do we get ours?" If you have said this correctly, with the right terms in their proper places, you can go on then, until you are black in the face, telling how you intend to make the distribution and when, and you will be one of our leading little Socialists. After that, you can choose your own way of specializing.

Of course, there is a good deal of competition. We have a fine bunch of these correspondence-school Socialists in our midst already; and so long as they can get their books printed the number will not diminish. It makes little difference to them that they cannot define their terms. Most faddists of this kind cannot. Socialism, with some of these exponents, is a means to attain notoriety, and, if fortune is lacking, to get money.

Mark Hanna's Prophecy

ASIDE from these self-styled Socialists, the ones who get into the papers, there are thousands of hard-headed, hard-working, clear-thinking men in this country who are advocates of Socialism against capitalism. For the third time Eugene V. Debs, of Indiana, is heading their Presidential ticket. These two facts seem in direct opposition. Debs has been variously labeled as an incendiary, an anarchist, and a believer in mob rule. He is an orator, an enthusiast, a fanatic, in a way. Still, he is best fitted to be a Socialist candidate for President so long as there is no chance for his election, and that does not seem to be at all imminent.

That is, he can preach the doctrine, can be a propagandist, when he would be an impossible Executive.

When the late Mark Hanna was managing the two McKinley campaigns he was much disturbed by what he called "the spread of Socialism." He made extensive investigations and predicted that this party would be a power sooner than anticipated by other students of political conditions.

The fact that the spread of Socialism has not been so rapid as Hanna thought it would be is of no particular consequence. The main, essential truth is that it is spreading, just how rapidly will be best shown by the votes Debs receives in November.

He has Few Superiors as an Orator

Conditions, economic and political, have much to do with the increase of the party; but able, unwearying, intelligent agitation has more. The leading Socialists, the men who are Socialists from conviction and not from emotion, work incessantly, without hope of material reward, to arouse an interest in their doctrines. It would be idle to deny that they are obtaining a larger hearing, year by year; as idle as it would be to predict what the outcome will be, and when they will get a chance to put their principles into active operation.

How Debs was Converted in Jail

DEBS, now more than fifty years old, lived several tumultuous years as a labor leader, several reposeful months in jail, and since that time has occupied himself with Socialism, as a lecturer, writer and candidate. When he was a young man he was a locomotive fireman, after that a clerk in a grocery house, city clerk of Terre Haute, and for one year in the Indiana Legislature. Always a strong union man he became grand secretary and treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. While he was in this position, from 1880 to 1893, he planned and organized his American Railway Union, which was to be the most powerful labor organization the country has known. He won a strike on the Great Northern and, in 1894, led the great strike that, eventually, made Chicago an armed camp and was terminated when President Cleveland sent Federal troops to Chicago to secure free passage for the United States mails.

The law reached after Debs, who was execrated or idolized, it all depending on the viewpoint, and he was tried for conspiracy. This trial failed; but the law got him, for he was charged with contempt of court in violating an injunction, and sent to jail for six months. Meantime, his American Railway Union was dissolved and Debs retired from labor leadership. The Socialists claim they converted him to their doctrines when he was in jail. At any rate, he announced himself as a Socialist soon after he returned to Terre Haute, and in 1900 was the candidate of the Social Democratic party for President. He ran again for President in 1904, and was nominated early this year for the third time, both times by the American Socialist party.

Debs is a man of great intelligence, great eloquence and great magnetism. He has few superiors as an orator, and is fervently for his cause. His friends speak of him as a kindly, gentle, lovable man, sympathetic, generous, soft-spoken and modest. Occasionally he flares up, as he did when he wrote and issued the call headed: "Rouse, Ye Slaves!" which urged all who thought as he did to gallop with him across the Rocky Mountains and release Moyer, Pettibone and Haywood from the thraldom of the law. The slaves did not rouse, and Debs subsided. His platform speeches are radical, but not so radical that they will bring conflict with the authorities. Now and then he sends up more skyrockets than are necessary, but generally he is well within the pyrotechnic limit.

The Socialists adore him. A large proportion of the public consider him a dangerous man who should be kept under restraint. It is likely he will get more votes for his party this year than ever before, inasmuch as he is touring the country in a "Red Special," so called to distinguish it from the chocolate or maroon-colored specials of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft. Although he is using this method of transportation, distinctly capitalistic, Debs says his meals cost him but fifteen cents a day, which proves anything you like—that he is a real child of the people, that he has dyspepsia, or that he is going to write a testimonial for "Creamed Hay" or some other breakfast food.

But, that sort of thing aside, he is a capable citizen, is Debs, likely to be nominated for President three or four times more, if he lives, but sure never to be President. He is the trail blazer. If the Socialists ever get a smooth enough trail to Washington, the man who will lead the procession along it will not be Debs.

In Sympathy With the Japs

THEY brought a covey of Filipinos to this country before the St. Louis Fair, some of them for exhibition purposes and some of them to be shown how friendly this country is to the "Little Brown Brother," these latter being men of consequence back home.

The visiting Filipinos were welcomed to all our fair cities, after this Government had provided them with high hats and frock coats, and, in the course of time, reached Washington, where they were received at the White House. Many people were bidden to meet the Filipinos; among the crowd, the diplomatists. Two who came were a commander in the Japanese Navy, who was naval attaché at the Japanese Embassy, and Second Secretary Hanihara.

"See here," said a Western Senator,who was wandering about, putting his hand on the naval man's shoulder, "do you speak English?"

"I do, sir," replied the attaché politely.

"Well, tell me, my good fellow," patronized the Western Senator, "are your people in sympathy with the Japanese in this row with Russia?"

"Yes, sir; I can assure you my people are in sympathy with the Japanese."

"Well, now, I thought so," rambled the Western Senator. "I kind of had an idea that all of you slant-eyed and colored folks hung together and sympathized with Japan. Perfectly natural, I should say. In full sympathy, eh?"

The Japanese naval attaché was standing stiff as a ramrod, glowering at the Western Senator. "In full sympathy, sir," he said. "In positive accord. Here is my card, sir."

And he stalked out of the room, while the dazed Western Senator gazed at the card and didn't know what he had done until some one explained to him, kindly and with much labor, that he couldn't have done anything much worse to a Japanese than to mistake him for a Filipino, unless, indeed, he had mistaken him for a Chinese.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Clark Howell, the Georgia editor and statesman, has a cute little mustache.

¶ William Faversham, the actor, is a collector of and connoisseur in bulldogs.

¶ Urey Woodson, secretary of the Democratic National Committee, owns and runs a string of newspapers in Kentucky.

¶ Henry N. Cary, of the St. Louis Republic, is an amateur carpenter who makes furniture for his friends with his own fair hands.

¶ John A. Dix, who has been nominated for Lieutenant-Governor by the Democrats in New York, is a nephew of General John A. Dix, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan, and Governor of New York.

¶ The new Senator from Washington, Wesley L. Jones, who will succeed Ankeny if things go right at election time, will restore the honored name of Jones to the Senate roll-call and pay-roll, where it has not been since the retirement of Jones, of Nevada, and Jones, of Arkansas, there being now two Smiths, but no Robinson, on said rolls.

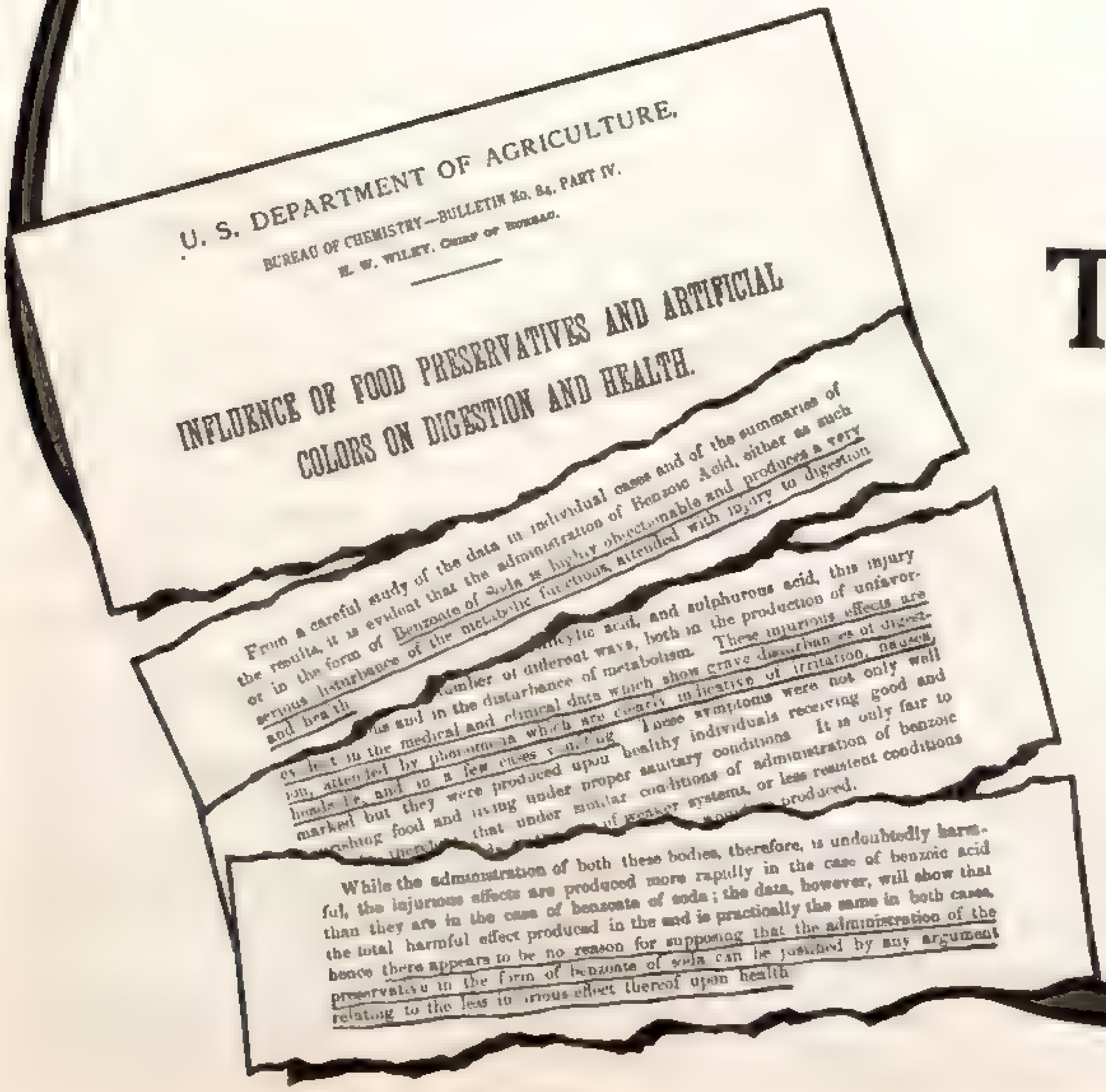
The Trut
Benzoate of S

It is proven by U. S. Gov't Authorities to be injurious to

Benzoate of Soda is a decidedly unwholesome product of coal tar—nothing more nor less than a dangerous chemical. So pronounced is its harm to the human system that the Government Authorities, after making exhaustive tests, have issued a warning against it.

When placed in foods, the drug has a tendency to disturb digestion in general and it has a particularly deleterious effect upon the kidneys, some authorities claiming that its wide use as a preservative is responsible for the notable increase in complaints arising from those organs.

Any food product containing Benzoate of Soda is, therefore, positively injurious to health; and its use may also indicate the presence of unwholesome materials, for unscrupulous manufacturers employ this chemical to artificially keep materials so inferior in character that they will not keep otherwise.



U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
BUREAU OF CHEMISTRY—BULLETIN No. 84, PART IV.
H. W. WILEY, CHIEF OF BUREAU.

INFLUENCE OF FOOD PRESERVATIVES AND ARTIFICIAL
COLORS ON DIGESTION AND HEALTH.

From a careful study of the data in individual cases and of the summaries of
the results, it is evident that the administration of Benzoic Acid, either as such
or in the form of Benzoate of Soda is highly objectionable and produces a very
serious disturbance of the metabolic functions, attended with injury to digestion
and health.

salicylic acid, and sulphurous acid, this injury
number of different ways, both in the production of unfavor-
ms and in the disturbance of metabolism. These injurious effects are
evident in the medical and clinical data which show grave disturbances of digest-
ion, attended by phenomena which are clearly indicative of irritation, nausea,
headache, and in a few cases vomiting. These symptoms were not only well
marked but they were produced upon healthy individuals receiving good and
nourishing food and living under proper sanitary conditions. It is only fair to
that under similar conditions of administration of benzoic
of weaker systems, or less resistent conditions
produced.

While the administration of both these bodies, therefore, is undoubtedly harmful, the injurious effects are produced more rapidly in the case of benzoic acid than they are in the case of benzoate of soda; the data, however, will show that the total harmful effect produced in the end is practically the same in both cases, hence there appears to be no reason for supposing that the administration of the preservative in the form of benzoate of soda can be justified by any argument relating to the less injurious effect thereof upon health.

HEI

Tomato Ketchup

Are Free from Benzoate

The 57 Varieties are strictly pure and are made of the finest se
are open to the public every day at all hours. We had 30,000 visitors

All Heinz Tomato Products are made from sound, meaty, wh
climate produce the best results. They are cooked and sealed with gre

TOMATO KETCHUP

Bottled hot from the kettles, preserving the delicacy and flavor of the fine tomatoes used; just enough spice and sweetening.

No Preservatives!

CHILI S

Share t
dimental fo
soned, appe

As further examples of food excellenc
Fruits, Mince Meat, Fruit Jellies, Pur

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, Ne

h About
oda in Foods !

health! It is often used to conceal low-grade materials!

The law does not guarantee the purity of a food. While the authorities have not yet actually prosecuted manufacturers who use Benzoate of Soda, they do protect the public by requiring that the presence of this drug in a food product shall be stated on the label. These labels are often small and obscure. You are safe only when you

Read Carefully Every Prepared Food Label

Be especially watchful of tomato products — ketchup, etc. Brands labeled as containing Benzoate of Soda may be passable to the unthinking purchaser, but, with a knowledge of their harmfulness, and considering the possibility of unwholesome origin, do you want to take a chance on eating them?

Wholesome raw materials, clean and proper methods and sanitary surroundings make chemical preservatives unnecessary.

INZ

—and all the 57 Varieties

of Soda or Artificial Preservative of Any Kind

elected raw materials, by neat uniformed work people, in kitchens that are immaculate in their cleanliness. Our kitchens
last year. It is always safe to buy the product of an establishment that keeps its doors open.

ole tomatoes, ripened on the vines, and prepared immediately after picking. These tomatoes are grown where soil and
at care — coming to you with an unconditional guarantee of satisfaction or grocer refunds purchase price.

AUCE — TOMATO CHUTNEY

he superior qualities which make Heinz con-
ods the world's choice. Delightfully sea-
tizing relishes for chops, steaks, etc.

No Preservatives!

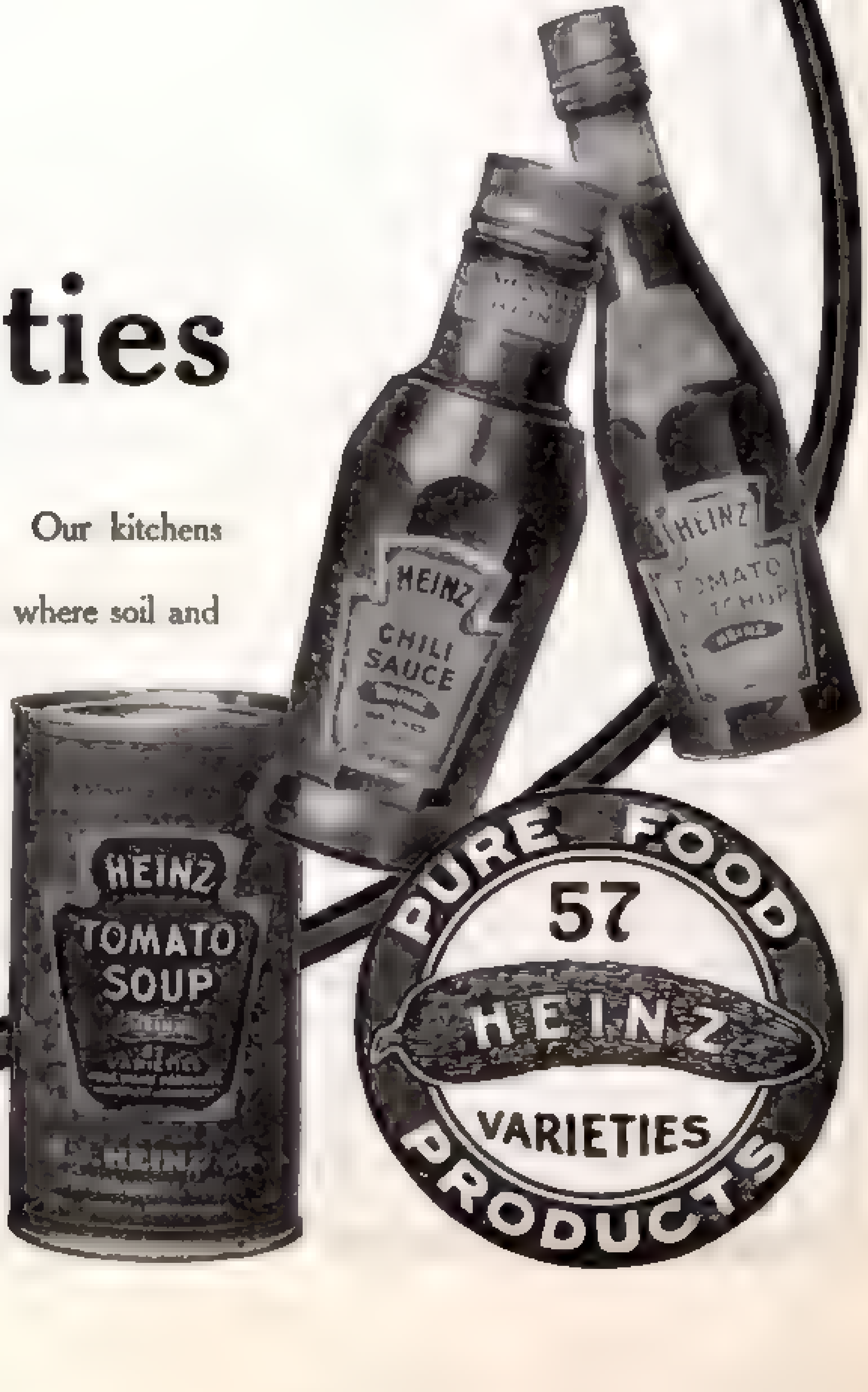
TOMATO SOUP

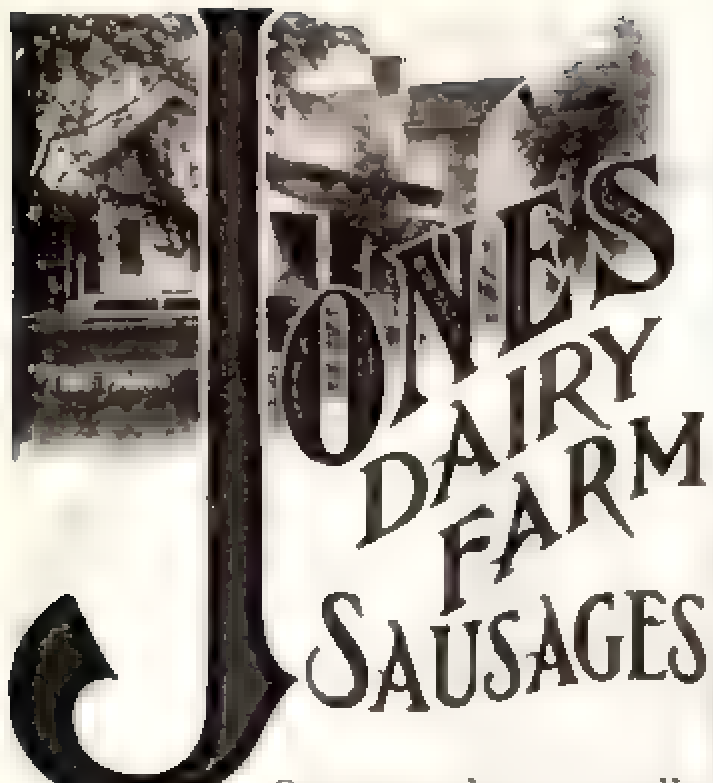
Stands out prominently as a most delicious and satisfying puree. Fresh tomatoes, enriched with cream — no meat or stock.

No Preservatives!

e try Heinz Sweet Pickles, Baked Beans, Mandalay Sauce, Preserved
e Vinegars, etc. Let us send booklet describing the Home of the 57

v York-Pittsburgh-Chicago-London





Sausages that are really made in the old-fashioned way on a real old-fashioned farm.

Years ago we made sausages for our own use in the course of the day's work, on an old New England recipe that's been in the family ever since — well, ever since the Revolution, I guess.

I knew that they were good sausages because we "took our time" in making them just as we do today. I knew that the ingredients were clean and pure because the little milk-fed pigs were raised right here on the farm and, with the exception of salt and spices which we ground ourselves, that's all the recipe called for.

The neighbors said we made the most delicious sausages they'd ever tasted and coaxed us to make enough extra to supply them. And that put the idea into my head that perhaps other folks besides the neighbors would like our sausages — would appreciate the old-fashioned method of making, and the deliciousness of the result.

So I spread the news around to let folks know that Jones Dairy Farm Sausages were to be had. And here I am, out here on the farm, today making Jones Dairy Farm Sausages on the same old-fashioned recipe that I've been using for over forty years.

And some bright morning when you come down to breakfast to experience your first taste of Jones Dairy Farm Sausages you'll be mighty glad you took advantage of my

Trial Offer 4 lbs. $1.00
Express Prepaid

$1.40 West of Kansas and South of Tennessee—that is, if your grocer hasn't them. By the way, send us his name. Money back if you want it.

There's a little book about the farm and its products, and all the good things we make beside sausages, hams and bacon, containing also some fine old-fashioned recipes for cooking them. Write to-day and I'll send it.

MILO C. JONES
Jones Dairy Farm
P. O. Box 605 Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

SIMPLE BUSINESS LAW

Little Points That Every Man and Woman Should Know About Contracts

By THEODORE J. GRAYSON

IN THE twenty-fifth chapter of the Book of Genesis, at the twenty-ninth verse, it is written:

"And Jacob sod pottage: and Esau came from the field, and he was faint. And Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom. And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright. And Esau said, Behold, I am at the point to die: and what profit shall this birthright do to me?

"And Jacob said, Swear to me this day; and he sware unto him: and he sold his birthright unto Jacob.

"Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles; and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way: thus Esau despised his birthright."

Agreements and Contracts

Such is the story of the first contract. From the mists of early Hebrew tradition it emerges precisely similar in its essentials to the ordinary contract of modern time. There is a clear-cut offer and acceptance, there is a real, though apparently inadequate, consideration, and, furthermore, there is some observance of form in the oath which Esau had to swear. It was also a contract where a promise was offered for an act, and Jacob, having supplied the pottage and lentils, had the right, upon Isaac's death, to demand that Esau should forego the advantage of his birth. This right in Jacob shows that the Hebrews understood contractual obligation, which is, indeed, nothing more than a control exercised by one person over the conduct of another.

One often hears, in one form or another, inquiries as to what a legal contract is, and how it is formed. An earnest effort will be made to answer these queries, so far as it is possible to do so within the brief space of a magazine article.

In the first instance, it is well to insist that while all contracts are agreements, many agreements are not contracts. That is to say, a contract is an agreement which the law will enforce. This driving power of the State behind an agreement makes it a contract. To many agreements, however, this vital assistance is denied. When this is so it is because they lack some essential contractual requirement.

To sum them up briefly in the order in which they are arranged by Sir William R. Anson in his excellent work on this subject, these requirements are: that a valid contract must spring from offer and acceptance; that it must be evidenced by form or consideration; must be made by and between legally-competent parties, whose consent to its terms is genuine; and that its object or objects shall not be contrary to the law of the land.

Minds Must Meet

The parties to a contract, however numerous, always separate into two classes, namely, promisors, those who make promises, and promisees, those to whom promises are made. The promise in question must arise from the acceptance of a definite offer, and we shall see that the subject of offer and acceptance involves a number of interesting rules.

In the first place there is no set form for either offer or acceptance; they may consist either in words, written or spoken, or in acts. The point is, that by some means the parties must make their intention clear to one another; their minds must meet, their wills dovetail.

So, if I see a hack belonging to a certain hotel standing at a railway station, and get into it without saying a word, I have accepted an offer to convey me to that hotel. In such a case offer and acceptance are both acts, for not a word is spoken. It is very important, however, that the offer should be made perfectly clear to the person accepting it. This is absolutely essential to the existence of a contract, which always springs from a meeting of minds. Suppose, for instance, Henley wants his grass, which has grown very long, mowed down, but he says nothing of his desire, and in his absence Fealey, a laborer, comes along, and, seeing the length of the grass, mows it. Under such circumstances can Fealey recover contractually from Henley? He cannot recover, for no offer was made to him and, while his act coincided with Henley's desire, their minds never met with regard to the matter, and so there was no contract between them.

There is another class of cases which is directly concerned with the maxim that an offer is never legally made until it is communicated to the party for whom it is intended; they are known as "reward cases," and the following will serve as a good example. On October 14, 1859, Snedaker caused a notice to be published, offering a reward of two hundred dollars "to any person or persons who will give such information as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons guilty of the murder of" a certain woman.

On October 15, 1859, Fitch and others, before they had seen the above advertisement, caused the arrest of a man named Fee, and largely as a result of that action, and their further efforts to procure testimony, Fee was convicted.

The Law of Rewards

Fitch and his friends subsequently sued to recover the reward, but were nonsuited—that is to say, the judge before whom the case was tried decided that they had no valid cause of action. Upon appeal the Court put the matter very succinctly in the form of a question, to which a negative answer was returned, Judge Woodruff saying in the course of his opinion: "The question in this case is simple. A murderer having been arrested and imprisoned in consequence of information given by the plaintiff before he is aware that a reward is offered for such apprehension, is he entitled to claim the reward in case conviction follows?" The best way of putting the reason why he cannot is that an offer cannot become a contract unless accepted, and a man cannot accept that of which he is unaware. It is only fair to say, however, that Fitch against Snedaker has not been uniformly followed in similar cases, contrary decisions being supported in some States on the ground of morality and public policy.

The same question often arises in a different form, in connection with losses sustained in consequence of railway or steamboat travel. It is common knowledge that the average man or woman never thinks of reading the fine print appearing upon the usual ticket of transportation. Accordingly, if any accident occurs to either person or luggage the traveler is frequently much surprised when some clause in his ticket exempting the carrying company from liability is pointed out to him.

A question of this kind arose in 1891 when a gentleman who had been a passenger on a trans-Atlantic steamship sued the steamship company for damage to his trunk and its contents. The report of the case states that when the passenger engaged his passage in London he received a passage ticket from the steamship company's agent there. This ticket consisted of a sheet of paper of large quarto size, the face and back of which were covered with written and printed matter. Near the top of the face of the ticket, after the name of the defendant corporation and its list of offices in Great Britain, appeared in bold type the following: "Passenger's Contract Ticket." Upon the side margins were various printed notices to passengers, including the following: "All passengers are requested to take notice that the owners of the ship do not hold themselves responsible for detention or delay arising from accident, extraordinary or unavoidable circumstances, nor for loss, detention or damage to luggage."

The body of the face of the ticket contained statements of the rights of the passenger respecting his person and his baggage, the passenger's name, age and

SINCERITY TALKS
by
Wilbur D Nesbit

THE SHRINKING MAN TALKS.

"THIS is the most important part of all the work," said the Shrinking Man, as he watched the big bolt of goods being rolled and unrolled through its bath of cold water.

(It is a *significant point*, we may mention in passing, that every person having to do with the making of Sincerity clothing assures you earnestly that *his* part of the work is the most important.)

"Yes, sir," he observed, earnestly, "this is the most important part of it all. Those fellows that go all around to the biggest mills and buy the goods—all they do is to buy them and ship them here for the other fellows in the tailoring shop and factory to make clothes of. But if I don't do my work right, then there's trouble at both ends of the line.

"No, we don't have any trouble. I'm here to see that we don't."

"Why do you run the goods through that water? What is the object?" we asked, innocently.

"Why? Better shrink the stuff here than have it shrink on a man out in California or up in Maine, or down in Florida, hadn't we?

"You see, this is what we call the London-shrunk process. In plain words, we give the goods the shrinking it would get if you wore it out in the rain or snow and then dried it off in front of a hot fire. You bet it won't shrink any more after that.

"But that isn't all that depends on me. See those linings—canvas and haircloth and linen? They've got to be shrunk just as well as the fabric of the garment, because they are cut on the same pattern, and if they ever shrink *inside* the suit or overcoat it's good-bye to shape and fit and style.

"And here's another big thing that is little in its way. See this skein of binding tape? Thousand yards in that at first. We send it through a shrinking process, too, and you'd be surprised if you knew how much shorter it gets."

"What? Shrink a little thing like tape?" we inquire. "It doesn't amount to anything."

"That's what some other people think, and that's why the front of a coat buckles up and cockles up so that there are little bumps between the buttons and little puckers between the buttonholes; that's why the pockets pull the coat out of shape. No sir. We take the shrink out of that tape and when it goes into the inside of a garment of ours it helps a lot.

"Yes, sir. This is the most important part of it all."

Maybe he was right. You will notice that you get the best work from the man who believes in the importance of what he does.

Everyone doing the seventy different expert things that must be done before a Sincerity label goes into the garment believes that *his* work is the really important work. That's good for the clothes and good for *you*.

The Style Book Man says his part is the most important, because it convinces you that Sincerity clothes are for *you*. Investigate this by dropping us a postal asking for the Style Book. We hurry it to you.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO
Chicago.
Our label in every garment is your guaranty

"CAMPUS"—A good Sincerity Style

Home-Made Gas-Light for Country Houses

By John E. Kennedy

THE Kerosene Lamp finally killed the Candle.

And now that Kerosene Lamp must move on to Dahomey.

Because, Kerosene "can't hold a candle" to Acetylene, the "Rural Gaslight" of today and of the future.

Long ago City and Town people threw away their Lamps and adopted Gas instead for home lighting.

Because, Gas needed no cleaning, filling, wick-trimming, nor chimney-wiping 365 times per year as the vile-smelling Kerosene Lamps did.

Moreover, Gas gave *more* light for *less* money, as City folks soon discovered

* *

So,—it would need a lot of searching today in Cities or Towns to find an *occasional* Kerosene Lamp.

Gaslight for the *Country* came slowly, however, with Rural Delivery and the Rural Telephone.

Because, Rural Gaslight must be *made at home*, as candles were,—and Country Folks are not chemists.

But, the ready-to-make-Gas came at last.

Its name is "*Acetylene*."

It is made from Calcium Carbide and plain water.

This "Carbide" *looks* like coal but acts like magic

It solved the Rural Gaslight problem—instanter.

Carbide won't burn, can't explode, and will "keep" anywhere for years, stored in the 100-lb. steel drums in which it is shipped from the factory.

When this Carbide is merely dropped into water it produces Acetylene Gas, which is *ten times richer* than the best City Gas

When that Gas is lighted at a Jet, same as City Gas, it gives a brilliant *white* light, of exactly the same chemical quality and color-balance as Sunlight.

* *

Moreover, Acetylene Gas is ten times *purer* than City Gas, so that only *one-tenth* as much of its flame is needed as would be required for the same candle-power of light from City Gas, Kerosene, or Gasolene

This means that only a very small *fraction* of the heat, and *none* of the soot or smell of Kerosene or Gasolene is present.

It also accounts for the fact that an Acetylene Light of 24 candle-power costs only 3¼ cents for 10 hours lighting, while Kerosene, at 12 cents per gallon, costs 6 cents for that same 24 candle-power in 10 hours lighting, wicks, chimneys and breakage considered.

Now 40 Acetylene Lights need only 30 minutes *per month* of labor, while 8 Kerosene Lamps need that same 30 minutes labor *every day* for *365* days in the year.

Compare Six hours labor per year for 40 Acetylene Lights, with *183* hours labor, per year, for 8 Kerosene Lamps.

Then consider the unpleasant *kind* of work "Lamp Slaving" is.

* *

Meantime, Acetylene is the most *beautiful* Light ever used in a home, hotel or store, as well as the *cheapest* and most convenient.

Brilliant, cool, steady, soft, safe, and colorless as Sunlight itself.

Two million Americans use it regularly and over 348 Towns are publicly lighted by it.

Shall we tell *you* how *little* it need cost to make this time-saving, money-saving and beautifying Light at your own home?

Write us today how many rooms you've got, how large a store, hotel, or church to light, and receive definite information.

Address Union Carbide Co., Dept. W, 155 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

occupation, the bills-of-fare for each day of the week, and the hours for meals, etc. At the bottom was printed the following:

> Passengers' luggage is carried only upon the conditions set forth on the back hereof

Upon the back, among other printed matter, was the following:

> The Company is not liable for loss of, or injury to, the passenger or his luggage, or delay in the voyage, whether arising from the act of God, the Queen's enemies, perils of the sea, rivers, or navigation, restraint of princes, rulers, and peoples, barratry, or negligence of the Company's servants (whether on board the steamer or not), defect in the steamer, her machinery, gear or fittings, or from any other cause of whatsoever nature.

When the passenger received his ticket, his attention was not called in any way to any limitation of the defendant company's liability. (It is but fair to say that, although tried in Massachusetts, this case was decided according to English law, the contract having been made in Great Britain, and under English law a carrying company may exempt itself from liability for loss caused by negligence.)

In deciding the case the court pointed out that the true test was whether the ticket in question was in such a form as to lead the purchaser to suppose that it was an actual contract of transportation, or whether it was in appearance a mere check with conditions on the back, unreferred to on the face, and with nothing to indicate to the passenger that he ought to read them. In a case like that last stated the passenger could not be said ever to have accepted the company's offer, because the company had never taken proper steps to communicate it to him, and as a matter of fact he was not acquainted with its terms until too late. In this particular cause, however, it was so evident that the plaintiff's ticket was a complete contract of carriage that the court decided that if he was not cognizant of all its terms, he certainly ought to be, and, therefore, he must be taken to have accepted the offer of transportation subject to them, for which reason the defendant company was free from liability for the damage to his trunk.

In view of this decision it is well for us all to remember that every offer should be carefully scanned before acceptance, for if the opportunity to examine the terms existed, the court will always consider that both parties must be presumed to have done so.

Offer and Acceptance

Now while it is true that an offer is not made legally until it has been communicated to the party for whom it is intended, it is not true conversely that an acceptance is invalid until it has been actually communicated to the party making the offer. It is necessary, however, that some act showing an absolute intention to accept be performed in a manner not contrary to that prescribed by the party making the offer.

Good illustrations of this rule are furnished by contracts made through the mail, because, where no special mode of acceptance is prescribed, the mail is presumed to have been intended as a mode of acceptance. Thus, if Ranstead writes to offer a thousand bales of cotton to Story & Co. at a certain price, and Story & Co. immediately post a letter of acceptance, but before Ranstead receives it Story & Co. get a telegram from him withdrawing his offer, the decision would be that a contract existed from the time the letter of acceptance was mailed, and the receipt of the telegram before the letter reached Ranstead could not effect a revocation.

It has been strenuously argued more than once that there is no contract until the acceptance is actually brought to the knowledge of the person making the offer, but in answer to that contention the court said in the famous case of Adams against Lindsell: "If that were so no contract could ever be completed by post. For if the defendants were not bound by their offer when accepted by the plaintiffs until the answer was received, then the plaintiffs ought not to be bound till after they had received the notification that the defendants had received their answer and assented to it. And so it might go on *ad infinitum*. The defendants must be considered in law as making, during every instant of the time their letter was traveling, the same identical offer to the plaintiff; and then the contract is concluded by the acceptance of it by the latter"—that is, by the posting of the letter of acceptance.

If an offer, however, states in terms that it shall be accepted in a certain way, an acceptance in any other form may not be binding. For instance, if I telegraph to Beggs as follows:

> Will sell my horse to you for $200. If you want him at that figure telegraph reply.

Beggs, instead of telegraphing, writes a letter of acceptance, and before I receive it I sell the horse to some one else. There is no contract between us because he has not accepted my offer in the manner prescribed, and my sale of the horse to another is perfectly legal for the reason that Beggs did not accept my offer in the manner I directed, which manner I had a right to expect he would adopt.

A Transaction in Golf Clubs

It is perhaps a peculiar fact, but one which it is well for us to keep in mind, that while an acceptance is binding as soon as made (because then the minds of the contracting parties have met), an offer may be revoked at any time before it is accepted, or it may lapse if it is not accepted within a reasonable time. But like the offer it revokes, a revocation must be actually communicated to the person to whom the offer was made; it is not sufficient merely to start it on its way, as in the case of posting a letter of acceptance.

Finally, it is important that offer and acceptance coincide—that is to say, the thing accepted must be precisely that which is offered, no more, no less, for unless such is the case, if there is any qualification in the acceptance, there is no meeting of the minds of the interested parties, and consequently no contract, no agreement which the law will enforce.

To illustrate. I say to Harkins:

"You may have my golf sticks for $20 if you want them."

Harkins replies: "I will take them all but your driver, and will pay you $19 for them."

Obviously this is nearly an acceptance, but not quite one, and hence there is no contract between Harkins and me.

The second requirement of a valid contract is that it shall be proven to exist in one of two set ways, either by its form or by the existence of what is known as consideration for making it—that is, to speak untechnically, there must be some fact which supplies a sufficient motive to the party or parties who act because of the contract, for no one is presumed to act against his interest. Indeed, it seems well to follow this explanation of consideration with a legal definition of it which has long given general satisfaction:

> A valuable consideration, in the sense of the law, may consist either in some right, interest, profit or benefit accruing to one party, or some forbearance, detriment, loss, or responsibility given, suffered, or undertaken by the other.

I say to Jones, a contractor: "I will employ you to build my new house, and will pay you $15,000 for doing it." Jones accepts the proposition. Now, the consideration which I get is the new house, and the consideration which Jones gets is the $15,000.

Contracts in Writing

As has been suggested, the form of a contract may sometimes take the place of consideration. It is a mooted question whether it ever really takes the place of consideration, the view of many jurists being that where certain form exists in connection with a contract, a legal consideration is presumed to exist. It is also true that certain kinds of contracts are required to be in writing, whether there is actually consideration for them or not.

Judgments and other contracts of record, and deeds, bonds and other sealed contracts, are the best examples of contracts which it is necessary to prove by their form.

Try One Free
Let the Use
Be the Proof
TRY ONE FREE
Is All
I Ask

Either Standard or Self-filling. Prices range from $1.50 up. In many designs including "the cap with the colored crown" (design patent applied for) in one or more colors and college colors.

Get one on Free Trial, [illegible] And if you can't find a Parker dealer, write to me personally, [illegible]

PARKER

LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS

are practical for work because they have the Lucky Curve. The Parker is the only pen that doesn't inflexibly demand ideal conditions to give satisfactory service. The Parker is the one pen without limitations.

With ordinary fountain pens the heat of your body, expanding the air in the reservoir, forces the ink in the feed channel out into the cap where it disagreeably surprises you when you remove the cap to write. But with the Parker the Lucky Curve drains the ink in the feed channel back into the reservoir — no inky fingers — no blotting. Under work day conditions the Parker gives [illegible] unfaltering service. Let the FREE TRIAL be the test [illegible] use the proof. Go to any dealer, pick out a pen with the size and style of point, size, and "feel" of barrel you like — and keep it on ten days free trial. Get just the right pen — the companion for a life time — for you. Put it to the test of common use. You're the judge. Let it satisfy you, not under ideal conditions, but everyday work

Geo. S. Parker, Pres.

The Parker Pen Co.
90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin

MICHELIN
TIRES

Half the automobiles in Europe use Michelin Tires.

Why?

Michelins were the first tires manufactured on a large scale.

Europeans know that the Michelin policy is one of ceaseless research, practical and theoretical, based on scientific principle, into the past, present and future of pneumatic tires.

Michelin manufacture is so precise, that no tire can be made better than another. Even the most important races are won on tires taken from stock.

The American factory has been established 14 months. It is the largest tire factory in America, and yet it has been working at double capacity, that is, with a day and a night force, for the last six months.

Ours is a country where Salesmanship has been brought to an exact science.

Consequently it was not exceptional selling ability that made Michelin Tires so widely used here in so short a time.

But there *is* a reason.

Michelins are the best tires in the world.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY
MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.
BRANCHES
NEW YORK, 1763 Broadway — 247 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT
CHICAGO, 1344 Michigan Ave. — 2001 Euclid Ave., CLEVELAND
BOSTON, 895 Boylston St. — 15 E. Colfax Ave., DENVER
BUFFALO, 908 Main Street — 1200 So. Main St., LOS ANGELES
PHILA., 320 N. Broad St. — 308-314 Van Ness Ave., SAN FRANCISCO

The principal simple contracts—that is, contracts which are not under seal—which the law requires to be in written form, are bills of exchange, promissory notes, bank checks, etc., and contracts falling within the provisions of the Statute of Frauds and the various Sale of Goods Acts.

So important to every one is the English Statute of Frauds (for it has been enacted in some form in almost every jurisdiction) that it seems worth while to quote its chief provisions at some length.

> THE STATUTE OF FRAUDS
>
> 29 Charles II. C. 3. S. 4.
>
> Sec. 4. No action shall be brought whereby to charge any executor or administrator upon any special promise to answer damages out of his own estate; or whereby to charge the defendant upon any special promise to answer for the debt, default or miscarriage of another person; or to charge any person upon any agreement made in consideration of marriage; or upon any contract or sale of lands, tenements or hereditaments, or any interest in or concerning them; or upon any agreement that is not to be performed within the space of one year from the making thereof; unless the agreement upon which such action shall be brought, or some memorandum or note thereof shall be in writing, and signed by the party to be charged therewith or some other person thereunto by him lawfully authorized.

The Sale of Goods Acts obtaining in many States are somewhat similar, and generally provide that, in the case of purchases over a certain amount, the contracts for the purchases shall not be enforceable unless part of the goods have been transferred to the buyer, or part payment has been made, or unless some note or memorandum in writing of the contract be made and signed by the party to be charged, or his agent in that behalf.

These acts are for general protection, and for many years have formed a strong bulwark against fraud. Because a contract governed by them is an oral contract it does not follow that it is invalid as a contract, but it does follow that without a writing it cannot be proved, and hence is entirely ineffectual.

Consideration Essential

To return to the subject of consideration. It is a necessary ingredient of every simple contract—that is, of every contract not under seal. In other words, no one is compelled by law to act gratuitously, and if he is to derive no benefit from something he has promised to do, he doesn't have to do it. Negotiable instruments — notes, checks and drafts—are apparent exceptions to this rule; but only apparently so, for consideration is presumed in such cases, and may only be disproved as between the original parties.

Another important point about consideration is that it must be in the present or future, not in the past. As an illustration, Vreeland sells his schooner yacht Valhalla to Simpson, and after the sale is consummated Vreeland assures Simpson in writing, but without a new consideration, that the boat is seaworthy. She proves not to be so. Can Simpson recover damages? Obviously he cannot, for Vreeland's guarantee was merely supported by the past consideration of the original purchase, and was therefore null and void.

We often see contracts that are made "in consideration of one dollar to me in hand truly paid," etc., and many of us wonder just what they mean.

They simply grow out of the rule that so long as there is some consideration the courts will not inquire into its extent or adequacy.

Thus, if I agree to pay a very large sum for a certain old tea-set of little inherent worth, the contract would be sustained on the ground that it was no affair of the court what special value the tea-set had to me, and therefore the apparent inadequacy of the consideration did not render the contract void.

But people cannot contract, even though they use the proper forms, unless they are legally capable of doing so, and there are several classes of persons who are not legally capable of making a valid contract. The largest class is that of infants or minors—that is, persons less than twenty-one years of age.

The late Ernest W. Huffcutt said in this regard: "In the United States it has been held that an infant's contracts fall into three classes: (1) The contract for the appointment of an agent, which is void; (2) the contract for necessaries, which is binding; (3) all other contracts, which are voidable at his election.

The principal question arising for a decision with regard to the contracts of infants is, What are necessaries? This is a very personal matter, and it is always decided with reference to the income and needs of the particular infant in question. An automobile might well be considered a necessary for a rich orphan, but would certainly not be so considered in the case of the son of a deceased laborer. It is, therefore, necessary for every one to be extremely careful how he deals with minors, for it takes a pretty intimate acquaintance with a young person's affairs to tell whether what you are selling him is a necessary, and if it is not he is not liable to perform his contract to pay for it, unless he ratifies that contract after he comes of age.

Insane persons are also a class with which it is very dangerous to contract. The law on this subject is very much mixed, but it would seem, by the weight of authority, that a contract with an insane person is voidable if the person was known to the sane party to be insane, or if such insanity has been declared in judicial proceedings, or if the insane person can be put in the same position he occupied before the contract; but where these facts are not present the contract is generally binding upon the lunatic. In any event it would seem that an insane person is liable for necessaries.

The Reality of Consent

The law in the various States as to the contractual capacity of married women varies so greatly that no general rules can be formulated, but they do form a class of persons whose capacity to contract is more or less limited.

Another requirement of a valid contract, which will be but lightly touched upon, not because it is unimportant, but because its complexity precludes brief discussion, is what is known as reality of consent.

The meaning of this term simply is that the minds of the contracting parties, either through mistake, misrepresentation or an actual fraud, may apparently meet, but in reality be as far apart as the poles. Where this is really the case the courts will refuse to enforce a contract which is nothing more than a mere shell.

To illustrate a case of mistake. Suppose Grant is blind, and his daughter brings him a paper to sign, telling him it is a bill of sale for a horse, when in reality it is a deed for a house. Then, even though the purchaser of the house might be entirely innocent, the contract would fall as soon as Grant's mistake was proven.

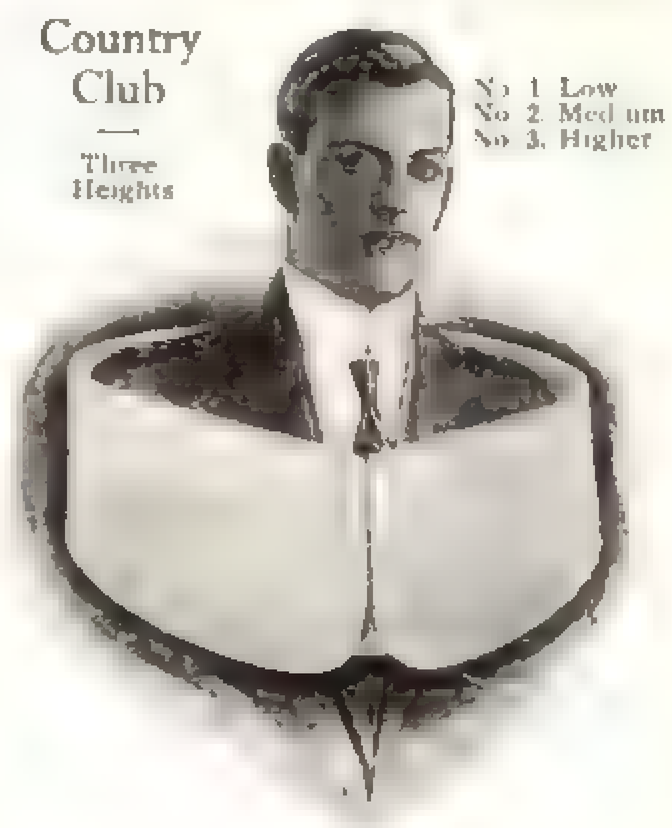
Unenforceable Contracts

Finally, no contracts are valid the objects of which are contrary to the statutes of a State, or to the common law. The object of a contract must be a legal one. Accordingly, in many jurisdictions wagering or gambling contracts are barred, and, though perfect in every other respect, are unenforceable on this account alone. It is also evident that contracts involving the performance of immoral acts fall under the same ban, as do also agreements to commit crime, or in restraint of marriage or of trade, although contracts in partial restraint of trade are frequently sustained.

It is to be hoped that this brief and imperfect outline may give the readers of The Saturday Evening Post a general idea of the essential parts of a contract—those fundamental requirements without which it cannot exist in a legally-enforceable form. And after all, it is these requirements which it is most important for the business man and woman to understand, for, lacking any of them, a supposed contract is no contract at all, but a mere negotiation, helpless because deprived of that great driving power which lawyers call obligation—an inert mass of paralyzed words.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of papers on Simple Business Law.

How to Tell
a Good Collar



THE main thing is to get a stout hand-made collar as against a machine-made collar.

Corliss-Coon
Collars Hand Made 2 for 25c

merit your stated preference by their individuality and lasting style—the result of superior hand workmanship.

Charge your memory with "Corliss-Coon"—"Hand-made" against the next time you buy. You can "tell a good collar" by the name Corliss, Coon—your best assurance of hand workmanship.

Discriminating furnishers everywhere sell Corliss-Coon Collars. Or we sell them direct by mail. Write for our Style Book—worth while—sent free.

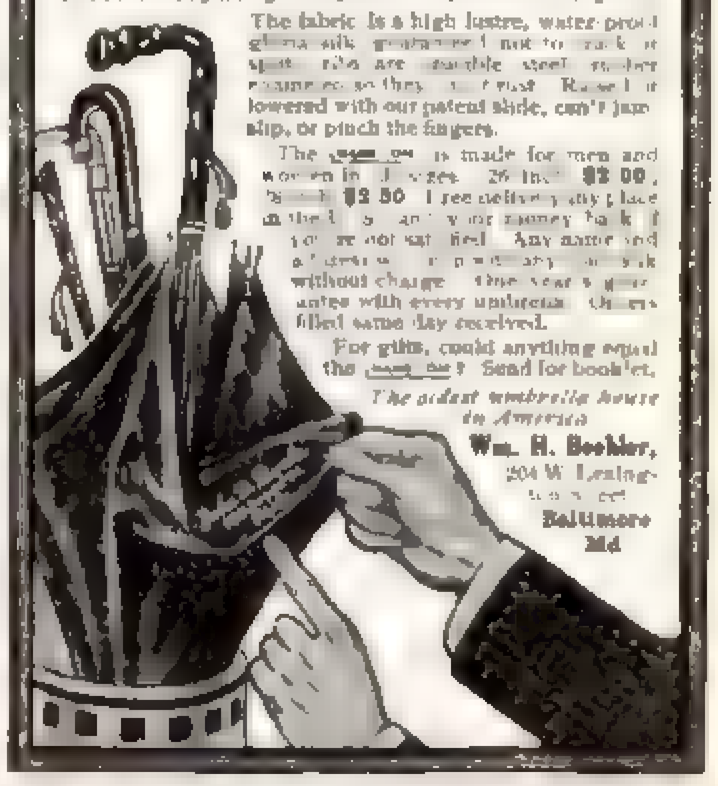
Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. V, Troy, N.Y.

NAME-ON
and no mistake

Your name and address are woven right in the fabric of a NAME-ON umbrella. Then it's never taken by mistake and simply can't be lost. It can be loaned or left anywhere and it always comes back.

Extra close rolling—light as a feather—strong and durable. The NAME-ON is backed by our 80 years' experience and this guarantee:

If the fabric cracks or splits, or if the ribs break, come loose, or rust, within a year, we will re-cover or repair your Name-On umbrella free.



The fabric is a high lustre, water-proof gloria silk, guaranteed not to crack or split. Ribs are durable steel, [illegible] so they can't rust. Raised or lowered with our patent slide, can't jam, slip, or pinch the fingers.

The NAME-ON is made for men and women in [illegible] sizes. 26 inch $2.00, [illegible] $2.50. Free delivery any place in the U. S. and your money back if you are not satisfied. Any name and address [illegible] without charge. One year's guarantee with every umbrella. Orders filled same day received.

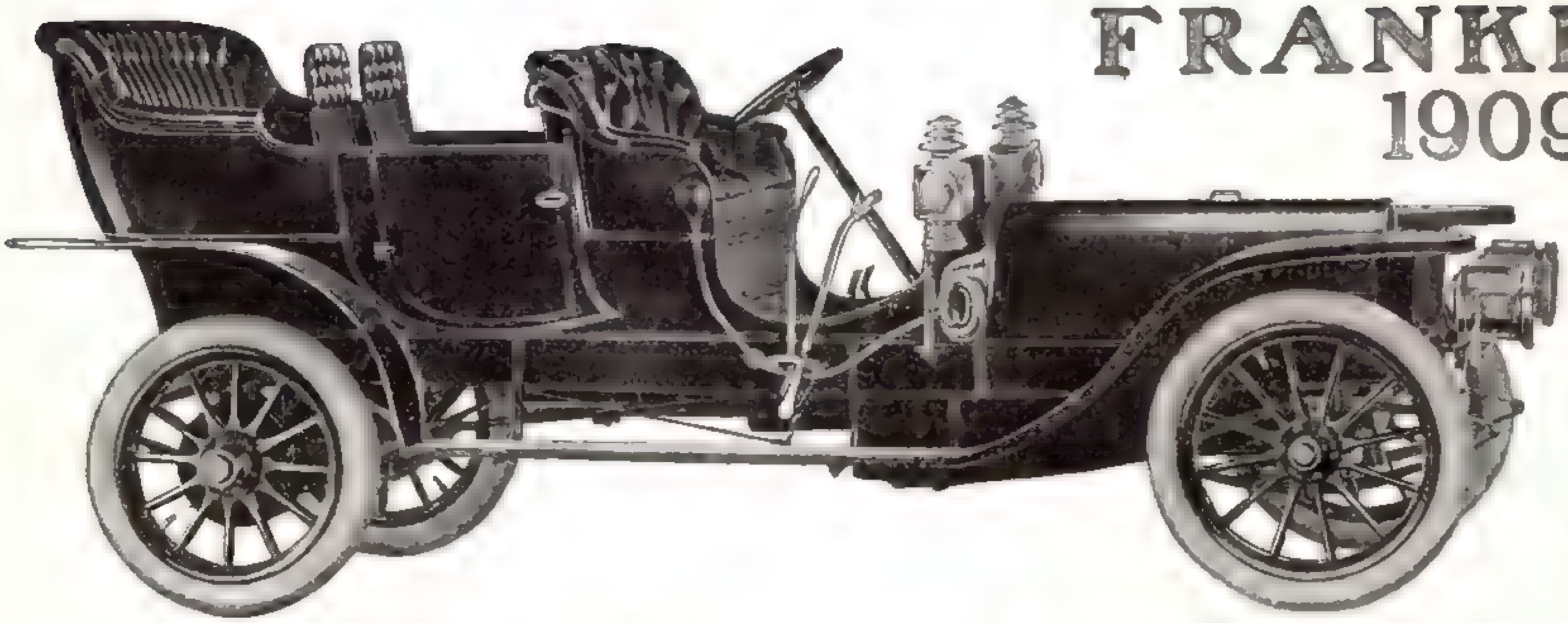
For gifts, could anything equal the NAME-ON? Send for booklet.

The oldest umbrella house in America

Wm. H. Beehler,
204 W. Lexington Street
Baltimore
Md

50 Engraved Cards of Your Name In Correct Script, Including Plate $1.00
The Quality Must Please You or Your Money Refunded
Social Stationers HOSKINS 900 Chestnut St. Phila.

FRANKLIN
1909



Model H, Six-cylinder, seven-passenger touring car. Full elliptic springs. Built-up wood frame. Wheels 36 inches. Wheel-base 127 inches. 2500 pounds. $3750.

Model H is the most refined example of six-cylinder engineering. It has no equal for quiet smooth vibrationless action, and touring-ability on American roads. It is noticeable for its symmetrical lines, its tasteful elegance, and its perfection of detail. Model H is without complications—absolutely simple. It is the most enjoyable of large touring-cars.

You think you know what a comfortable automobile is. But do you realize all that comfort means? Do you know what makes it?

EVERY Franklin model has four full-elliptic springs hung so that they take up road shocks from every direction, not merely up and down—very few road shocks are directly up and down. These springs have a "movement" of 5⅞ to 6½ inches. The ordinary half-elliptic springs can move only two or three inches before the frame bumps.

The Franklin frame is of selected second-growth white ash built up in layers (laminated). This is not only stronger and lighter than the metal frames commonly used, but it does not transmit shocks as metal does.

Every Franklin has the largest wheels and tires used on any automobile of its weight. Model D weighing 2100 pounds has the same size wheels and tires as other automobiles that weigh 3200 pounds and upward. Everybody knows how much large wheels add to the easy riding qualities of any vehicle.

Franklin construction does away with the jolting and jarring. It gets rid of shaking and vibration—it makes possible an all day ride without fatigue. You cannot get this luxurious riding-quality except in a Franklin. Besides this Franklins are the most comfortable to handle.

THEN there is the mental comfort of safety and freedom from trouble and burdensome expense. There is the feeling of security.

The Franklin engines are exceptionally powerful for their size; and being air-cooled they have no weight of water nor water-cooling apparatus to carry. This makes Franklin automobiles extremely powerful for their weight; and simple. It allows them to be strong without being heavy. Their weight is well balanced. Their brakes are large and powerful.

It is no exertion to handle any Franklin. You can steer Model H, the largest Franklin touring-car, with one hand. It weighs less than 2500 pounds. You get away in it as quickly, and speed up or slow down or stop and "go about," as handily as with any runabout.

No automobiles of their power-rating can compare with Franklins in going and climbing ability. No heavy automobile is so easily controlled and safe as a Franklin. And you get the full benefit of this on all sorts of roads.

In the Glidden tour the Franklin had none of the over-heating nor leaking troubles that delayed some of its water-cooled competitors; no mechanical difficulties. And a Franklin was *the only contestant that had no tire troubles.*

Franklins cool perfectly under all conditions. They have no radiators to leak; nothing to boil nor freeze. You can use any Franklin any day in the year.

THE operating cost is low.

Of course a light automobile uses less power than a heavy one to do the same work. And Franklins use less gasoline than a water-cooled automobile to produce the same power. This makes them economical of fuel. Their tires are so large in proportion to the weight of the automobile that tire troubles are reduced to the minimum. This eliminates the chronic bugbear of automobiling. And it cuts down very materially one of the biggest expense items.

The materials and workmanship in Franklin automobiles are of the highest grade known in automobile construction. Franklins are built to resist shocks and at the same time absorb them. And there is less strain on a light-weight easy-riding automobile than on a heavy hard-riding one; which means less depreciation. This reduces owning cost.

Model H, the ablest of seven-passenger touring-cars, is far less expensive to own than any other automobile of its capacity. It is even more economical than many five-passenger automobiles.

The five-passenger Model D—practically a duplicate of the H, only on a smaller scale and with four cylinders—weighs a third less than the average five-passenger water-cooled automobile and costs at least a third less to maintain. The Model G—unique as a high-grade four-passenger automobile, and also built as a runabout—is proportionately able and economical.

The Franklin idea is common sense. High-power and light-weight combined with strength and easy riding quality gives you a practical and pleasurable automobile for use anywhere at any time. No heavy water-cooled automobile with a steel frame and half-elliptic springs—no matter what it costs, can give such comfort and safety and enjoyment.

Before you buy an automobile ride in a Franklin.

MODELS

G 18 H P touring car $1850 Runabout with hamper, $1750 With single or double rumble $1800.
D 28 H P five passenger touring car $2800 Or runabout, with single or double rumble, $2700
H 42 H P seven passenger touring car $3750 Or runabout with single or double rumble, $3600.
Brougham, Landaulets Limousine Town car Prices f o b Syracuse

Shall we send you the catalog?

H H FRANKLIN MFG CO, Syracuse, N Y

H H Franklin Mfg Co, Syracuse, N Y
Please send the catalog to
Name
Address
City
State
S E P.

BEST & Co
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Infants' Short Dresses

1606 Percale, Russian effect, trimmed with tucks and featherstitching. Sizes 2 and 3 years $1.19
1607 Similar style in Lawn $1.10
Postage extra: 1606 10c., 1607 8c.

Over Fifty Styles

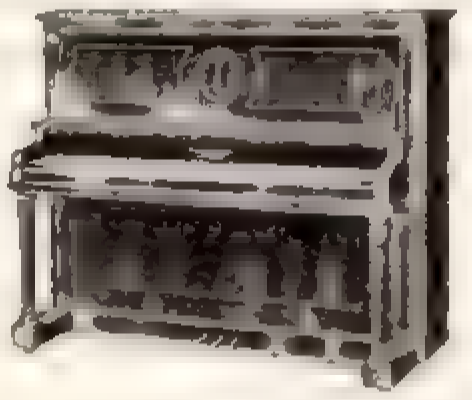
of Infants' Short Dresses are illustrated and described in our new Fall and Winter Catalogue of Infants' and Children's outfitting, which shows the widest assortments of distinctive styles and materials in every article of Boys', Girls' and Infants' attire. Copy mailed upon receipt of four cents (stamps) to cover postage.

Mail Order Service

Our improved system of caring for mail orders places the superior facilities of our large establishment conveniently at the service of distant homes. Outfitting the young may be accomplished here at a distinct saving in time and expense. Our broad guarantee covers the quality and wear of our garments, and allows the return of any unsatisfactory purchase, for exchange or refund of money.

Address Dept. 13

60-62 West 23d St., New York

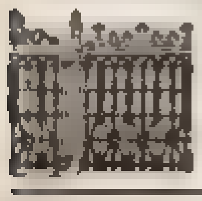


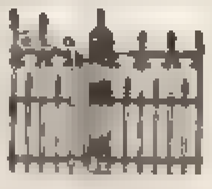
Ivers & Pond PIANOS

are unequalled for refinement of tone, beauty of case design and durability. A new catalogue picturing our latest models and giving valuable information mailed free. Attractive plans for periodical payments.

If we have no dealer near you we can supply you from Boston. Write us today for catalogue, prices and information of value to buyers.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.
103 Boylston St., Boston





Ornamental Wire and Steel Fence

Cheaper than wood combining strength and art. For lawns, churches, cemeteries. Send for Free Catalog. Address
The Ward Fence Co.
Box 735, Decatur, Ind.

Expert Photo. Finishing Promptly by Mail

Highest Grade Work. Reasonable Prices. Enlargements and Copies a specialty. Special Agency Proposition for Ladies or Gentlemen. 2 cts. for particulars.
Robt. P. Johnston, 12 North Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

SEEING THE CAMPAIGN

Opening the Ginger Jar

WELL! Well! This Presidential Battle of ours went to bed one night dull, apathetic, stupid, stolid and woke up next morning with hysteria, Saint Vitus' dance, fever and ague, a temperature of 106 and a pulse that was going so fast it sounded like a compressed-air riveter on a steel-frame building. Understand me, please. The Battle woke up with these hectic symptoms. The people gazed curiously out of the windows, wondered what all the noise was about, and went back for another short nap.

All the hullabaloo and ballyhoo of the past weeks have been professional politics. The Republican managers discovered that the gum-shoe methods of Chairman Hitchcock had prevailed to such an extent that the whole party seemed to be wearing rubber boots and gliding along with neither noise nor interest. You may say what you like about Mr. Hitchcock, but when it comes to putting a dense silence over a campaign, to working so far in the dark the voters forget the name of the candidate, to being so secretive that he only confides half of his plans to himself for fear they will gain currency and become operative, Mr. Hitchcock is the wonder of the world. He is the champion behind-closed-doors artist. His method of concealing his intentions can be classed as masterly.

"You see," he announced, on a certain historical occasion, when Murray Crane appeared in Chicago and asked, "What's doing?" softly—"You see," said Mr. Hitchcock, "my plan has been to get everything in readiness. I have instructed my lieutenants not to fire until we see the whites of the enemy's eyes."

Hitchcock in Command, but——

"Fine!" exclaimed various persons who had lingering desires to see Mr. Taft elected. "Fine! A noble sentiment, but, if you don't mind, we will take a few spyglasses and endeavor to discover the whites of those eyes a few days earlier than we could observe them by the process of unassisted vision."

Whereupon, Mr. Crane, the champion long-distance diver of the universe, took a header off the T wharf in Boston, and came up in the Sinton Hotel in Cincinnati, and from that very moment there began a series of explosions that sounded like a motor boat breaking a record with the engine balking a little. While, said Mr. Taft, in a telegram to Mr. Hitchcock, we all appreciate your inestimable, as well as impalpable, services, and hope you will not think for a moment that you are not in full command, we are sure you will welcome Mr. Crane's advent into the campaign, as I do; which means nothing, of course, except that he has taken charge and has full control, with my sanction, of the whole works. You are not deposed, you understand. You are merely reposed, and hoping these few lines will find you well——

That was about the beginning of the long series of illuminations that brightened the political horizon. There had been some conferences. Mr. Hitchcock had not seen fit to confide in anybody, not even the candidate of his party, what was going on. Mr. Bryan was sweeping East and there were rumors of rapidly-gathering strength. The professional politicians were alarmed. General Apathy was in full command, so they decided to wake it up a bit. It is but just to say that they succeeded in waking up more than they thought. They wanted noise and they got explosions. They desired action and they achieved several earthquakes and cyclones, in a political sense. Through it all the people remained perfectly calm, kept away from the headquarters, worked at what they had to do, discussed politics about like this: "Well, I see Roosevelt is out with another letter. Do you think Detroit will win the pennant?" Or: "Good come-back of Bryan's this afternoon, eh? Have you got your winter coal in yet?"

When a candidate says of a chairman, as Mr. Taft said of Mr. Hitchcock: "Why, he's a mausoleum. He won't even tell me what is going on," it may be supposed, fairly, that others in the campaign had no knowledge, and when top-notchers have no knowledge, what can the voters have?

Meantime, Mr. Bryan had been skyhooting around, the Democratic committee had been making noises like activity, and the "leading Republicans," including the one who leads, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, began to ask the whereabouts of the ginger jar. Mr. Hitchcock had it securely hidden in the safe. He expected to take it out along about Thanksgiving Day.

"Not," said Colonel Theodore Roosevelt—"Not on your eternal life. Take it out now!" Whereupon, Mr. Roosevelt reached in and took it out, and, from that moment, the reverberations have been incessant and deafening.

It has been a vociferous and halcyon exhibition. Everybody has made as much noise as possible, except Mr. Taft, who lost his voice out in the wilds of Indiana and had a hard job finding it. Although he has some three hundred pounds of bone and sinew, Mr. Taft has but a few ounces of voice; wherein he resembles that fearless and tearless crusader, William Randolph Hearst. When Taft gets up to speak you expect to hear the bellow of a Roman senator. And Hearst, tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, should, at least, speak in barytone. But both Taft and Hearst say: "My Friends!" in a loose and piping tenor, although Mr. Hearst has not lost whatever voice he may have, being careful and thrifty with his vocal cords.

Hearst started it all. Running as he does, a party of his own, he stepped out one night and threw two harpoons, one landing in the revered and courageous frame of Joseph Benson Foraker, and the other piercing Charles N. Haskell, Governor of Oklahoma and treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, sou'-sou'west of the Adam's apple.

It seems that Mr. Hearst, in the course of his various activities, had laid in a few letters from John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, to Senator Foraker, and the replies to these letters, thus showing a remarkable familiarity with the files of the Standard and the proper way to get therefrom the right sort of correspondence. Also, he had collected a few testimonials to the previous activities of Governor Haskell, and, not wishing to be dubbed partial, he let go at both the old parties at once. It was probably Mr. Hearst's idea to start something. It is doubtful if he thought he would start as much as he did. The careless boy rolls a snowball on the mountain side, and when it gets to the village below it wipes out a whole generation of yodelers. Thus, with Hearst. He started his snowball and it isn't through rolling yet.

There were loud cries. The Harmony Brothers—Taft and Foraker—dissolved with a bang like an elevator falling sixteen stories loaded with stock-brokers. Then Mr. Bryan, reading in his morning paper a few remarks by Colonel Roosevelt concerning Haskell and others, took his pen in hand and indited a telegram to Mr. Roosevelt, a nice, inquisitive telegram. That was what Colonel Roosevelt was waiting for. He needed ginger in the campaign, and he knew of no person so well fitted, by temperament and training, as himself to inject the same. Selecting his largest and most ferocious club, he batted Mr. Bryan on the head with it in a reply.

Foraker Cast Out

Meantime, Candidate Taft had magnanimously refused to hit Mr. Foraker when he was down. He left that to others, who attended to the ceremony promptly. Foraker was eliminated. He was made into a choice article of Hamburg steak. Then Mr. Bryan, while not doubting for an instant the eminent qualities of Mr. Haskell, told him to resign voluntarily and summarily, handing him a neatly-written letter of resignation and indicating the place for signature.

At almost that precise moment it was discovered that Chairman du Pont, of the Speakers' Bureau maintained at the New York headquarters by Mr. Hitchcock, was connected with the Powder Trust. Everybody on earth knew this when Mr. Hitchcock appointed Du Pont, with the exception of Mr. Hitchcock, it appears. There was more confusion, and the upshot of it was that Mr. du Pont had a letter of resignation

SOUPS
Stews and Hashes
are given just that "finishing touch" which makes a dish *perfect*, by using

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a superior relish for all kinds of Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, and Chafing Dish Cooking. It gives appetizing relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

Beware of Imitations.
See that **Lea & Perrins** Signature is on the Label and Wrapper.
John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N.Y.

Black Horn
CHAMOIS

is the genuine velvet-like Chamois used years ago for all household and saddlery purposes. It is tanned in cod oil by the old French hand processes and is guaranteed not to harden. We are the first and only manufacturers branding our Chamois and guaranteeing its quality. If it isn't perfect you return it to us by mail and get a new piece or your money back.

Insist upon **Black Horn Chamois** and you will get the best; or send direct to us. Sizes: 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 square feet. Price 25c per square foot.

BLACK HORN CHAMOIS is the only Guaranteed brand

Warm Chamois Garments

Our Washable Chamois Hunting Jackets, Shirts, Vests, Drawers, etc., afford ideal protection from cold. Hundreds of them are worn by sportsmen, automobilists and doctors. All garments made to order. Write for booklet showing Chamois in colors.

Black Horn Leather Co.
20 Tannery St. Great Bend, Pa.

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee money and health. Every wife buys at sight, new invention, exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid.
DR. LYONS, 182 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

For Fall Wedding Invitations
or Announcements, Visiting Cards or Stamped Writing Paper write Lycett, The Society Stationer, 317 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md. He gives splendid value in stock and fine workmanship for a moderate price.

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

Knapp-Felt
HATS for MEN

A KNAPP-FELT hat brings to its owner the satisfaction of wearing an article which is the expression of an artistic ideal rather than a machine-made product.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts

Knapp-Felt De Luxe, the best hats made, are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for The Hatman

The Crofut & Knapp Co.
840 Broadway, New York

BUY A *Guaranteed* LEATHER BELT

You can't afford to buy unreliable belting that nobody backs up—

Reliance belting is guaranteed and if it *should* go wrong we make it right—

We can afford to guarantee it because we spare no pains or expense in the making—

We cut it from the choicest center stock of No. 1 Packer [illegible] tanned by the long process. [illegible] hand labor and the most improved machinery [illegible] to turn out a flawless product. [illegible] particular work [illegible] experts [illegible]

Scarfing, leather edging, joining are done by modern machines that work with [illegible] any points that go to make the name

RELIANCE

mean so much [illegible] write us and we [illegible] and advise you what size and ply belt will do your work most effectively.

We also manufacture four other brands that are equally as good as **Reliance** for specific purposes.

Don't experiment with belts. No mill man or manufacturer can afford to. It means fearful loss before you get through. Specify **Reliance**—the guaranteed belt—and save needless expense and trouble.

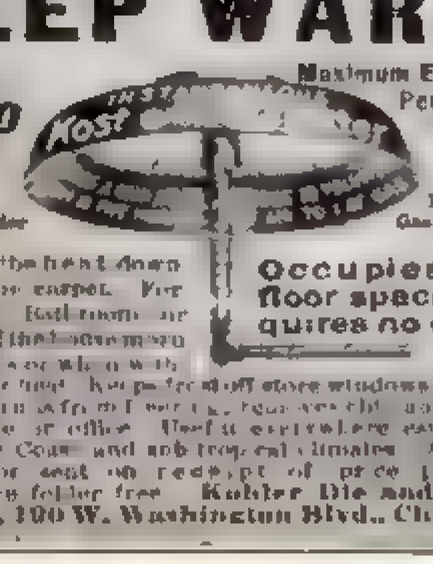
Write for book today and learn more about RELIANCE superiority.

Chicago Belting Co., 14 South Green St. Chicago

KEEP WARM

Price $1.50

Maximum Expense Per Hour 1c



No Dirt Smoke or Odor

Fits Any Gas Fixture

Throws the heat down. Warms the carpet. For Bedrooms, Bathrooms or any part of the house [illegible] Keeps frost off store windows, pipes, [illegible] Useful everywhere especially on Pacific Coast and sub-tropical climates. At your dealer's or sent on receipt of price prepaid. Descriptive folder free. Kubler Die and Specialty Co., 100 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago.

Occupies no floor space, requires no care.

written for him, also, thus making the score even—the Democrats having lost a treasurer and the Republicans a chairman of a Speakers' Bureau.

Mr. Hearst had more letters. Mr. Bryan, after thinking for a time, sent another telegram to President Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt hastened to reply. Thus, instead of two candidates scurrying across the country, making speeches here and there, there suddenly developed a joint debate between W. J. Bryan and T. Roosevelt, and Mr. Taft became so inconspicuous as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye.

What started out as a nice, orderly, polite campaign has developed into a whirligig of Standard Oil, red-hot telegrams, resignations, house-cleanings, carefully-selected goats and many other appurtenances that go for the general uproar. The people are maintaining their poise. They are interested, but not excited. Instead of acres of campaign banners, there are but few. The visitors to headquarters are professional visitors, not anxious citizens who want to know whether the country will be saved or ruined. The noise is all professional noise. The Great American Public knows exactly what it is going to do on election day. All the noise in creation will not change the result; that is now as set as the eternal hills. Nor is there any prophet who can tell, at this writing, what that result will be. The voters are saying nothing. They are grateful for the diversion.

Professional politicians ask one of another: "What effect will these things have on the result?" But no great percentage of voters change because of loud noises and exclamations, from whatever source. Political effects are not made in an instant, a day or a week. People reverse their voting habit slowly. Many a fairy story is told about some incident that changed the whole course of an election. Froth may be blown about, but the American voter is set in his way, and not easily influenced.

It is a good thing to have an exciting wind-up. It will serve to remind many citizens to go to the polls. No show is of much consequence without a good ballyhoo. But the knowledge that Mr. Roosevelt is having a joint debate with Mr. Bryan, that Du Pont is connected with the Powder Trust, that Haskell has done thus and so, that Foraker had letters from John D. Archbold, and all the rest of the storm of accusation, raging from one side to the other and back again, will not change many votes. It may wake some up, but it will not influence many.

Many of our pet sociologists claim we are becoming a volatile nation, and perhaps we are. You can stick a pin in the assertion, though, that we are not volatile enough to let a lot of noise shift us from one man to another in the wind-up of a campaign like this. The people divided on the question of the Presidency early in July. They made up their minds about it all then. Ninety-nine per cent. of the total vote of this country is fixed as Gibraltar at the present time. It will stay fixed, too. Whether it is fixed for Bryan or fixed for Taft is not to be foretold, just yet.

The truth is that both sides are scared, both sides are making as much noise as possible to attract the stragglers, both sides hope one way and fear another.

As we progress toward November the ballyhoo gets better and better. The newspaper reader thinks he is cheated if he picks up his paper in the morning and finds that no prominent citizen has given out a statement the night before identifying somebody in the other party with the Standard Oil, or branding some one prominent in the campaign as no better than he should be. The din on the stump is terrific.

Whoop-la! Dig 'em up, cut 'em up—what's the dif? On with the ballyhoo! Let noise be unconfined! But—and that is the biggest but you ever saw—do not forget that the proletariat is reasonably wise, and that it has already made up its multifarious mind.

FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 13)

"Gott!" she broke out at last; "mine Gott! mine Gott! it don't stands." And she began to peer about the floor with eyes not yet quite adjusted. Morris easily recognized these symptoms:

"She's lost her pocketbook," he told Miss Bailey.

"Yes, I lost it," wailed Mrs. Mogilewsky; and then the whole party participated in the search. Over and under the furniture, the carpets, the bed, the stove, over and under everything in the apartment went Mrs. Mogilewsky and Morris. All the joy of home-coming and of well-being was darkened and blotted out by this new calamity. And Mrs. Mogilewsky beat her breast and tore her hair, and Constance Bailey almost wept in sympathy. But the pocketbook was gone, absolutely gone, though Mrs. Mogilewsky called Heaven and earth to witness that she had had it in her hand when she came in.

Another month's rent was due; the money to pay it was in the pocketbook. Mr. Mogilewsky had visited his wife on Sunday and had given her all his earnings as some salve to the pain of her eyes. Eviction, starvation, every kind of terror and disaster were thrown into Mrs. Mogilewsky's wailing, and Morris proved an able second to his mother.

Miss Bailey was doing frantic bookkeeping in her charitable mind, and was wondering how much of the loss she might replace. She was about to suggest as a last resort that a search should be made of the dark and crannied stairs, where a purse, if the Fates were very, very kind, might lie undiscovered for hours, when a dull scratching made itself heard through the general lamentation. It came from a point far down on the panel of the door, and the same horrible conviction seized upon Morris and upon Miss Bailey at the same moment.

Mrs. Mogilewsky in her frantic round had approached the door for the one-hundredth time and, with eyes and mind far removed from what she was doing, she turned the handle. And entered Izzie, beautifully erect upon his hindlegs, with a yard or two of rope trailing behind him and a pocketbook fast in his teeth.

Blank, pure surprise took Mrs. Mogilewsky for its own. She staggered back into a chair, fortunately of heavy architecture, and stared at the apparition before her. Izzie came daintily in, sniffed at Morris, sniffed at Miss Bailey, sniffed at Mrs. Mogilewsky's ample skirts, identified her as the owner of the pocketbook, laid it at her feet and extended a paw to be shaken.

"Mine Gott!" said Mrs. Mogilewsky, "what for a dog iss that?" She counted her wealth, shook Izzie's paw, and then stooped forward, gathered him into her large embrace and cried like a baby. "Mine Gott! Mine Gott!" she wailed again, and although she spent five minutes in apparent effort to evolve another and more suitable remark, her research met with no greater success than the addition:

"He ain't a dog at all; he iss friends."

Miss Bailey had been sent to an eminently good college and had been instructed long and hard in psychology, so that she knew the psychologic moment when she met it. She now arose with congratulations and farewells. Mrs. Mogilewsky arose also with Izzie still in her arms. She lavished endearments upon him and caresses upon his short, black nose, and Izzie received them all with enthusiastic gratitude.

"And I think," said Miss Bailey in parting, "that you had better let that dog come with me. He seems a nice enough little thing, quiet, gentle and very intelligent. He can live in the yard with Rover."

Morris turned his large eyes from one to another of his rulers, and Izzie, also good at psychologic moments, stretched out a pointed pink tongue and licked Mrs. Mogilewsky's cheek. "This dog," said that lady majestically, "iss mine. Nobody couldn't never to have him. When I was in mine troubles was it mans or was it ladies what takes und gives me mine money back? No! Was it neighbors? No! Was it you Miss Teacher, mine friend? No! It was that dog. Here he stays mit me. Morris, my golden one, you wouldn't to have no feelin's 'bout mamma havin' dogs? You wouldn't to have mads?"

"No, ma'am," responded her obedient son; "Missis Bailey she says it's *fer* boys they should make all things what is lovin' mit cats und dogs und horses."

"Goot," said his mother; "I guess, maybe, that ain't such a foolishness."

The Independence of Young Men

An interesting thought in connection with the Stein-Bloch tailoring business is that its steady growth year after year is in no small measure due to the appreciation of young men.

Many of its young men friends of former years are now gray-haired business men—and they have the same respect for the fit and style of Stein-Bloch clothes to-day that they had at the end of the first season they wore a suit or an overcoat bearing the Stein-Bloch trade-mark.

Young men to-day, as well as their elders, appreciate correctness of fashion, as opposed to vulgar exaggeration; smoothness of fit as opposed to roughness of fit; and many who are not *old* friends are coming to realize that Stein-Bloch clothes are correct, in form as well as in substance, and demand this label—54 years of Knowing How is in it.

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors

The Stein-Bloch Company
Tailors for Men
Offices and Shops: Rochester, N. Y.
New York: 130-132 Fifth Ave.

The Famous "Dollar Watch" $1

Look For The Name "Ingersoll" On The Dial

Ingersoll Dollar Watch

This famous watch supplies every need for a reliable timekeeper, and gives satisfactory service day in and day out under conditions that would put a delicate high-priced watch in the repair shop. It is sold with a **binding guarantee** that could not be any stronger if this watch cost one hundred dollars.

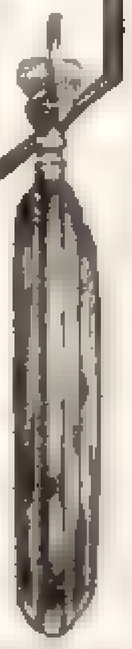
The New Junior Thin-Model Watch, $2

This is the newest Ingersoll, and it has already attained tremendous popularity—everybody wants it. This watch at $2.00 is the duplicate in size and appearance of the high-priced, fashionable, thin-model watches now made for men. Description cannot do it justice—go to your dealer's and ask to see and examine it. **Other Ingersolls up to $5.00.**

Ingersoll Watches can be obtained from 60 000 dealers, or will be sent direct, postpaid, upon receipt of price (registry 8 cents additional).

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
21 Frankel Bldg.
New York

The New "Junior" Thin-Model Ingersoll $2



Save ¼ on Coal Bills

Attach a Powers Heat Regulator to your furnace or boiler. Its action is automatic. It needs no attention—has no wires, no batteries.

Silently and surely—night and day—it regulates the draft so you don't waste an ounce of coal.

Keeps Your Rooms at 70 Degrees

No sudden changes—no variation whatever. Simply set the indicator at the temperature you want. The Regulator does all the rest. Prevents the colds that result from varying heat. **Sent on 60 days' trial.**

The Powers Thermostat

No cost if not satisfactory. Write to-day for our book—then judge what this invention means to you. Address Powers Regulator Co., 45 Dearborn Street, Chicago, or 115 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Powers Heat Regulator

Be a Window Trimmer. They earn $25 to $75 per week

The Koester School [illegible]

KOESTER SCHOOL OF WINDOW DRESSING 24 Fifth Avenue Chicago

It was not until nearly bedtime that Mrs. Mogilewsky reverted to that part of Miss Bailey's conversation immediately preceding the discovery of the loss of the purse.

"So-o-oh, my golden one," she began, lying back in her chair with Izzie on her lap—"so-o-oh, you had friends by the house when mamma was by hospital."

"On'y one," Morris answered faintly.

"Well, I ain't scoldin'," said his mother. "Where iss your friend? I likes I shall look on him. Ain't he comin' 'round to-night?"

"No, ma'am," answered Morris, settling himself at her side and laying his head close to his friend. "He couldn't to go out by nights the while he gets adopted off of a lady."

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 11)

days in Washington he was full of dignity and of determination to create a dignified impression. He reared haughtily and looked about with insolent, disdainful eyes.

"Will you have tea?" said Miss Severence, as Arkwright moved away.

"No, thanks," replied Josh. "Tea's for the women and the children."

Miss Severence's expression made him still more uncomfortable. "Well," said she, "if you should feel dry as you tell me about yourself, there's whisky over on that other table. A cigarette? No? I'm afraid I can't ask you to have a cigar."

"And take off my coat and put my feet up and be at home!" said Craig. "I see you think I'm a boor."

"Don't you want people to think you a boor?" inquired she with ironic seriousness.

He looked at her sharply. "You're laughing at me," he said calmly. "Now, wouldn't it be more ladylike for you to try to put me at my ease? I'm in your house, you know."

Miss Severence flushed. "I beg your pardon," she said. "I did not mean to offend."

"No," replied Craig; "you simply meant to amuse yourself with me. And because I don't know what to do with my hands and because my coat fits badly you thought I wouldn't realize what you were doing. You are very narrow—you fashionable people. You don't even know that everybody ought to be judged on his own ground. To size up a racehorse you don't take him into a drawing-room. And it wouldn't be quite fair, would it, for me to judge these drawing-room dolls by what they could do out among real men and women? You—for instance. How would you show up if you had to face life with no husband and no money and five small children, as my mother did? Well, *she* won out."

Miss Severence was not attracted, but she was interested. She saw beyond the ill-fitting frock coat and the absurd manner, thoroughly ill at ease, trying to assume easy, nonchalant, man-of-the-world airs. "I'd never have thought of judging you except on your own ground," said she, "if you hadn't invited the comparison."

"You mean by getting myself up in these clothes and coming here?"

"Yes."

"You're right, young lady," said Craig, clapping her on the arm and waving an energetic forefinger almost in her face; "and as soon as I can decently get away I'll go. I told Arkwright I had no business to come here."

Miss Severence colored, drew her arm away, froze. She detested all forms of familiarity; physical familiarity she abhorred. "You have known Grant Arkwright long?" she said icily.

"*Now* what have I done?" demanded Josh.

She eyed him with a lady's insolent tranquillity. "Nothing," replied she. "We are all so glad Grant has come back."

Craig bit his lip and his tawny, weather-beaten skin reddened. He stared with angry envy at Arkwright, so evidently at ease and at home in the midst of a group on the other side of the room. In company practically all human beings are acutely self-conscious. But self-consciousness is of two kinds. Arkwright, assured that his manners were correct and engaging, that his dress was all it should be, or could be, that his position was secure and admired, had

Victor
The Fireside Theatre

Improved Victor I
with new flower horn
$25

Other styles
$10 to $300

[illegible]

A complete list of new Victor Records for October will be found in the October number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Everybody's, Century, and November Cosmopolitan.

Deposit your savings here, pending permanent investment.

The advantages offered are—

Unquestioned safety and four percent interest, compounded semi-annually.

Write today for Booklet C explaining our convenient banking-by-mail system.

Capital and Profits, $2,900,000.00

Commonwealth Trust Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Brown's Famous Pictures

Reproductions of Famous Paintings, Portraits and Homes of Famous People [illegible] cent each [illegible] for $1.00

Send 2c stamp to pay postage. We will send 2 Sample Pictures and big catalogue with 1000 miniature illustrations.

COLORED PICTURES OF BIRDS

Size 5 x 7, 2c each. $1.75 per 100. **Catalogue and sample for 2c stamp.**

GEO. P. BROWN & CO., BEVERLY, MASS.

Latest and Most Popular Music 18c per Copy

Here is an opportunity to get the latest and most popular sheet music for only 18 cents per copy. We are the largest and oldest music store in the South. We carry everything in the music line, both vocal and instrumental. Owing to the high position we occupy in the music trade, we are able to secure all the latest and most popular music as soon as it is published, and at the lowest possible price. All orders filled same day received. Write for circular. Get our prices on pianos and musical instruments of all kinds before buying.

Ludden & Bates, Southern Music House
Dept. B R, Savannah, Ga.

$513 CLEAR PROFIT IN 51 DAYS FROM AN INVESTMENT OF $150

Is the result from the operation of one American Box Ball Alley in Sullivan, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? It is the most practical and popular bowling game in existence. It will make big money in any town. These alleys pay from $[illegible] to $65.00 each, per week. This is no gambling device but a splendid bowling game for amusement and physical exercise. Liberally patronized by the best people of both sexes. Quickly installed; conveniently portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. Nearly 4,000 sold to date. We sell on payments and our catalog is free.

Write for catalog. AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY.
PATENTEES, 1302 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE STOVE AND RANGE BOOK 64 PAGES FREE Write For It Today!

This book will save you from $12 to $30 when you purchase a stove or range. It explains how the best and finest stoves and ranges in the world are made, and tells you how to "know the best."

HOOSIER STOVES and RANGES from FACTORY to USER

Are heavily made of highest grade selected material, beautifully finished, with all new improvements and features, "Guaranteed for Years," backed by a million dollars. "Hoosiers" are FUEL SAVERS AND EASY BAKERS. A child can operate them. Sold on 30 days free trial. No freight to pay.

WRITE FOR FREE STOVE BOOK and Our Special FREE TRIAL OFFER

HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY, 217 State St., Marion, Indiana

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

Simonds Saws

cut clean and close. Without waste of lumber. And they are quick-cutting. Work their way through the toughest wood without sticking—And never chew or tear the wood, as ordinary saws do. Seldom need setting or filing. Because the blades are of even, tough-tempered, edge-holding steel—Simonds steel—made by special process in Simonds mills, and used only in Simonds Saws.

And circular, band, cross-cut and all other kinds of saw, too.

The Simonds trade-mark etched on the blade guarantees Simonds service, Simonds [illegible]
At most dealers. Or sold direct.

Write for "Simonds Guide" mailed free

SIMONDS MFG. COMPANY
Fitchburg, Mass.
Chicago Portland San Francisco
New Orleans New York Seattle

Ralston Shoes $4.

In most towns and cities, there's a dealer who will show you these shoes.

Stock No 134
Wine color "[illegible]" Calf [illegible] "[illegible]" Last

Where style requirements are most exacting, there Ralston Shoes are most in favor. In Ralston Shoes the feet are most smartly shod, and withal comfortable.

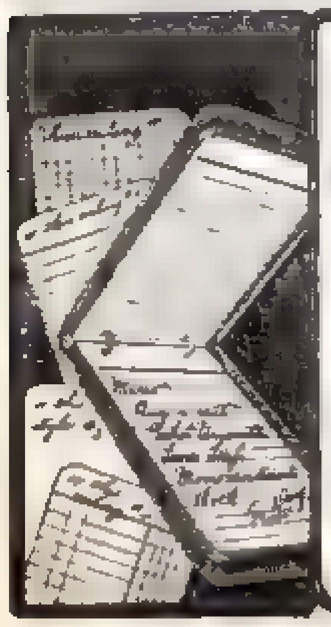
Ralston sole-construction, and Ralston foot-form lasts, combine to give absolute foot-ease.

Ralston workmanship and materials are of the best.

Send for our Book of Fall and Winter Shoe Styles for men and women—it's free.

Where we have no agent we supply you direct. Only 25c. extra for delivery.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS, 985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.



POCKET SYSTEM

Keep your notes and [illegible]

VEST POCKET
UNIMATIC Loose Leaf
Memorandum Book

Has all the above features of convenience. Sheet size [illegible] inches. 50 gilt edge sheets, with cover of genuine Black Morocco and leather tabbed index—sent postpaid or through your dealer for $1. Your choice of rulings—see illustration.

Sieber & Trussell Mfg. Co.
4002 Laclede Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

the self-consciousness of self-complacence. Craig's consciousness of himself was the extreme of the other kind—like a rat's in a trap.

"You met Mr. Arkwright out West—out where you live?"

"Yes," said Josh curtly, almost surlily.

"I was out there once," pursued the young woman, feeling that in her own house she must do her best with the unfortunate young man, "and, curiously enough, I heard you speak. We all admired you very much."

Craig cheered up instantly; he was on his own ground now. "How long ago?" he asked.

"Three years—two years last September."

"Oh, I was a mere boy then. You ought to hear me now."

And Josh launched forth into a description of his oratory, then related how he had won over juries in several important cases. His arms, his hands were going, his eyes were glistening, his voice had that rich, sympathetic tone which characterizes the egotist when the subject is himself. Miss Severence listened without comment, indeed, he was not sure that she was listening, so conventional was her expression. But, though she took care to keep her face a blank, her mind was busy. Surely not since the gay women of Barras' court laughed at the megalomaniac ravings of a noisy, badly-dressed, dirty, young lieutenant named Bonaparte had there been a vanity so candid, so voluble, so obstreperous. Nor did he talk of himself in a detached way, as if he were relating the performances and predicting the glory of a human being who happened to have the same name as himself. No, he thrust upon her in every sentence that he, he himself and none other, had said and done all these splendid, startling things, would do even more splendid things. She listened, astounded; she wondered why she did not burst out laughing in his very face; why, on the contrary, she seemed to accept, to an amazing extent, his own estimate of himself.

"He's a fool," thought she—"one of the most tedious fools I ever met. But I was right; he's evidently very much of a somebody. However does he get time to *do* anything when he's so busy admiring himself? How does he ever contrive to take his mind off himself long enough to think of anything else?"

Nearly an hour later Arkwright came for him, cut him off in the middle of an enthusiastic description of how he had enchained and enthralled a vast audience in the biggest hall in St. Paul. "We must go this instant," said Arkwright. "I had no idea it was so late."

"I'll see you soon again, no doubt, Mr. Craig," said Miss Severence, polite but not cordial, as she extended her hand.

"Yes," replied Josh, holding the hand and rudely not looking at her but at Arkwright. "You've interrupted us in a very interesting talk, Grant."

Grant and Margaret exchanged smiles. Margaret disengaged her hand, and the two men went. As they were strolling down the drive Grant said: "Well, what did you think of her?"

"A nobody—a nothing," was Craig's wholly-unexpected response. "Homely—at least, insignificant. Bad color. Dull eyes. Bad manners. A poor specimen, even of this poor, fashionable society of yours. An empty-head."

"Well—well—*well!*" exclaimed Arkwright in derision. "Yet you and she seemed to be getting on beautifully together."

"I did all the talking."

"You always do."

"But it was the way she listened. I felt as if I were rehearsing in a vacant room."

"Humph!" grunted Arkwright.

He changed the subject. The situation was one that required thought, plan. "She's just the girl for him," said he to himself; "and he must take her. Of course, he's not the man for her. She couldn't care for him, not in a thousand years. What woman with a sense of humor could? But she's got to marry somebody that can give her what she must have. . . . It's very important whom a man marries, but it's not at all important whom a woman marries. The world wasn't made for them, but for *us!*"

At Vanderman's that night he took Mrs. Tate in to dinner, but Margaret was on his left. "When does your Craig make his speech before the Supreme Court?" asked she.

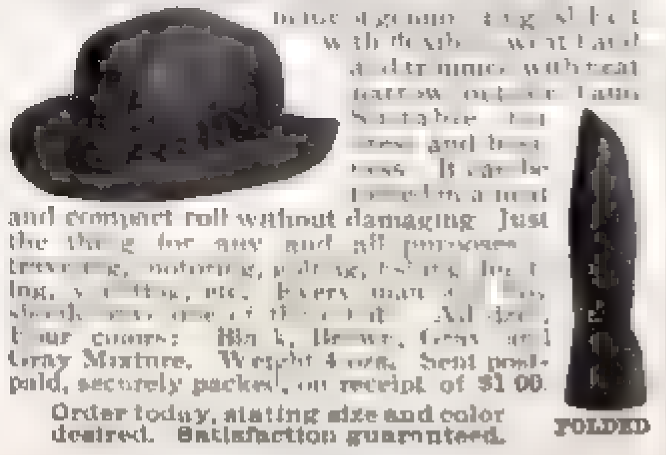
BE SURE OF
Collegian
THIS LABEL

A Collegian Sack Suit for Fall $18 to $35.

Adler's Collegian Clothes

possess every desirable feature of present day fashion, but no indication of "freakish" extremes. Gentlemen's clothes should have the refined lines we give to these garments—the freak styles of many makers are always in bad taste. In every style centre we are known as makers of very smart apparel—combining real style with a splendid quality of fabrics and linings. Our fall suits and overcoats are now being shown by leading retail clothiers. Prices $15.00 to $40.00. Our fashion suggester is a twenty-four page illustrated book of advice on correct clothes for fall. Mailed free on application.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Nobby Clothes Makers Milwaukee



English Knockabout Hat $1.00

Not a fad but a stylish serviceable Hat that would [illegible] in almost any Hat store. It is [illegible] and compact roll without damaging. Just the thing for any and all purposes [illegible] Four colors: Black, Brown, Gray and Gray Mixture. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid, securely packed, on receipt of $1.00.

Order today, stating size and color desired. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FOLDED

Panama Hat Co., 181 William St., New York City

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D.C.

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE
REG. TRADE MARK

SPAVIN
SOUND

American Car and Foundry Company

[illegible] Broadway, New York, July [illegible]

Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N.Y. [illegible] $5 for bottle "Save-The-Horse." Send to my farm, address Frank Brown, Circleville, Orange Co., N.Y. I have had a number of bottles [illegible]

$5.00 a bottle, with a legal written guarantee or contract. Send for [illegible] Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone (except low), Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness. No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. *Dealers or Express Paid.* Troy Chemical Company, Binghamton, N.Y.

Be Independent. No Salaried Job
like this, men and women welcome Kushion Komfort Shoes; snappy agents sell pair an hour. No experience needed.
KUSHION KOMFORT SHOE CO., Dept. RR-10, Boston, Mass.

He inspected her with some surprise. "Tuesday, I think. Why?"

"I promised him I'd go."

"And will you?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

This would never do. Josh would get the impression she was running after him and would be more contemptuous than ever. "I shouldn't if I were you."

"Why not?"

"Well, he's very vain, as you, perhaps, discovered. He might misunderstand."

"And why should that disturb me?" asked she tranquilly. "I do as I please. I don't concern myself about what others think. Your friend interests me. I've a curiosity to see whether he has improved in the last two or three years as much as he says he has."

"He told you all about himself?"

"Everything—and nothing."

"That's just it!" exclaimed Arkwright, misunderstanding her. "After he has talked me into a state of collapse, every word about himself and his career, I think it all over and wonder whether there's anything to the man or not. Sometimes I think there's a real person beneath that flow of vanity. Then again, I think not."

"Whether he's an accident or a plan," mused the young woman; but she saw that Arkwright did not appreciate the cleverness and the penetration of her remark. Indeed, she knew in advance that he would not, for she knew his limitations. "Now," thought she, "Craig would have appreciated it—and clapped me on the arm."

"Did you like Josh?" Grant inquired.

"Very much, indeed."

"Of course," said Arkwright satirically.

"He has ability to do things. He has strength. . . . He isn't like us."

Arkwright winced, as she had hoped. "I'm afraid you exaggerate him merely because he's different."

"He makes me feel an added contempt for myself, somehow. Doesn't he you?"

"I can't say he does," replied Arkwright, irritated. "I appreciate his good qualities, but I can't help being offended and disturbed for him by his crudities. He has an idea that to be polite and well dressed is to be weak and worthless. And I can't get it out of his head."

Margaret's smile irritated him still further. "All great men are more or less rude and crude, aren't they?" said she. "They're impatient of the trifles we lay so much stress on."

"So you think Josh is a great man?"

"I don't know," replied Margaret, with exasperating deliberateness. "I want to find out."

"And if you decide that he is, you'll marry him?"

"Perhaps. You suggested it, you know."

"In jest," said Arkwright, unaccountably angry with her, with himself, with Craig. "As soon as I saw him in your presence I knew it wouldn't do. It'd be giving a piece of rare, delicate porcelain to a grizzly as a plaything."

He was surprised at himself. Now that he was face to face with a possibility of her adopting his own proposition he disliked it intensely. He looked at her; never had she seemed so alluring, so representative of what he called distinction. At the very idea of such refinement at the mercy of the coarse and boisterous Craig his blood boiled. "Josh is a fine, splendid chap, as a man among men," said he to himself; "but to marry this dainty aristocrat to him—it'd be an outrage. He's not fit to marry among *our* women . . . . What a pity such a stunning girl shouldn't have the accessories to make her eligible." And he hastily turned his eyes away lest she should see and attach too much importance to a mere longing—for he felt it would be a pitiful weakness, a betrayal of opportunity, for him to marry, in a mood of passion that passes, a woman who was merely well born—when he had the right to demand both birth and wealth in his wife.

"I've often thought," pursued Margaret, "that to be loved by a man of the Craig sort would be—interesting."

"While being loved by one of your own sort would be dull?" suggested Arkwright with a strained smile.

Margaret shrugged her bare, white shoulders in assent. "Will you go with me to the Supreme Court on Tuesday?"

"Delighted!" said Arkwright. And she saw—though he did not—that the deep-hidden source of his enthusiasm was a belief that Josh Craig would make an ass of himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Florsheim SHOE
LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAPS

The Argyle Button Boot

The "height of style" is embodied in the Argyle, a Cheral patent button boot.

Like all Florsheim Shoes it has the foot form "natural shape" lasts that mean positive comfort.

Those who are most particular about their appearance value Florsheim Shoes for their shape-retaining qualities. They do not quickly lose their original trimness. All the "give" is taken out of the leather before it is made up.

Most Styles $5 and $6. Style book shows a shoe for every occasion. Write for it.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

TO JUDGE A SMOKE BY ITS PRICE IS A MISTAKE
LET YOUR TASTE DECIDE THE MERIT OF
DRAKNEL "HAVANA" STOGIES

$2.00 Per Box of 100 Express Prepaid

DRAKNEL "HAVANAS" are hand made, by skilled workmen, in a sun-flooded factory, from clean, clear, long American Havana filler and covered with a genuine Connecticut wrapper. [illegible] guaranteed to contain no artificial flavor.

[illegible] and we will forward, charges prepaid [illegible] our expense and your $2.00 will be refunded promptly [illegible] literature descriptive of our other [illegible] upon request.

The Drakael Co., 1335 Market St., Wheeling, W. Va.
[illegible]

Kept in order FREE for five years.

Thin Model Watch—$7.85

Men's model, seven jewel movement, open face, gold filled case guaranteed 20 years, plain polished or engine turned, stem wind and set, lever escapement, improved train, finely balanced, beautiful plain white enameled dial with Arabic figures. Retail jewelers ask $12. We are manufacturers' brokers and fill orders direct from makers—at great saving to you.

Any dissatisfaction on receipt of watch means your money back without question

Hundreds order direct from this advertisement. If you want more information before ordering write for illustrated booklet "B," showing many remarkable values. Write us for price on anything you need in jewelry.

Hunt & McCree, Manufacturers' Brokers, 150 Nassau Street, New York

Class and Fraternity Pin Jeweler
Loving Cups, Badges, Medals and Phi Beta Kappa Keys
[illegible] catalog.
FREDERICK T. WIDMER, 33 West Street, Boston

GOOD CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS MADE TO ORDER

The Modern Way

To give you the advantages of having your clothes made to order by the most skilled tailoring craftsmen to be found in the United States, and yet bring the cost to you down to a price you are cheerfully willing to pay is the purpose of

Strauss Brothers' National Tailoring Service
(5000 local representatives and branch stores throughout the U. S.)

We have made this possible by perfecting an organization which can handle an immense number of individual orders without waste of any time or materials. Our large national business enables us to own all materials at a slight advance over mill cost. These facts account for our low prices.

Guaranteed Suits or Overcoats
To Order $20 to $40

To order our tailoring, visit our established dealer in your town, make your selection from our assortment of 500 brand new high grade Fall woolens, be measured, and in a week's time the splendidly finished garments will be delivered to you. You'll be decidedly well pleased with your transaction.

On request we will send you our new Fall Fashion Magazine No. 1, entitled, "A Sure Winner," containing also unusually interesting statistics for campaign use. At the same time we will refer you to our nearest established dealer.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
S.W. cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building
Established 1872
CHICAGO

I AM THE MOVING PICTURE MAN

I will start Men and Women in the Moving Picture Business

at nominal cost—sell them the machine and outfit, and give them every assistance to make the business prosperous. It is a golden opportunity, the biggest paying business for the amount invested in the world, so simple and easily maintained that any one may embark in it with my aid.

Write me at once for my free book "How to Start a Moving Picture Business"

Laemmle Film Service
Carl Laemmle, President
Dept. 25, 196-198 Lake Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

"AUTOMATIC" "CLEAN" COMB

It's New

AGENTS: [illegible] 50c [illegible]

Clean Comb Co. Box 23 Racine, Wis.

AGENTS

PATENTS Book free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services. I PROCURE PATENTS THAT PROTECT. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

School and College Flags

Specially designed and made to order in quantities of one dozen or more at wholesale prices. [illegible] the flag question [illegible]
We make Flags, Arm Bands, Felt Letters, Mortar Board Caps, Class [illegible]

W. H. SMITH & SONS, Manufacturers
26 N. Fourth Street Philadelphia, Pa.

YOU CAN EASILY SAVE $8.00

After the Bath.

worth of coal before Christmas by using a Barler Ideal Oil Heater, besides this such a clean way of heating a room. Why don't you try one now?

The $5.00 size will last ten years.

There is no smoke or odor. [illegible]

If you want our beautiful colored picture "After the Bath" for framing [illegible]

Try a Barler Heater a week—your money refunded if not satisfied.

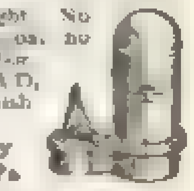
A. C. Barler Mfg. Co., 102 E. Lake St., Chicago

Good Wages Are Paid To Telegraph Operators

[illegible] Railroads [illegible] We teach Telegraphy [illegible] Write today [illegible] FREE [illegible]

Valentine's School of Telegraphy,
Estab. 36 years Janesville, Wis.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM Pumps day and night. No cost for power [illegible] no labor. Write for catalogue A D, and guaranteed estimate. We furnish Caldwell Tanks and Towers.
Niagara Hydraulic Engine Company
140 Nassau St., New York. Factory, Chester, Pa.



6% Paid on Time Deposits
Withdrawable at option
Coupon Certificates
One to Three Years
Write today for Booklet A.
Equitable Banking & Loan Company, Macon, Ga.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS will soon be held in every state. 40,712 appointments last year. Full information about all Gov't positions and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission free.
Columbian Corresp. College, Washington, D. C.

It's Easy to MAKE

MONEY In The SOUTHWEST

A country growing as rapidly as the Southwest is sure to abound in money making opportunities. Factories are running full capacity and can't fill their orders. More factories are needed. Retail stores are growing into wholesale houses almost from necessity. The practically unlimited supply of coal, gas and oil insures low manufacturing cost—the demand for manufactured products insures good prices—the net result is very satisfactory. Between the abundance of money being made by the farmers and the great demands for money because of business activity the banks are reaping a harvest. Investors find ample chance for safe investments with large returns. The recent removal of restrictions from Indian Land presents an exceptional opportunity for making money just now.

In all these fields of activity there is sure to be a place for you to make money. The Southwest wants you and will reward you. Let me help you find the opportunity. Write me today, stating the line of activity and the particular section in which you are most interested, and I will send you free, truthful and informative literature which will show you what others have already accomplished and what you may do in that prosperous section.

WRITE TO DAY

Rock Island

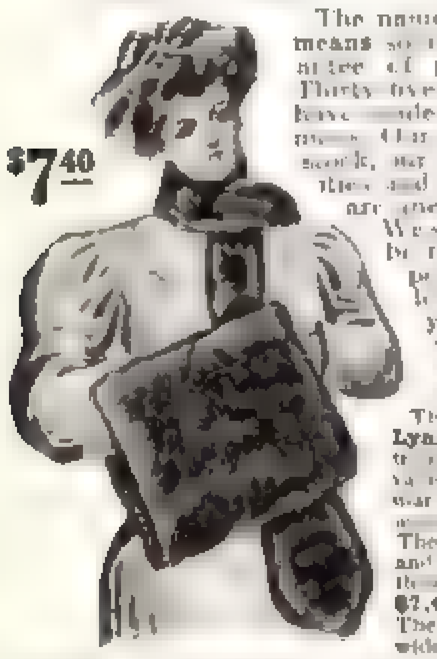
JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traff. Mgr.
1700 LaSalle Station
Chicago
1700 Frisco Building
St. Louis

FRISCO

Buy Furs of "Shayne"

"America's Fur Authorities"

Highest Quality Latest Styles
Maker's Prices Express Prepaid



The name "Shayne" on furs means something. It is a guarantee of perfect satisfaction. Thirty-five years of [illegible] have made "Shayne Furs" [illegible]. Our reputation, our large stock, our manufacturing facilities and our exclusive styles are [illegible].

We select [illegible] the best and latest styles, [illegible] at lowest prices. We save you money because we buy direct from trappers and make the furs ourselves.

The [illegible] Province Lynx Throw and Muff [illegible] The workmanship [illegible] and fine satin linings are used throughout. [illegible] $7.40 for the complete set. The Throw [illegible] wide at neck and 5½ in. wide at bottom. It can be worn in several different ways. A regular [illegible] Special Price, ... $3.85

The Muff is pillow shape, 14 in. wide at top and bottom and 13 in. deep. It is very rich appearing. Others ask up to $6.00—our Special Price, ... $3.85

The Muff and Throw especially priced for the set. This is a remarkable bargain that you cannot afford to miss. Order today. $7.40

Sent C. O. D. subject to examination or express prepaid if cash accompanies order. Money back if not satisfactory. We take all risk of pleasing you.

Our 1908-1909 Style Book shows all latest fur styles with prices. It contains valuable information on care and selection of furs. It's interesting and practical. Write for it today and mention edition F-10.

JOHN T. SHAYNE & COMPANY
167-169 State Street (Palmer House Corner), Chicago, Illinois

The ROCKAWAY
Coaster Safety Wagon

Boys and Girls, Get a Rockaway

Runs on roller bearings. Can safely coast without snow anywhere [illegible]. No [illegible]. New steering principle. Safety brake regulates speed. Sent direct $3 express prepaid east of Rocky Mountains. Order from this ad; money back if not satisfied. Wholesalers, dealers, order big for Christmas. [illegible] THE ROCKAWAY COASTER CO., 66 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

REDUCED RATES on Household Goods to or from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. Bekins Modern Warehouses in Los Angeles, San Francisco [illegible]. Information FREE

BEKINS Household Shipping Co.
540 First National Bank Building, Chicago

The Autobiography of an Obscure Author

(Continued from Page 17)

another sketch about a party of country people I had seen in Lincoln Park, who earnestly debated whether the huge Victoria lilies were a genuine growth or only painted tin—until one of them tossed a large stone into the middle of a lily, and the ensuing wreck sent them scurrying away in fear of the policeman.

Next day I went over to the Daily News office, on Fifth Avenue. Three long and dingy flights of stairs led to a dim, bare loft. A broad, sloping shelf of unpainted pine boards, built along the north wall, for the reporters to write at, and a dozen chairs were almost the only furniture. At the eastern end, in one corner, stood a small, but stout, plank palisade. Whether this was designed for purposes of fortification or imprisonment I never knew; but the city editor occupied a much battered and belittered desk within it. In the opposite corner was a small office, inclosed by a pine partition. Three messenger boys on a bench by the door stopped fighting long enough to point to this office when I inquired for the managing editor.

In the room I found a big, sandy man, in his shirt-sleeves, tilted back in a swivel-chair, his feet hoisted to the burdened table, a proof-sheet in one hand, a pencil in the other. When he had finished reading the proof, and I had told him who I was, and refreshed his memory by showing him the non-committal note, he asked me to sit down. After some search on the table he took up several sheets of manuscript, which I apologetically recognized as my little sketches.

"You've never worked in a newspaper office," he said, glancing at the manuscript. Afterward, when I used to catch myself mechanically disfiguring personal letters with certain cabalistic signs for the printer, I knew why he could tell that so easily. Hoping to gain a little favor, I mentioned that I had been a student of the magazine for unsuccessful writers.

"Well, I wouldn't do that," he replied indulgently. "If I wanted to get a job as a bartender I wouldn't spend my time reading what was said by other people who wanted to be bartenders and couldn't."

It seemed a low way of putting it, yet I recognized that the observation was not lacking in sagacity.

"I can use such stuff as this," he added, looking over the manuscript. "What sort of job have you got now?" I described it briefly, and he soon had an outline of my limited experience.

"I haven't a place for another reporter now," he said, rather impersonally, "and I don't know as you have soaked up enough of the town yet to be worth much as a reporter. But I want an editorial writer."

My heart sank.

"Do you know anything about local politics?" he asked. I shuffled and fumbled with the answer, but its substance must have been a negative.

"Ever interest yourself particularly in national politics? Ever studied the tariff question?" he pursued.

"No," I said faintly.

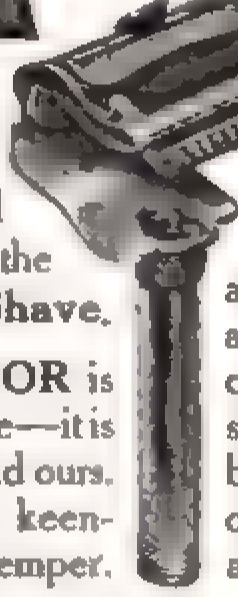
"How about capital and labor and the currency?"

I shook my dejected head.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "I wouldn't wonder if you'd do all right. At any rate, you've got a fair start. A good editorial writer," he continued calmly, "is about the hardest thing in the world to find. It's almost impossible to keep 'em from going solemn. You see, they get to making deep studies of the great questions of the day and filling themselves up with important opinions. Then all you can do is to send 'em out to report fires for a while, in hopes they'll forget it. The morning papers can stand a good deal of ponderous editorial because they circulate mostly in the country, where people will do anything to pass the time. But our circulation is mostly in the city. City people will not read solemn opinions. They can put in their time looking at the street signs. Suppose you write me two or three editorials. Take your time to it. Write two or three and send 'em in. Then come around to see me."

I wrote the editorials, which, whatever their defects otherwise, could not be open to the objection of conveying grave opinion. When I again presented myself in the dingy

The Blade



The Bar

is the vital part of any razor, for it is the Blade that does the shaving, and no matter what the price, the Best blade gives the Best Shave.

The name GEM JUNIOR is on the best razor blade made—it is there for your protection and ours. Highest quality of steel, keenness of edge, fineness of temper.

is the one invention that has made the Safety Razor perfect, setting the GEM JUNIOR further than ever ahead of all competitors. It adapts the edge of blade to the curves of the face, drawing the skin smooth just in advance of blade which is held flat at angle of the ordinary razor, assuring a clean, close shave always.

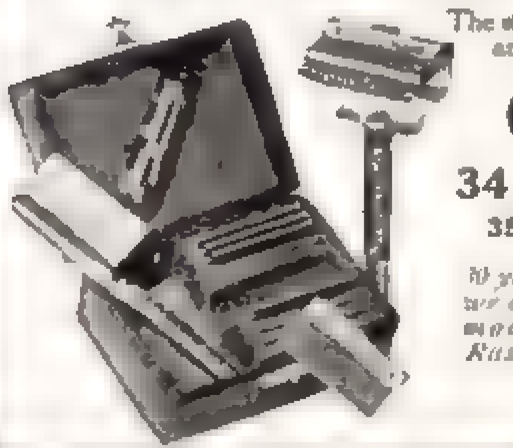
The GEM JUNIOR BLADE with the BAR-FRAME has made the

Gem Junior Safety Razor $1.00

the most universally popular shaving device in use to-day. This Razor means shaving comfort, and will last a life-time—you can shave anywhere, any time in a short time, saving money and delay—and are independent of the barber.

The $1.00 set complete (as illustrated below) includes silver, nickel-plated frame, three section shaving and stropping handle, and 7 selected A1 Crucible Steel Blades in plush-lined case (not a paper box imitation).

Special Holiday sets $1.50, $2.50, $3.50.



The storiette "The Gentle Art of Self-Shaving" and full course in shaving instructions Free.

Gem Cutlery Co.
34 Reade Street New York
358 Dearborn Street, Chicago

30 years in business—we are the original modern Safety Razor Makers.

Never a dull blade.
7 exchanged for 25c.

SEVEN
BLADES

Separate Set
7 Blades
50c

Everything Known in Music

From the World's Largest Music House

Established 1864

Don't you want *our* proposition? Simply fill out the coupon. Then you will *know*.

Pianos 20 leading makes, covering all reliable grades, each sold at a low net price under the strongest guarantee ever written. Four plans of easy payments. **Special Bargains Now:** 15 Steinway Uprights (slightly used), 10 Weber Uprights (slightly used), 6 fine 1909 Model Lyon & Healy Uprights. All at very low prices. Write for list.

Violins Largest and finest stock of fine new violins and rare old violins in existence. Lyon & Healy's Cremonatone Violin at $100 and their Leader Violin at $15 are the standard of America today. Also several world famous fiddles now listed.

Harps Everywhere the Lyon & Healy Harp is recognized as absolutely without a peer. Sells as readily in Italy, Russia, Germany, France and England as in America. Practically all artists use it. New Mission style $500. Beautiful brochure free.

Musical Instruments Washburn Mandolins, Guitars, Etc., Talking Machines, Church and Parlor Organs, and 13,000 other musical things are described in Our Musical Handbook. Why not get a copy? We mail it free.

Band Instruments Celebrated Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Cornet is the best and most popular make in America. Used in nearly all the famous bands. Send for big band catalog containing full list of band supplies of all kinds.

Write If you do not wish to pay all cash monthly installments may be arranged. Leading music dealers sell our goods. We will tell you where they may be seen.

Lyon & Healy
38 Adams St., Chicago

Lyon & Healy, 38 Adams St., Chicago
You may send me catalog, illustrations, etc., and lowest net prices. I am interested in a

Name

Address

THE unerring care exercised in the selection of materials coupled with high-class custom tailoring and exceptionally clever styling stamp

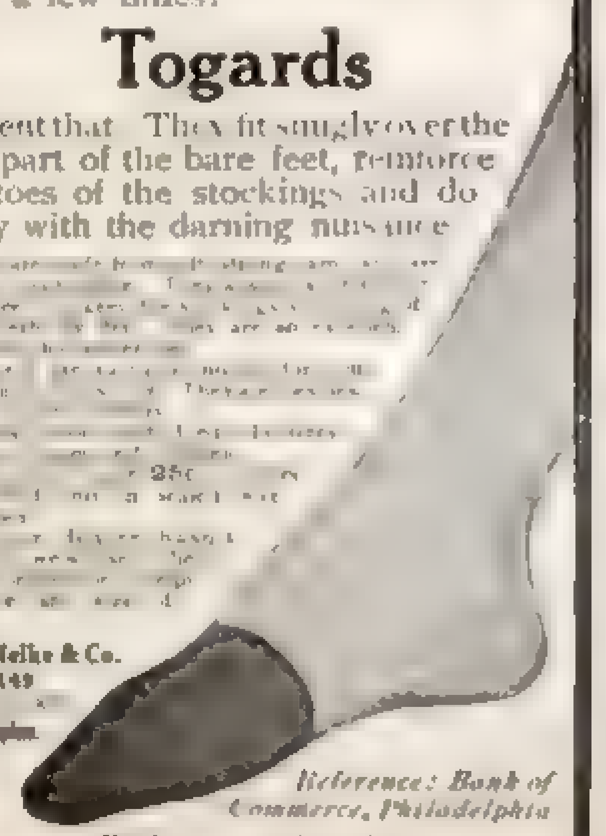
Michaels-Stern CLOTHES

as the best ready-for-service garments for you to wear this Autumn.

¶ *The season's newest models [illegible] obtain them, and also for [illegible] style pamphlets for Autumn.*

DEPT 6.

Michaels, Stern & Co.
Makers of High-Grade Clothing
ROCHESTER



Stop your toes from kicking through

Aren't you tired of finding holes in your stockings after wearing them only a few times?

Togards

prevent that. They fit snugly over the fore part of the bare feet, reinforce the toes of the stockings and do away with the darning nuisance.

[illegible]

10c [illegible] 25c [illegible] $1 [illegible]

[illegible]

H. L. Nelke & Co.
3149 [illegible]
Philadelphia

Reference: Bank of Commerce, Philadelphia

Dealers, write for prices.

loft the managing editor greeted me cordially. "If you really want to get into the newspaper business," he said, "I will give you a show. It's about like matrimony. Those who are in want to get out, and those who are out want to get in."

I mentioned that I had supposed one must begin in the humblest reportorial capacity and accumulate much experience before he could be an editorial writer.

"That's part of the fake," he replied. "Monopoly of a good fake is the most valuable possession known to man. Take, for instance, gutting a chicken. It's really the simplest thing in the world. Yet in antiquity many astute gentlemen got fat salaries for doing it because they pretended it was an awful mystery which revealed the future. There's —— [The gentleman he mentioned was the managing editor of an esteemed contemporary.] If you'd gone to him you would have found him wrapped in a black mantle, wearing blue goggles and a conical hat. He would have told you that you couldn't possibly be a newspaper man until you had had years of experience on a newspaper, and turned out the dim, green lights before you could have asked him how you could possibly get the experience, except by being a newspaper man. See the paper he gets out. He pretends that it's a revelation of the future. But you couldn't fool the garbage man on it. He knows what it is."

This the managing editor declared with great gusto. "Anybody with eyes," he continued, "can see that making a newspaper is a perfectly simple thing. The soothsayers pretend it's an awful mystery. They want old, experienced men, who will do things just the way Horace Greeley did 'em. That's why most newspapers are so stupid. If you take young men who don't know anything about the business, some of 'em may have an idea, so you stand a show of getting out a bright paper."

Such voluble candor encouraged me. The managing editor asked me again what salary I was getting, and said I might begin Monday morning, at twenty dollars a week.

I must be at the newspaper office by eight o'clock in the morning, which was the reason we gave for moving from Ravenswood. But probably nobody was fooled. As a matter of fact, while Cousin Janet and her husband were the salt of the earth, and I hope we were not disagreeable people, that dual household arrangement had become a bore to everybody involved. We desired a place of our own, and Cousin Janet, with the highest good will and affection, desired us to have one. After a good deal of looking we found a pleasant little furnished suite on the top floor of a three-story brick building, just west of Lincoln Park. The rent, $35 a month, was a bit staggering; but it looked so cozy we took it.

Moving, fortunately, was a simple operation. Almost the bulkiest of our possessions was a large hamper full of canned fruit, which my hospitable mother had given us. Having once lugged that hamper from the station to the street car and from the street car home, I was intimately acquainted with it. The best of women have inexplicable superstitions. Canned fruit seems to be an article which the housewifely heart mysteriously invests with a sacred character. The piano is merely freight. Jewelry may be expressed. Even the baby, in a crisis, may be sent by a messenger. But canned fruit must be conveyed by hand. In vain I pleaded to put it in the wagon, with mere profane luggage. My wife rescued it, and held me to my duty.

The day we moved was a warm Sunday, and when I had toiled with the hamper across the long, hot stretch to the tracks there was no room on the cars. We must go back three-quarters of a mile to the railroad station. My two legs gradually bent until they described a perfect circle. My right arm was drawn out until it trailed on the ground. Thus deformed, running with perspiration and dragging the hamper behind me, I finally reached the station—to the frank amusement of waiting passengers, in which my wife joined.

Our top flat had four rooms, very comfortably furnished. We wandered at large that evening from the kitchen to the dining-room, thence to the bedroom and the adjoining cubby, which was to be my den, and sat down and beamed with content. At last we had our very own place. We agreed that it was too good to be true.

Editor's Note — This story will be complete in six parts, of which this is the fourth.

THE BELL SYSTEM
LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
Uniting 4,000,000 Telephones

American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
The Associated Bell Companies
ONE POLICY UNIVERSAL SERVICE - ONE SYSTEM

Fair Rates

IN controversies as to rates, the policy of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its Associate Bell Companies has been to make a complete and absolute showing of the condition, cost and value of plant, cost and value of service, cost and necessity of proper maintenance, and the broad position is taken that neither this company nor its associated Bell companies have anything to conceal or anything to apologise for.

The capitalization of all the companies is conservative, far within justifiable limits, and in the relation between the replacement value of the properties and the capitalization of the companies, unique.

Fair rates, therefore, should be authorized or acquiesced in, for it is only by fair rates that good service to the public and permanent, healthy conditions can be created or maintained. With a full knowledge of all surrounding circumstances and conditions, it is believed that this will be fully acquiesced in by the public.

Fair rates should and do insure high-class plant and equipment maintained at a high state of efficiency, and provide fair wages to employes—the highest paid for similar class of employment. Both of these are necessary to good service.

Fair rates should give fair return on the investment, and promise fair return on new money needed. This is necessary to maintain the interest of the existing shareholders in the proper administration of the business, as well as to provide for the continually increasing public demand.

Any revenue produced over and above such requirements and the proper reserve to provide for contingencies can be used *for the benefit of the public*, allowing the company to retain a part sufficient to stimulate the most efficient and economical management.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to get effective and economical management, such as would produce the best results for both the public and the shareholders, without recognizing this principle.

It does not seem possible that there can be any question of the justice of this position. That being granted, the facts to be settled are:—

Is the management honest and competent?

What is the investment?

Is the property represented by that investment maintained at a high standard?

What percentage of return does it show?

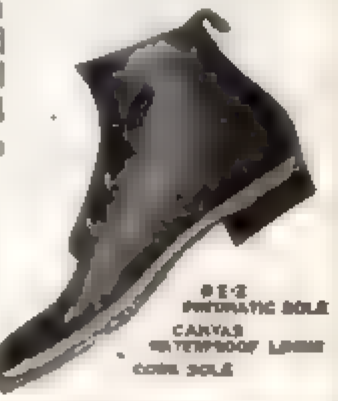
Is that a fair return?

Is it obtained by a reasonable distribution of gross charges?

If these questions are answered satisfactorily—and they are in the published reports of the offices of this company—there can be no basis for conflict between the company and the public, and the less the working conditions are made inflexible by legislative proscription, the better will be the solution of the constantly changing problems incident to maintaining the universal telephone service wisely demanded by the public.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

Charles K. Sharood



More than a Custom Shoe—

You can get style and fit and wear in almost any $5.00 shoe.

But can you get fullest measure of comfort?

A custom shoe designed by Charles K. Sharood, a practical shoemaker, with a special view to foot-comfort is the

Sharood R-E-Z Pneumatic Soles $5.00 Shoe

The soles are formed by a skillful combination of antiseptic felt, elastic leather, and waterproof canvas laid over cork. They give buoyant life to the tread and keep you feeling always fresh. You will not need overshoes or rubbers if you wear the Sharood R E-Z $5.00 Shoe. Your feet are proof against cold and dampness in them. *R E-Z Pneumatic Soles* are soft and flexible from first to last so that the Sharood R E-Z $5.00 Shoe requires no breaking-in. Try a pair and see.

Most live dealers have them. If yours hasn't them in stock, send us his name and we will [illegible] a copy of our R E-Z Style Book and a pair of Sharood's R E-Z Shoe Laces FREE.

SHAROOD SHOE CORPORATION
356 Broadway, ST. PAUL, MINN.

MADE ON ➤TREDSTRATE➤ LASTS

Clark's Cruises of the "Arabic" 16,000 tons
Feb. 4, Orient; Oct. 16, '09, Feb. 5, '10, Cruises Round the World. Fall Tours, '08, Round the World
F. C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 851 Tremont Bldg., Boston, 101 Columbia Bldg., San Francisco, 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

THE BOSS
THE SUNSET TRAIL
THE PRESIDENT

Men and Women

A Celebrity is born every day. Who is he? What is his story? How does he live, work, play? What about his family, his friends, his fancies? Read HUMAN LIFE, its exclusive field is interesting articles about people. HUMAN LIFE marshals the world's celebrities of the day together and gives them to you in picture and story as under a field glass.

HUMAN LIFE is absolutely original. There is no other magazine dealing with people exclusively. It is filled from cover to cover with stories and pictures of people and will keep the entire family posted as to the actions and doings of all the prominent people of the entire world.

It has the greatest writer in this country of vigorous, virile, pungent, forceful, piquant English, as its editor-in-chief, Alfred Henry Lewis, the caustic contributor to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Cosmopolitan, Success and many other representative periodicals; the author of "The President," "The Boss," "Wolfville," "Andrew Jackson" and other books of story and adventure, every one scintillating with strenuous life. Mr. Lewis's fingers are upon the public pulse, he knows what the public wants and he gives them running-over measure; his knowledge of men and things is as wide as the wide, wide world. HUMAN LIFE is up-to-date in its fresh original matter from the best authors and best artists and filled to overflowing with human interest.

You will find the great and the almost great, the famous and sometimes the infamous, dissected in HUMAN LIFE with a knowledge of their little humanities that is engrossing.

HUMAN LIFE has a peculiar style and method of its own, which gets the reader into intimate relation with the subject written about. It may be said here, on these pages you almost meet the people. You get them at close range, off the stage, as it were, you see all their little mannerisms and peculiarities and you hear their best good anecdotes, you laugh with them, you find out about their wives and hobbies and children and [illegible] better halves.

Among the well known writers of the day who contribute to HUMAN LIFE are Charles Edward Russell, Vance Thompson, Upton Sinclair, David Graham Phillips, Elbert Hubbard, Brand Whitlock, David [illegible], Clara Morris, Ada Patterson, Laura Jean Libbey, Nanon Toby and many others.

HUMAN LIFE is unique in that its principal aim is to tell truthful, fascinating, live, up-to-date human tales about real human people — rich people — poor people — good people — bad people — people who have accomplished things — [illegible] who are trying to accomplish things — [illegible] you want to know about people that everyone is wanting to know about.

A Splendid Chance to Secure One or More of Mr. Lewis's Books and

Human Life

The Magazine About People

Edited by ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

A Full Year For Only $1.00

¶ Send us $1.00 and we will send you *Human Life* for a full year and any one of these six books, charges prepaid.

¶ If you desire more than one of the books, send $1.00 for each year's subscription and books will be sent.

¶ If you desire the six books sent at one time, send us $5.00, we will enter you up for a five years' subscription to *Human Life* and send the six books, charges prepaid.

¶ *Human Life* for a full year and one of these books for $1.00 is unusually good value.

This Offer is not Good in Canada or Foreign Countries

HUMAN LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
83-87 Southgate Building Boston, Massachusetts

President Roosevelt

calls the winning of the West the most glorious epoch in American history. It was filled with men who took life on the gallop, who did some big deeds, and some bad ones; who lived hard, shot straight, and died game. Of romance, heroics and adventure there were plenty. It is about these things that Mr. Lewis writes in Wolfville, Wolfville Days, Wolfville Nights, and The Sunset Trail. No one knew that rugged country in those pioneer days better than he. He is the historian of the West in fiction. Of the other two books, The Boss is a crisp and strong novel in which Tammany Hall politics figure, while the vigorous plot of The President is laid in the social and official life at Washington.

These books are not paper-covered ones. They were originally published and sold at $1.50 each. They have sold edition after edition, hundreds of thousands of copies. They are splendidly cloth bound, with artistic covers, and superb illustrations by such men as Frederic Remington, George Gibbs, W. Glackens, J. N. Marchand, E. M. Connell, and Jay Hambridge. The paper is heavy and the print large and clear. Each book contains from 400 to 500 pages.

HUMAN LIFE is a great big magazine, printed on fine paper with colored covers, and fully illustrated.

HUMAN LIFE is brief, alive, up-to-date, crispingly and entertainingly edited.

HUMAN LIFE marshals the world's celebrities of the day together, and it gives them to you in picture and story as under a field glass.

The magazine is well worth a dollar a year. We will, however, send you HUMAN LIFE for a full year and any one of Mr. Lewis's books on receipt of one dollar.

If you desire to see a sample copy of HUMAN LIFE send us your name and address on a post card.

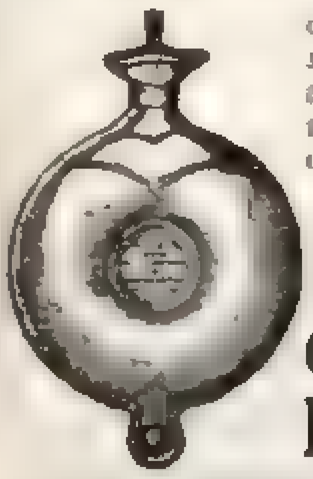
WOLFVILLE
LEWIS
WOLFVILLE DAYS
LEWIS
WOLFVILLE NIGHTS
LEWIS

SOCIETY BRAND Clothes are different—yet dignified; swagger, but not gaudy. Gentlemen's clothes in every sense of the word. For Young Men and Men who stay Young.

Made in Chicago by Alfred Decker & Cohn. Sold through the better clothiers.

Society Brand

What's a Few Cents



compared with *common sense* in buying and using a hot water bottle? For a few cents you can get one not fit to *lend your enemy.* With *common sense* you can get

Bailey's Good Samaritan Hot Water Bottle

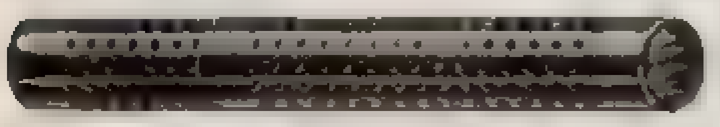
that fits every part of the body, *soothes* instead of *irritates*, soft as a pillow to lie on, best quality of red rubber, *cloth lined*, and warranted for a year.

By buttoning the two ends together see what a **perfect heater** it makes for the feet, what a perfect form for **throat troubles** or to stand next to the body. It is the most comforting and practical **Hot Water Bottle** ever made.

10 in., 2 qts., $1.75. 11 in., 3 qts., $2.00.

Sent Prepaid on Receipt of Price. Rubber Cats. FREE.

C. J. Bailey & Co., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



What Is It? THE VEST POCKET EDITION OF HUMIDORS

For smokers only. The only practical moistener. For cigars and tobacco. Just the size of a cigar. Holds itself in the box. [illegible] not touch the cigars. A humidor costs you [illegible] and up — this is better! Costs you **50 cents**, postpaid. Get the idea? A dandy side line for salesmen. A [illegible] proposition to the dealer. Write to

Little Peerless Moistener Co., South Bend, Indiana

THE BUTLER'S STORY

(Continued from Page 21)

Amos and Miss Patricia, I mean Mrs. Amos, with my master and old Mr. Gerard, and Eliza is sewing and humming to herself, which is a habit I shall break her of if I am able, and saying, "I thought you had lost that old book. Don't write in it, Peter. Why don't you talk to *me*?" But I am going to write in it for the last time and leave it for my post-humerous works.

Yet wot I have to put down is not by any means all happiness for Mr. Carter *did* lose all his money just as Mr. Ketchem said he would and went bankrupt and had to sacrifice all his property for his creditors. Two days after he testified before the Grand Jury a sheriff came and levied on the house and furniture and a receiver in bankruptcy took possession of it and gave us a week to get out. You would have thought that Mrs. Carter would go off her head for the first few days and Miss Harriet was that upset that she would not speak at all. She acted as if she had a personal grievance against her father and all the world besides. One by one the servants was called up and paid off until there was only about six left, including Eliza, Aunty Robertson and me, and although you will be surprised to hear it we got along quite beautiful without them while we remained. Then Mr. Carter hired a small flat on the West Side and asked Eliza and me if we would be so kind as to get it ready for the family as our month was not up and he had not had a chance to engage other servants which we did.

"I wonder wot Mrs. Carter will say when she sees *this!*" I says to Eliza one day while we were getting unpacked.

"I wonder wot Miss Harriet will say!" says she.

Well, wot do you suppose Mrs. Carter *did* say? That is the funniest thing of all. She had climbed up the four flight of stairs without the elevator and came puffing in the door and the first thing she says was,

"How perfectly *dear!*" she says. "It is just like our flat in Piqua!" she says, and she threw herself down in a rocking chair by the window and looked out over the Hudson and says very softly,

"I haven't felt so happy as I do now since I lived there."

So Eliza and I slipped back into the little kitchen and as we sat there together we could hear Mrs. Carter arranging furniture and a-singing to herself as happy as could be and I says to Eliza,

"Wot are you going to do, Eliza?" And she says:

"I don't know, Peter, but I was thinking of getting a place as hat checker in one of the big hotels at the dining-room door."

And I said, why? and she said,

"Evelyn Raymond had a friend who was tall and fair and had such a job and she married a millionaire whose hat she used to check. They like them tall and fair. I am tall and fair," she says.

"Do you want to marry a millionaire?" I says.

"Well, I don't want particular to marry a millionaire," she says, "But I don't want to die an old maid," she says, and she looked across the sink at me sort of weepy, and I says although I had not thought seriously of it before,

"Neither do I, dear, and *I* like them tall and fair."

And then all I remember is that she said "O, Peter!" and I took her in my arms and held her there so long that when we tiptoed to the parlor door Mrs. Carter had gone long ago. . . .

Eliza has just said "O, Peter!" again for I laughed to myself just now when I wrote this and she looked over my shoulder and read wot I had written and tried to snatch the book away but I did not let her.

Well, if I had not proposed to Eliza that afternoon I should never have found Lord Craven, for I took her out to dine and then to a play which she said she had heard was a good one, and for the first time I bought seats in the orchestra. The play was all about the India mutiny and an officer who is left behind when his regiment goes to the front, and was very pitiful, so that Eliza cried and I cried a little also, and then the orchestra began to play "God Save the King" and although nobody near me did so, I got on to my feet and stood up all alone. Well, a lot of the audience stared hard at me and some of them began to

The Graceful, Easy Stride

THE great triumph of John J. Hayes, the Irish-American lad who won the Olympic Marathon race, exemplified at Central Park, New York. Young men, here is another convincing chapter proving the advantage of **O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels** in securing the easy, graceful stride in running or walking.

JOHN J. HAYES (Winner of the Marathon Race)

After giving an exhibition of Marathon running at Central Park, September 11, showing how heels of live rubber accelerate the graceful, easy stride, before a party of advertising men from Boston.

Mr. Hayes showed his skill in preparing his running shoes as well as in winning the great race. He had a light pair of O'Sullivan's live rubber heels attached to his running shoes. His success proved the correctness of his judgment and verifies what O'Leary, the veteran pedestrian, always maintains, that it's the "head" that wins all such tests of endurance.

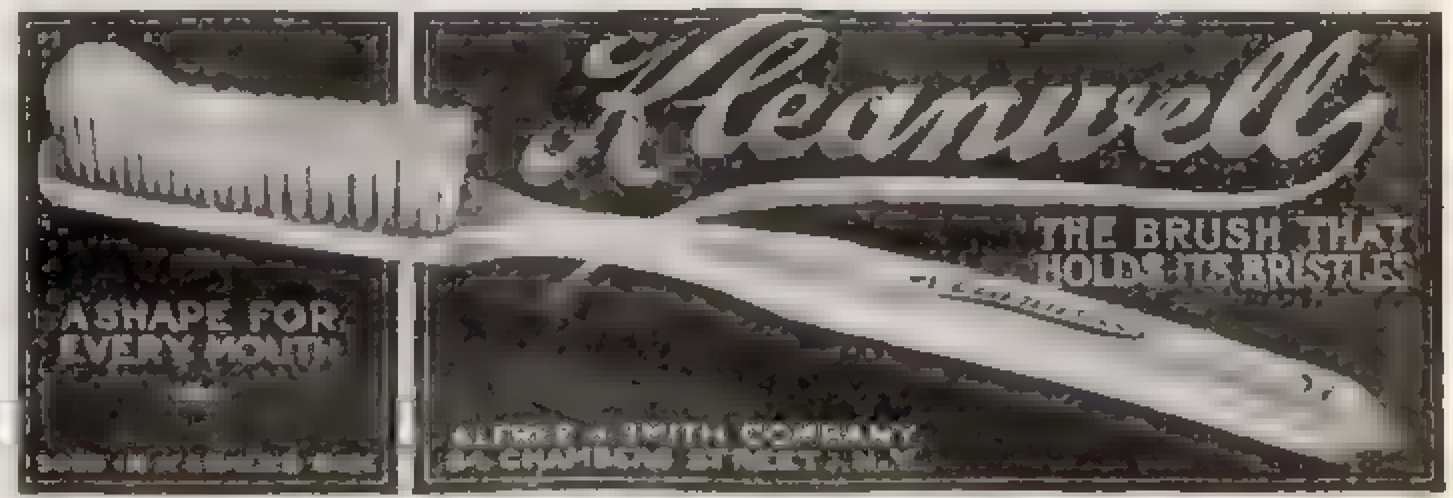
Moral

If you want to walk easily and gracefully, do it like John J. Hayes.

If you want to walk brisker and farther with the same effort, do it like Dan O'Leary, head thrown back, chest out, with a cane for company. Dan knows that true walking comfort and grace of carriage spring from O'Sullivan's live rubber heels. He eliminates the jar on his spinal column, his brain, by padding the point of greatest contact with live rubber. Why not get the live, healthy habit-walk?

When you order rubber heels and pay 50 cents, see that you get O'Sullivan's. They are the only heels made of live rubber. Substitutes leave the shoemaker a bit more profit.

The name "O'Sullivan" on rubber is like "Sterling" on silver.


Kleanwell
THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES
A SHAPE FOR EVERY MOUTH
ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
34 CHAMBERS STREET, N.Y.

Only 10 Cents for Sample—The Musician Containing 24 pages [illegible] **FREE** 17 Themes with [illegible] Notes of Favorite [illegible] Songs [illegible] Piano Pieces. In booklet form. **OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, 150 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.**

PLAYS Catalog of Professional and Amateur Plays, Sketches, Monologs, Minstrel Jokes, Recitations, Make-Up Goods, Etc., sent **Free.** **DICK & FITZGERALD, 24 Ann Street, New York**

snicker and I got red as a lobster when all of a sudden I saw there was some one else standing up on the other side of the theatre just like me and my heart went out to this other Englishman though he was a stranger. He was slim and tall and his face was brown and clean cut and he had a moustache and when he turned I saw it was Lord Craven and he knew me at the same instant. Well it took less time than it does for me to write it to get to him and we went out into the lobby and he told me how his cousin the Earl of Danforth had died very unexpected without heirs and how he now was the Earl himself and had plenty of money and was on his way back to England from Manitoba, and you must come with me, he says, and bring Eliza with you, for I had told him about her and how we had agreed to become man and wife that very afternoon. So that all things worked together for good, and if I had not told Miss Patricia to go into the library that time, she would not have made her father tell the truth, and he would not have lost his money, and Mrs. Carter would not have hired the flat, and I should not have married Eliza or taken her to the theatre and found Lord Craven, God bless him. So he wanted to know about everything and I told him all and how Miss Patricia was the noblest lady in the world and wot a fine fellow Mr. Amos was.

"Gerard the poet and dramatist?" he says. "I know him well."

"But," I says. "He does not really write anything to speak of, does he?"

"He wrote this play," says he. "And he will make ten thousand pounds out of it if he makes a cent!"

"My eye!" I says, "Now who would ever imagine Mr. Amos making anything!" I says.

So Lord Craven said that of course I must go back into his service and return with him to England and bring Eliza who he said was a fine looking girl and he would give us a cottage on the place and I must call to see him next day, which I did.

And who should be there but Mr. Amos and Miss Patricia and they were the happiest looking pair of people that ever you did see, and the three of them were all having tea in the corridor. So they bade me approach and Mr. Amos got up and laid his hand on my arm and says:

"Ridges, I want to speak to you privately," and he was that solemn I began to be afraid I had done something to offend him so I says:

"Very good, sir," and he led me into the café and sat me down at a table and ordered a pint of champagne and says very softly,

"Ridges, I want to ask your permission to marry Miss Patricia."

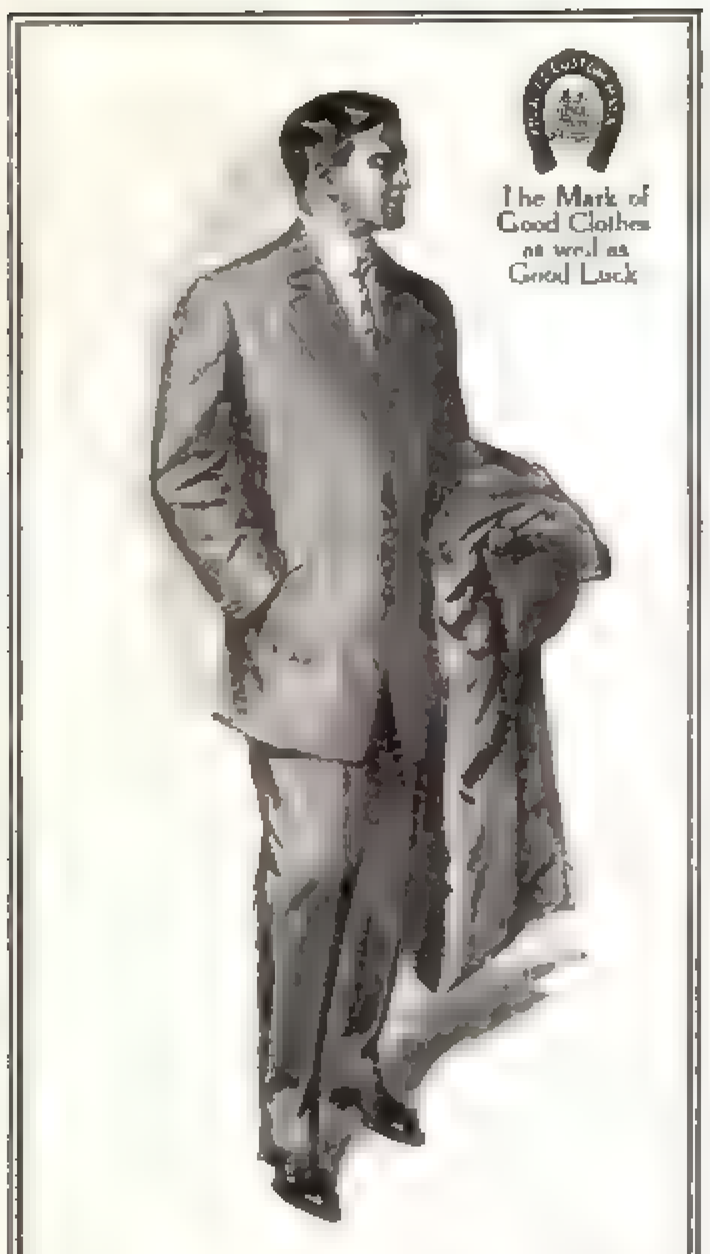
And I was that surprised and overjoyed that I nearly lost my voice, but I seized my glass and I raised it and said.

"Mr. Amos," I says, "God bless you both! God bless you!"

And I drank it orf. Then Mr. Amos held out his hand and I took it hard and he says:

"Thank you, Ridges, I promise you she will be the happiest woman in the world if I can make her."

So we went back and I smiled at Miss Patricia so that she might know that I knew, and then Lord Craven said he was going to get married himself in a week or two and he wanted Mr. Amos for best man because they had been at Oxford together and how the best thing would be for us all to go back to England on the same ship in each other's company. So I bade them adoo and went and told Eliza and she agreed that if we were going we might as well be married at once and have our honeymoon on the ocean, but there is no need to go into that part for her father who is the electrician in Astoria raised a horrid row and was very shirty about her marrying an Englishman and leaving the country but her brother is a very decent young fellow. So in the end we were married and Lord Craven and Mr. Amos and Miss Patricia was at the wedding and kissed the bride, and I did not care in the least; and a few days later Miss Patricia became Mrs. Gerard and everybody except Miss Harriet was as jolly as if they had never lost their money, and Mr. Carter quite hilarious not to say elevated, and then I learned the reason that they had not got married before was because Mr. Amos had no money and Miss Patricia *had* and he was too proud, but now he had made a lot of money with his plays and poetry and she had none, but they had loved each other all along, and all the swellest people came to the wedding just as if nothing had happened


The Mark of Good Clothes as well as Good Luck

The "Ultra" Sack Suit
an extremely stylish garment, with all suggestion of over exaggeration absent.

Send us your name and address and we will see that your wants are filled.

Handsome Memorandum book sent *free of charge.*

David Marks & Sons
Makers of "Horse Shoe" Clothes, Broadway, New York

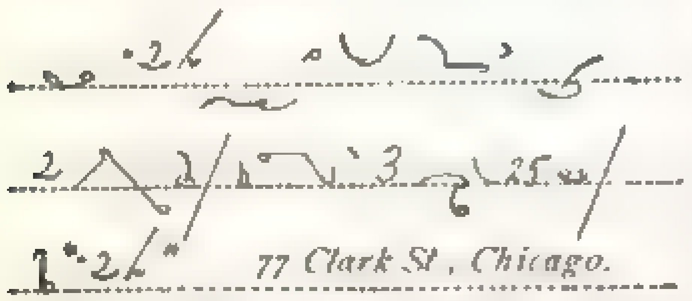
See How Handy?

A push with your thumb—and it's in. That's the whole story of the Handihook—the clever new hook. No hammering. No [illegible]. You can hang anything with a Handihook—anywhere—any time—in an instant. And it hangs a small picture just as well as it [illegible] a heavy coat and vice versa. [illegible] Will not disfigure wall or woodwork. [illegible]

[illegible] coats, waists, skirts, [illegible] etc.—hang it the Handihook way—the new way. Get some—you'll like [illegible] work. Four finishes. Brass, 25c doz. [illegible] metal, nickel and antique copper, 30c doz.

If your stationery or hardware dealer can't supply you, send **name** *and* **10c** *for sample [illegible]*

A. GOERTZ & CO., 282 Morris Ave., Newark, N. J.


77 Clark St., Chicago.

Expert Shorthand taught by Expert Reporters.

We have hundreds of Graduates who are experts. Our catalogue "A Book of Inspiration" sent free.

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Suite 410, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
Suite 104, 1416 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

We have two schools. Address the one nearer you.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 728 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**

STAMPS! Our Leader: 1000 stamps many varieties, incl. Malay, Newfoundland, Philippines, Comoro, Congo, etc., only 15c. Stamp Album, coupons, large new list, bargain lists all Free! Agents Wanted 50%. We Buy Stamps.
E. J. Schuster Co., Dept. 99, St. Louis, Mo.

"That's it—COOK'S Linoleum"

LOOKING for a trade-mark name on linoleum is a new idea; but your self-interest will at once suggest that it is a good idea. Formerly the purchaser took ANY linoleum—and had to wait on the wear-test to prove quality.

All that is changed. When your dealer shows COOK'S Linoleum, you *know* that he is offering you the choicest patterns made, backed by a name that stands for highest quality, longest wear and lasting satisfaction.

Cook's Linoleum
Cook's Linoleum
Cut out, sign and mail to-day

Write for **Cook's Linoleum Book M,** with patterns in colors. Use the corner coupon, or a postal.

Cook's Decora for your walls. The cleanable, waterproof wall-cloth which artistic home-makers are using instead of wall-paper. Won't crack or fade. Cleanable with a damp cloth. Wears everlastingly. Thoroughly sanitary. Wide choice of beautiful patterns; designs suitable to every scheme of decoration.

COOK'S LINOLEUM, Trenton, N. J.

FIRST COST ONLY COST

Carbo Magnetic

365 Perfect Shaves Each Year

How many wafer blades must be used for 365 Shaves?

A Carbo Magnetic Razor will shave indefinitely without honing or grinding. Consider the saving and convenience.

NO NEW BLADES—NO ANNUAL TAX
ONE RAZOR LASTS A LIFETIME

Write for booklet, "Hints on Shaving," stating your dealer's name and whether or not he handles the Carbo Magnetic Razor—We will then arrange so that you can test one for 30 days without obligation on your part to purchase

Hollow Ground as illustrated	Set of two in leather case	Double concave for heavy beards	Carbo-Magnetic Strop
$2.50	$5.50	$3.00	$1.00

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 443-444 Broadway, N. Y.

NO HONING — THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR — NO GRINDING

Pears'

Pears' Soap is the great alchemist. Women are made fair by its use.

Sold continuously since 1789.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Exceptional Business Opportunity

$5 to $15 Per Day has been made printing business and calling cards, postals, tickets, etc., on this wonderful new high speed **Automatic** Card Press.

Only $165 for this wonderful, high speed, little press. Be your own boss. **No experience required**

AUTOMATIC CARD PRINTING PRESS. A practical press, [illegible] uses standard type, prints 120 cards per minute in sizes from [illegible] to full postal size. Mr. George F. Durner of Schenectady, N. Y., earned $130.00 in [illegible] days. We sell everything necessary to start you in permanent, profitable business. Catalog free—write to-day

AUTOMATIC PRINTING PRESS CO., Chicago
Factory: 156 S. Jefferson St. Sales Office: 171 Dearborn St.

Timber Lands in Washington, Oregon and British Columbia. I employ only best examiners and estimators. Write for proposition.
RAY W. JONES, Am. Bank Building, Seattle, Wash.
17 Promis Blk., Victoria, B. C.

3 pairs, $1.00

Guaranteed Hose for Men and Women

No more holes—no more darning—no more foot discomfort—no more dissatisfaction. Even without a guarantee they more than equal any other hose at the same price.

Darnomore Hose

are made with best yarns. Best dyes. Unusually strong. Delightfully soft. DARNOMORE Hose, like silk hose, are shaped in the knitting, and not artificially shaped on a board.

If a hole appears in six months you get a new pair free.

Men's sizes in black, tans and grays, and with white feet. Light and medium weight. Women's sizes in medium weight [illegible]. Either style sold in six pair lots, at $2.00 the box.

As a test—a trial box of 3 pairs for $1.00, guaranteed for 3 months, is sure to convince you.

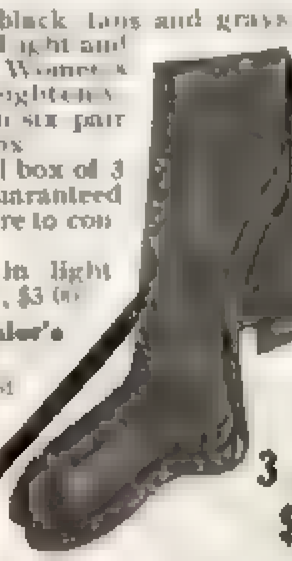
Lisle silk sox, in light weight, box of six, $3.00.

Order at your dealer's or by mail.

Representatives wanted

DARNOMORE COMPANY,
76 Worth St.,
New York.

3 pairs, $1.00



CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

CALOX is the only Oxygen Tooth Powder and it's the Oxygen that renders it so efficient as a cleanser of the teeth. The Oxygen in Calox penetrates into every crevice and cavity of the teeth, destroying all germs, preventing decay and whitening the teeth by its harmless bleaching properties.

"The OXYGEN Does It"

All Druggists 25 Cents

Dainty Trial Size Can and Booklet sent on receipt of Five Cents.

McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton St., New York

DOLLARS IN TOOTHPICKS

Agents make big money selling our new Aromatic Antiseptic Velvet Wood Toothpicks. Superior to all others—preserve the teeth—perfume the breath—recommended by dentists and surgeons—three flavors—sell easily at good profit. If your dealer doesn't have them, send his name and 20 cents for full box and agents' terms.

Aromatic Toothpick Co., 620 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES—[illegible] We [illegible] Manuscripts, [illegible] Story-Writing and Journalism [illegible] Writing for Profit [illegible] The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

although it was a church affair and no breakfast afterwards except for the family.

That is how we are here in Primrose Lodge which used to belong to the head gamekeeper in the old days, and Aunt Jane is coming from Wapping-on-Velley to spend her declining years with us, which is better than having Eliza's father and mother if I do say it. The trip over was by no means unalloyed bliss, as they say in books, but it was not Eliza's fault but of my stomach. I will never take another honeymoon on the water if I can avoid it for just when you want to be most loving you are apt to be seasick. But now all is as happy as can be.

Yesterday a letter came from New York from Evelyn Raymond telling us the latest news about the family and I will copy it in here:

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Broadway, May 6.

Dear Little Eliza: Your nice note came duly to hand and I hasten to reply. You will doubtless be surprised to see that I have taken rooms here but an up to date actress must be *à la mode*. In a word, my dear little innocent Eliza, I have gone on the stage. Not in the chorus, O no! But really and truly on the stage, for I have a sort of a fashion part in the Weber Company and wear clothes that would make that ridiculous Harriet Carter scream with envy.

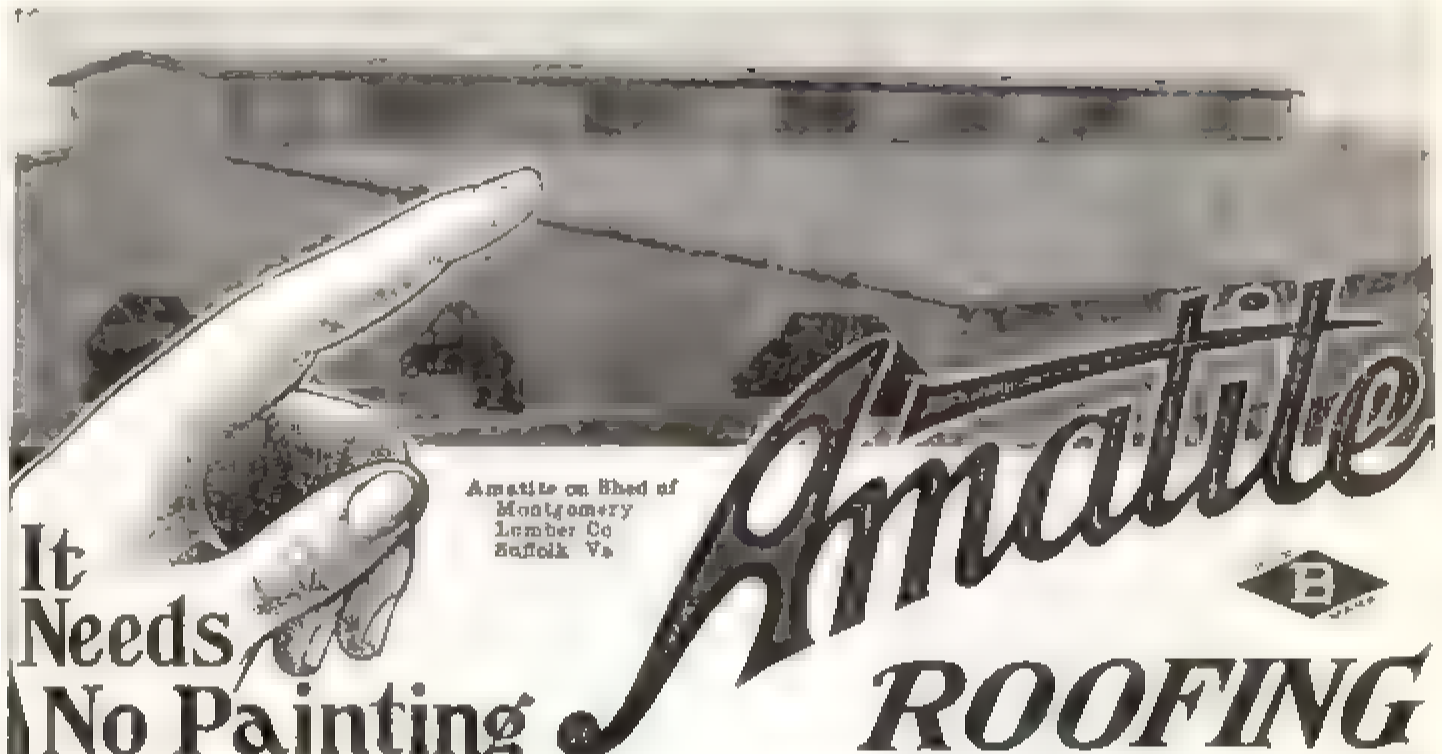
By the way, you will be interested to learn that the Carter family are really down and out and that Mr. Carter has gone to work again—in a bank. Some friends got him a job as third Vice-President of a trust company—it must be a *trust* company. Mrs. Carter is keeping house in the flat you and Peter fixed up for her and I saw her the other day buying some tin pans at a department store. She was real nice when I spoke to her and said she could get them three cents cheaper than at another place. She looked positively radiant with joy. I honestly don't think she ever was as happy before. The best joke of all is that she says that nasty cat of a Harriet is going to become a stenographer. And what do you think? Her wretched brother is in *our company*. On the level! Can you believe it! He does a sort of a Lord Dundreary part in the second act at eighteen per. It is done dreary, too! But I have no use for him, although he has tried to make up to me and has asked me to supper several times. Little Willie is still at Groton and is going to remain there, and Mrs. Carter says they are going to send him to college if they have to eat beans six times a week to do it. The old woman is the stuff after all and I like her. She asked me to drop in if I ever was up her way; and I really think she meant it. I suppose Miss Patricia is enjoying herself immensely. She is the style that I suppose takes with the Britishers but I never cared for her particularly, although I know that you and Peter think the ground she walks on is sacred. But you two are a pair of old innocents anyway. Give my love to Peter (or if you prefer it, Mister Ridges) and write me all about Lord Craven and Craven Hall and what goes on and what the English swells are really like. Do you know I am beginning to believe that you and I never saw the real thing at all. Good luck to you. With love from your old friend,
EVELYN.

P. S. My stage name is Doris Haselmere.

That is quite a sporty letter for a parlor maid, isn't it? But I fancy Providence meant her for an actress and I have no criticism to make if she keeps honest and is a good one. So here is wishing her luck.

Next week Lord Craven is to be married and while he is away on his Honeymoon Miss Patricia and Mr. Amos are to spend theirs here and I and Eliza will have the pleasure of waiting on them. After that they are going to visit Lord Craven for a month more, so by the time they leave I shall be better able to stand the break. Maybe I shall keep a note book and maybe not. There is not nearly so much to write about here, everything being more settled. But wotever America may be otherwise it is a good place to get a wife and wotever the people may be like in general my ten years in service there was a small price to pay for the sake of being with Miss Patricia who is the sweetest and loveliest woman in the world—except, of course, Eliza.

(THE END)



Amatite on Shed of Montgomery Lumber Co Suffolk Va

It Needs No Painting

Amatite ROOFING

MOST ready roofings require a certain amount of repairs and painting every season or two in order to keep them free from leaks.

This expense is now unnecessary. With an Amatite roof it is cut out entirely.

Paint offers only temporary protection at best. Every few years it must be renewed. When you buy a roofing that requires painting you are really buying two articles—roofing and paint—to do the work *that Amatite can do alone.*

Amatite has a real mineral surface. This top surface will withstand the severest kind of weather for many years and insures an amount of protection to your buildings that no other ready roofing can offer. Beneath this mineral surface are double layers of Felt and Coal Tar Pitch—the same waterproofing that is used by the United States Government at West Point, at some of the Navy Yards, at the New York Custom House, and many other such buildings. It is the *greatest waterproofing material known* and you are sure of getting it only when you buy Amatite.

With Amatite once on your buildings you do not have to bother with painting and coating. This is necessary with all smooth surfaced roofings, but with Amatite *that expense and trouble are entirely done away with.*

Although it has so many points of superiority, its cost is no more than the usual run of roofings; in fact, in many cases it is lower.

Is it any wonder that last year we were unable to supply the demand for Amatite?

Free Sample

Let us send you a Free Sample and Booklet which tells the story in detail and shows photographs of buildings in many sections of the country which depend on Amatite for their protection against storms and weather.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston Cleveland Pittsburg Cincinnati
Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans St. Louis London, Eng.

We Will Make To Your Measure Tailored Clothes (New York Style), at the Price You Pay for Ready-Mades

YOU would rather have tailor made clothes, of course—clothes made to your order and measure. Every clever man would. Made to order clothes make you look like a well dressed man, instead of a mere "dummy" to hang ready made garments on.

Made to order clothes generally cost more than "store clothes," but on account of the perfect system which we have devised, and the enormous size of our business, we are enabled to make clothes to your own measurement from $12.50 to $25. This is not too much, is it?

Now a word as to New York styles. New Yorkers are the best dressed men in the country. We are right here on the ground, and we know what is going on. We can make clothes for you that will make your local tailor sit up and take notice.

No matter where you live—from Maine to California—our system of home measurement, in connection with the samples of goods which we send you, will enable you to have your tailoring done quickly, at a low price, and with a degree of satisfaction that will surprise you.

We want to send to you, FREE, samples of our domestic and imported textiles, many of which we control exclusively. Just examine these actual fabrics, and compare them with the suits sold ready-made by your local dealer. We will send you also, without charge, our Style Book for the Fall and Winter. Read in the enclosed panel of this advertisement further particulars about this book, and how to get it.

Every suit will be cut to your order, and made from your own individual pattern, which is always preserved for future reference. Our guarantee of "perfect fit and satisfaction or money refunded" insures you absolutely against risk. Think of getting a guaranteed, custom made suit or overcoat made to your order from $12.50 up, and we deliver goods expressage prepaid!

If you want to look well-dressed and feel well-dressed just write us for our new Fall Style Book.

This Is What We Want To Send You, FREE

Our Style Book, containing:—

Representations of the fashionable cuts in clothes for this Winter

48 actual samples of cloth for use in suits and overcoats. You can see what you're getting

A description of our business methods.

Unsolicited testimonials from men who know and have tried us. We have pleased customers all over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

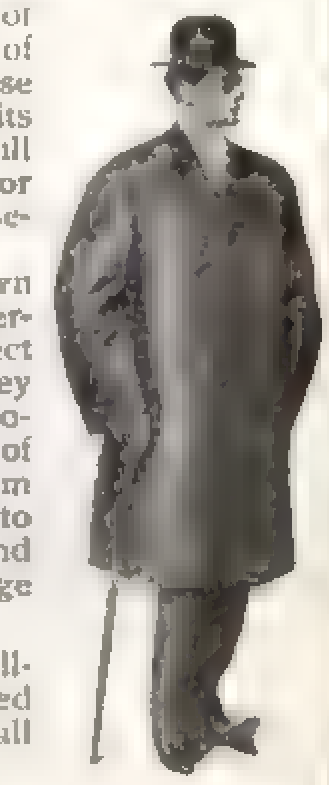
Our measurement chart for your convenience

Chart containing correct dress for all occasions

Chart showing what colors to wear with different complexions.

We want to send you all these FREE. You incur no obligation by sending for it. Just give us your name and address.

The New York Tailors
C-729 to 731 Broadway New York City



Woman's World

WITHOUT COST THIS YEAR

The WOMAN'S WORLD has the largest circulation of any publication in the world—over two million copies for each issue. In order to maintain this wonderful circulation and to demonstrate to new readers that the WOMAN'S WORLD is of unparalleled value for the low annual subscription price asked the publishers are making a **very liberal offer at this time.** Any one who will send us only 25 cents **NOW** to pay for a full year's subscription for the entire year of 1909 will be sent free the September, October, November and December issues of this year. Just to give you an idea of what a live magazine the WOMAN'S WORLD is, the following are a few of the features in the September and October issues, copies of both issues of which will be sent you **at once** upon receipt of your acceptance of this offer.

MRS. CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM

Novelist who has introduced into Fiction the Element of Christian Science.

The Chicago Tribune says Editorially

The revelations made by **United States District Attorney Sims** in the current number of WOMAN'S WORLD should be given as wide a currency as possible. The extent of the White Slave traffic and the machinery by which it is maintained should be brought home not only to the officials sworn to deal with crime, but to parents sworn under a higher law to guard their young

As Mr. Sims says, thousands of girls from the country are entrapped each year, and he points out the pitiful fact that the parents of a great majority of these unfortunates are unaware of their fate. As a consequence of this state of public ignorance, the traffic proceeds unchecked save by the efforts of prosecuting officials, which are necessarily restricted and temporary in effect

What is greatly needed as a supplement to vigorous prosecution of offenders is a campaign of education. Clergymen should take up this evil and instruct parents in their congregations as to the reality and extent of the danger. In small towns there is virtually no knowledge of this evil and how it manifests itself, and there is far too little even in cities

The problem is enormous, but it can be solved largely by educational means. The responsibility for a broad and systematic campaign of enlightenment rests with the religious and social agencies now existent in every community—the churches, the women's clubs, the civic leagues, and associations. The Press too, should give a reputable publicity and exert its influence directly and on educational lines, to the end that the public may know the gravity of the evil and its conditions

"The Illinois Vigilance Association"
Object: To Suppress Traffic in Women and Girls.
Association Building, Chicago. September 17, 1908

Woman's World: We thank you for the copies of WOMAN'S WORLD for September. We shall ask a donation for more. The article by Mr. Sims must do great good.

ERNEST A. BELL, Cor. Sec'y.

The Rocky Mountain Rescue Home
"A Christian Home for Erring Girls"
Colorado Springs, Colo., September 18, 1908

Woman's World: I write to ask permission to publish in our official organ the article in the September WOMAN'S WORLD entitled "The White Slave Trade of Today." We desire to extend to you our personal thanks for the publication of this great article.

Wm. H. [illegible], Supt.

"The White Slave Trade of Today" By Edwin W. Sims,

U. S. District Attorney in Chicago. An account of the prosecution by the United States Government of the "White Slave" Traders who Mr. Sims states "Have reduced the art of ruining young girls to a national and international system."

"THE MOST INTERESTING THING IN THE WORLD," a fascinating symposium by **Geo. Ade, Geo. Barr McCutcheon, Forrest Crissey, Will Payne,** and **William Hodge,** the Actor.

"THE JOURNAL OF JULIE," the confidential and personal experiences of a young Country Girl winning her way in a great city.

"THE OLD HOMES AND THE NEW," by **Honorable Adlai E. Stevenson,** former Vice President of the United States. "Is there a common element, a general deficiency, in **modern** family life which tends to fasten upon children in their future years this particular handicap, . . . this inability to enjoy the wholesome pleasures, this waning of the power to do difficult things? I certainly believe that this is the case and I give my reason below for that conviction," begins Mr. Stevenson's interesting article

Other contributors to the September and October **WOMAN'S WORLD** are **Roswell Field, Allen D. Albert, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Elliott Flower, Elia W. Peattie, Margaret Sangster, Frank L. Stanton, Major Arthur Griffiths, General Chas. King, Ellen Stan, Carl Johnson, Opie Read, Dr. W. F. Waugh** and others.

HON. EDWIN W. SIMS

The U. S. District Attorney who represented the U. S. Government in the $20,000,000 Standard Oil case

Following are a **few** of the special features, etc., which will positively appear in the November and December issues of the **WOMAN'S WORLD:**

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FAITH," by **Clara Louise Burnham,** author of "Jewel," "Jewel Story Book," "The Open Shutters," etc.

"THE SINS OF SOCIETY," by **Joseph Medill Patterson,** author of "A Little Brother of the Rich," the greatest book sensation of the year, six editions of which were published including over one hundred thousand books within thirty days of its issuance. Mr. Patterson declares that what we have in this country among the rich society people is practically a court; that the society women relegate all functions of usefulness excepting one—the bearing of children—and that they are not inclined to discharge this function as they ought.

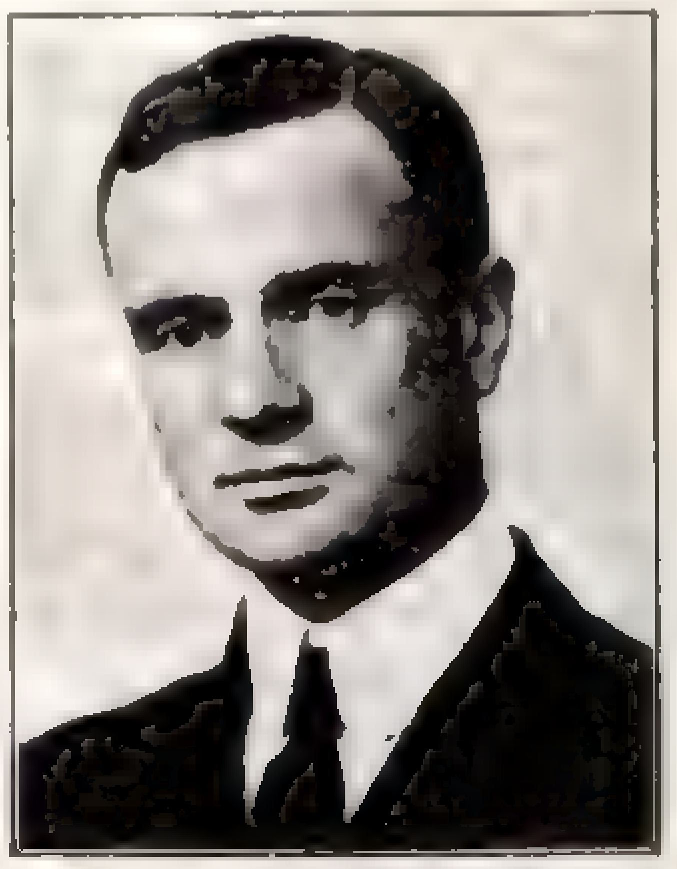
"WHY GIRLS GO ASTRAY," by **Edwin W. Sims.** Mr. Sims' powerful article in the September **WOMAN'S WORLD** has made so profound an impression upon the entire country that he has written another article on **"Why Girls Go Astray"** - written strictly from the viewpoint of a government official, who deals with this delicate and difficult problem.

"THE SINS OF THE FATHERS," by **Cyrus Townsend Brady,** author of "A Little Traitor to the South," "Richard, the Brazen," etc. This is a powerful story, dealing with the result of the sins of the fathers, visited upon children unto the third and fourth generation.

"LOVE MAKING IN FOREIGN LANDS," by **Frank L. Pixley,** author of "King Dodo," the "Burgomaster," "Prince of Pilsen," etc.

"THE MAID OF MILLIONS"—by one. How a girl who has unlimited money spends her life. What she does from the time she wakens in the morning until she sleeps at night. How she lives in luxury almost beyond the dreams of most people. Also stories, etc., by **Margaret E. Sangster, Harriet Prescott Spafford, Elia W. Peattie, Opie Read, Stanley Waterloo, Elliott Flower, Forrest Crissey, Maud Radford Warren** and many others. These features in **only four issues** which will be sent you free should convince you that the WOMAN'S WORLD is very much alive.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Sub. Dept. 40, CHICAGO.



JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON

Author of "A Little Brother of the Rich"

EXTRA OFFER

To any one who accepts this WOMAN'S WORLD subscription offer and who when they send the coupon will **in addition** send the names and addresses of five friends, will be sent 10 beautiful "Language of the Flower" Post Cards. Each post card shows a different flower, grouped in such a way that the sentiment that each flower represents is spelled out by the flowers. For example, the Violets on the Violet Post Card spell "Faithfulness"; the Roses "Love"; Clover, "Be Mine," etc. Each post card is different, finished in many colors and glazed. The names wanted for circular subscription purposes only

Remember Our Offer

Fill out and send us this Coupon and Sept., Oct., Nov. and Dec. issues will be sent you free.

TO ADVERTISERS

WOMAN'S WORLD is the only Two Million circulation publication in the world—Rate $8.00 per line—inquire of any advertising agency.

Cut Out on This Line

1908 COUPON

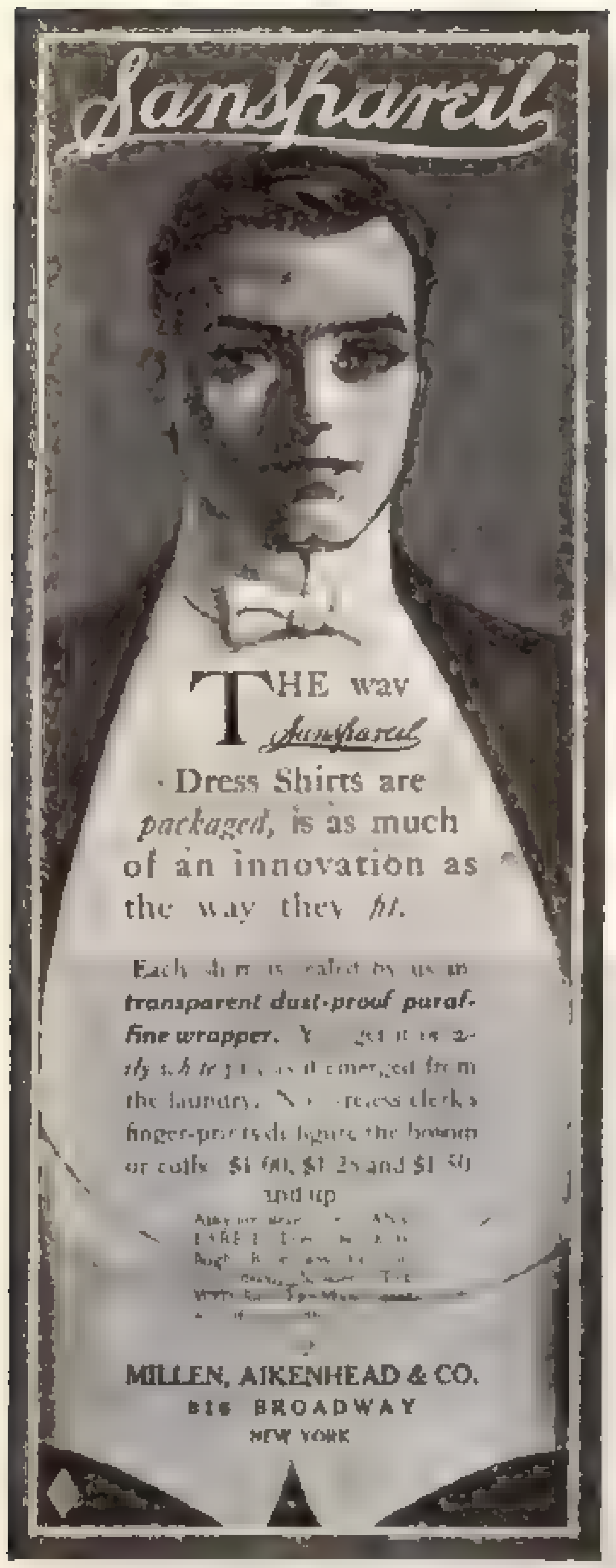
Woman's World, Sub. Dept. 40
CHICAGO

Send me free copies of the WOMAN'S WORLD of September, October, November and December issues containing all of the features mentioned in your advertisement. Enclosed find 25 cents to pay for a full year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD for the entire year of 1909.

Name

Address

Date


Sansparil

THE way Sansparil Dress Shirts are *packaged*, is as much of an innovation as the way they *fit*.

Each shirt is sealed by us in ***transparent dust-proof paraffine wrapper.*** You get it as [illegible] as it emerged from the laundry. No careless clerk's finger-prints disfigure the bosom or cuffs. $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 and up

[illegible]

MILLEN, AIKENHEAD & CO.
816 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

Are You Going to Build?

Do you want comfort in your new home? Do you want it free from drafts? Do you want it warm in winter, cool in summer? Do you want to save coal? If you do, let us tell you how and why

NEPONSET
BUILDING PAPER
Keeps Houses Warm

Whether you are building a dwelling, a stable, a barn, or an outbuilding, you ought to know about Neponset Building Paper, Florian Sound-Deadening Felt, or Paroid Roofing

Tell us what you are going to build and let us send you information that applies. Years of experience has given us a fund of information of great value to the man about to build.

"COMFORTABLE HOMES," an attractive brochure, illustrating many attractive houses and giving building points worth while, sent free. Address Dept. D

F. W. BIRD & SON.
(Est. 1817)
East Walpole, Mass. Also Hamilton, Ont.

The Best Art School
Resident and Correspondence
Thorough and Reliable Courses
Designing, Illustrating, Cartooning
C. H. Lockwood, Instructor. 16 years practical experience [illegible] Free Test Lesson [illegible] full information and Free sample copy Student's Art Magazine.
Lockwood-Stoltz Art School, Dept. B, Kalamazoo, Mich.

15 CENTS trial 13 weeks. In this illustrated national weekly all the important news of the world is stated clearly, fairly and briefly, for busy readers. Many special features of great interest. It is sincere, reliable, [illegible] —THE paper for the home. $1 year; takes place of $3 to $4 papers. Try it, 13 weeks for 15c. The Pathfinder, Washington, D.C.

The Pathfinder $1 A Year EVERY WEEK THE NATIONAL NEWS REVIEW

Frauds and Deceptions in Precious Stones

(Continued from Page 19)

One of the most gigantic series of gem forgeries ever perpetrated in the fabrication of antiques was that constituting the famous Poniatowski collection, offered for sale about 1860. It is possible that the discovery of the deception practiced here gave a check to the collecting of antique gems. This great collection, consisting of over twelve hundred magnificent intaglios, "veritable pictures on stone," as King has called them, was exhibited in London. The gems measured from two and a half to three inches across and were nearly all fine carnelians or pale red sards. The subjects were not generally single heads or figures, but elaborate mythological compositions, such as Diana at the Chase and the Triumph of Hercules. Indeed, the range of designs covered nearly the whole large field of classic subjects.

A well-known gem-collector, James Prendeville, wrote a full description of this extraordinary collection. In the introduction to this work, which is in two volumes, Prendeville says that the collection was accumulated, from time to time, by the kings of Poland before it came into the possession of the late Prince Poniatowski. There are twelve hundred gems described. These are figured in four hundred splendid photographic reproductions with a gilded margin. The books are magnificent quartos, and the gems described are classified under five subjects. The entire work is written in a spirit of unmeasured laudation, and describes the gems as of undoubted antiquity. Besides this, a series of plaster casts was executed, exact impressions of the gems themselves. The collection was sold at one of the great London auction-marts. Such a sale generally proves to be a searching test of the real merit of the objects offered, for the great collectors and museums of all parts of Europe are represented by a trusted friend or such dealers as desire to execute their commissions, and every object is subjected to the most careful and detailed examination. Hence, it is not surprising that the spurious character of this collection was brought to light before the sale took place. The gems were really great examples of the glyptic art, and, as antiques, each would have brought from one hundred to two thousand pounds. As it was, they sold for from one to twenty pounds apiece, and the sale, instead of realizing one hundred thousand or one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, netted not more than five thousand pounds. All the specimens had been cut for the owner by the cleverest Italian artists of the ten or twenty years preceding the date of the sale, and as much as two hundred pounds each must have been paid for many of them. Had they been sold at auction as great examples of the skill of modern gem engravers, they might have brought several times the amount they originally cost their owner, or ten or twenty times as much as was actually obtained under the false ascription. Because of the acknowledged merit of the gems no collection is considered complete without a few examples of these large intaglios. A splendid series is preserved in the South Kensington Museum, and also in some of our greatest American collections.

Many a client has taken a diamond purchased from some unknown jeweler to his own jeweler to be reset, only to find that the diamond, sapphire or other gem has a series of flaws of which he knew nothing before, the imperfection being concealed by a claw of the setting. Others, having purchased stones with closed settings—such stones as sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pink topazes and peridots—have been surprised to find that a bit of colored foil had been fitted closely to the entire back of the stone, imparting to it an enhanced color; or else that the stone had been packed in a mass of color, red, blue or green, from which it had gained in intensity through reflection.

Black pearls, if found to be of fine color, are of great value. When pearls are faintly yellow-tinted or partly dead, or the color is not of the best, unscrupulous dealers have made the most of the discovery that it is possible to crack them slightly, sophisticate them in various chemical solutions. Nitrate of silver is usually used, for, although it is

After Luncheon

or any other time during the day, the ten minutes you devote to a "short smoke" will be filled with satisfaction from start to finish, if you smoke

BETWEEN THE ACTS
Little Cigars

"Between the Acts" are the best-known, most popular "short smoke" in the world—the original "little cigars" established by Thos. H. Hall, New York City, over 30 years ago. There's the same rich fragrance and complete satisfaction in "Between the Acts" as in big expensive cigars.

Try them and be convinced. Sold wherever they sell good cigars in boxes of 10 for 10 cents, also 50 for 50 cents—and packed in handy metal boxes, which prevent breaking.

We'll Send a Box of 50

to any address in the United States upon receipt of 50 cents. Or send $1.00 for a hundred. Write today and mention the name of your regular dealer that we may arrange to have him supply you.

The American Tobacco Company
111 Fifth Avenue, New York

AMAZING FEATS IN CALCULATION PERFORMED WITH EASE!

89666⅔ x 984875 = ?
97237½ x 896625 = ?

[illegible] 10 SECONDS! [illegible] every branch of business [illegible] A stepping stone to higher salary. Price, Paper 50c; Cloth, $1.00.
D. N. SEVERANCE, 271 Oak Street, Chicago, Ill.

GEER MOTORCYCLES
6-H P 2-cylinder GREEN EGG $225 00
4-H P BLUEBIRD $[illegible]
3½ H P GEER Model 4 $150 00
Used motor-cycles $40 00
We have the largest [illegible] new and used motorcycles [illegible] at the lowest prices. [illegible] Repairs a specialty. [illegible]
HARRY R. GEER CO., 860 McLaran Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

PIANO PERPLEXITY
Don't be defrauded. If you don't *know* which piano to buy consult
The Piano and Organ Purchaser's Guide
It tells you all about every *legitimate* piano. It is by John C. Freund, Editor of "The Music Trades." His opinion is absolutely impartial and *he knows*. [illegible] pages—25 cents by mail, prepaid.
The Music Trades Co., Dept. A, 135 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS BOX
25 pounds Dried Fruit [illegible] Canned Fruit, ½ Gallon Honey, 8 lbs. Nuts. Guaranteed first quality and this year's crop.
This Box Costs $7.50 We Pay the Freight
Two of our assortments [illegible] Three [illegible] Souvenir Post Cards and price list, Free
California Fruit Products Company
Reference First National Bank. Avenue 7, Colton, Calif

CAN YOU EXPLAIN
Why the Gyroscope Acts as it Does?
On the principle of the *Gyroscope* depends the transportation of the future. Hundreds of interesting experiments can be made with a *Gyroscope*. Send 25 cents, stamps or coin for a *Gyroscope* with complete directions. Also ask for Catalogue No. 16 of 1000 novelties, FREE.
THE N Y NEWS COMPANY
Dept. 1. 15 Warren St., New York

"DAEMO" Sock-Supporters
Nickel plated 10c
Gold plated 20c per pair.
"DAEMO"
Drawer-Supporters
Nickel plated 20c; Gold plated 30c per pair
Both snap on or off instantly, can't unfasten, can't rust. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded at end of 30 days' trial. At haberdashers or prepaid. Agents wanted.
D. S. CLAMP CO., Met. Bldg., New York

SONG WRITERS and POETS
We arrange, compose, revise and publish vocal and instrumental music. Send us your poems and manuscripts for free advice and best terms.
VICTOR KREMER CO., 322 Means Bldg., CHICAGO

CEMENT AGE A beautifully illustrated monthly magazine. The authority on uses of cement and concrete. New ideas. Money saved [illegible] For limited time we offer TWO HOUSE BUILDING NUMBERS [illegible] May 1908 [illegible] for 35 low cost concrete houses Free with year's subscription at $1.50.
CEMENT AGE CO., 1032 Brunswick Building, New York

colorless when applied, it imparts a rich black to the pearl after exposure to air and light. The silver in the nitrate deposits and forms silver in sulphide form, which is due to the presence of sulphur in the air, thus producing the black shade. Thus chemically treated, pearls may look well for three or four years, but the animal membrane which gives them strength has been destroyed and the coating frequently flakes off, leaving a central pearl which is almost valueless because of its poor white or spotted surface. Recently a method has been discovered which has frequently been employed for the bleaching of pearls. The process consists in exposing the pearl to the action of chlorine and other decolorizing agencies. These pearls, also, though beautiful when so treated, have had their exterior coatings injured by the destruction of the animal layers, with the result that the surface flakes off easily and the gems are reduced in value.

Frequently, when jewels have been taken from mountings to be reset, it will be found that there is a serious break or flaw which has not been observed before, and yet it is very evident that this flaw is a natural one, or that an irregular piece of the gem itself has never been polished or cut out, because this would have meant a loss of from one-sixteenth to one-fourth of the weight of the gem. The dealer, or whoever sold it, deceptively covered this with a claw, and, naturally, no matter how carefully a layman might examine the stone, the defect would not be discovered. Indeed, after a period of years, if the gem had been bought in a foreign country, or if the firm had changed hands, the discovery would bring no redress. This trick, if practiced in the case of presumably fine stones, would make the loss a formidable one.

Again, a fairly good judge of stones may buy a ruby, a sapphire, an emerald or an opal, examining it with some care. He is surprised to find, one, two or three months later, that one or more flaws have developed. These will increase. The owner cannot understand it; the ring has been worn with the greatest care; it has had no blow. Why should this be? The facts are that the stone had been put in oil or other liquid which is very penetrating and the dish in which it had been immersed had been subjected to heat for twenty-four or forty-eight hours. At first it was heated very slowly, and at the end, for one or two hours, to a very high temperature. There were cavities in the stone when this was done and the heat closed these cavities, whereupon the stone was left to cool for twenty-four or forty-eight hours. In cooling off the flaws or crack again opened, absorbing the oil, which frequently is given the same color as the stone. The crack, being filled with oil, does not show the outlines of an air film, and is, therefore, not apparent. As the oil dries out the crack develops, the more rapidly if the oil evaporates quickly.

All this tends to show the importance of buying gems from some reputable dealers, who can be found in six months, a year, or even several years after the purchase has been made, should any defect in the article become apparent.

Editor's Note — This is the second of three articles by Doctor Kunz on Frauds and Deceptions in Precious Stones. The author is an expert in precious stones and our leading authority on pearls.

Sacred Literature

FEW editors have the humor and good nature which characterize Mr. Robert H. Davis, chief of the Munsey staff. A writer who had submitted a story to him received a courteous rejection stating that the tale, although charming, was not suited to the Munsey publications. In the course of a few months the story won a prize in a contest; and, highly elated, the writer dispatched the information:

Dear Mr. Davis:
Psalms 118: 22. See [illegible] announcements in the current issue.

The Scriptural reference being, "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner."

The next mail brought Mr. Davis' answer:

Dear ——:
Psalms 118: 23.

The chagrined writer found that the fatal juxtaposition reads: "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes."

The World is dotted with Opportunities for YOU

— If you know how to write convincing, red-blooded business letters that laugh at the waste-basket — if you know how to express your own every-day ideas — whether in writing or speech — in that crisp, clear-cut, magnetic English that commands attention, and inspires respect — the whole world is dotted with opportunities for you.

There are no boundaries of territory, no barriers of distance, race or creed, to the man who knows how to write strong, vigorous, convincing business letters. Wherever people live and read, wherever the mail service penetrates, there he can change opinions, alter minds, create demand and open pocket-books!

How is your English? Are slips of speech habitual with you? Are your letters dry, formal and poorly worded? Do they lack the snap, the tone of words that *win*? Get out of this rut — master the principles of smooth, easy, fluent expression — of crisp, powerful straight-from-the-shoulder Business English. Tighten your grasp on the English language. It pays.

In addition to all the specific instruction there are 112 actual model letters that have pulled business

The way to get a copy of this book absolutely FREE is through

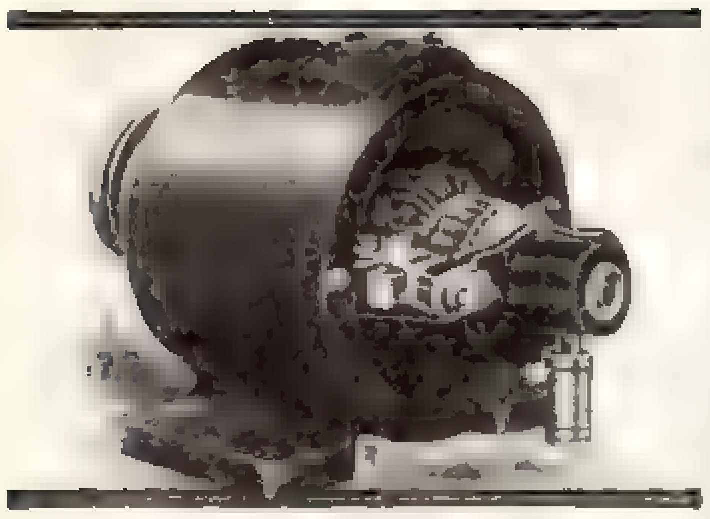
SYSTEM
THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS

A Successful Manufacturer

A Successful Retailer

FREE—Act

SYSTEM
THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS
New York



The Best Motor

Is by far the cheapest to buy. It will give better service—will use less power—will last longer.

There is only one best motor—the most efficient—the most economical—the most durable: that one best is

"THE STANDARD" Direct Current MOTOR

We make a specialty of small direct current motors from 1-30 to 15 H. P. There are more than 30 frames, making it possible to suit practically every requirement from our regular line.

We have also every facility for designing and building special frames for machines requiring a new or unusual type of motor.

During the past ten years, we have brought our motors to the highest degree of efficiency. Their construction is mechanically and scientifically correct in every detail—their balance absolutely perfect.

Today "The Standard" Motor is recognized as the very finest on the market. It is by far the best and most economical motor that you can buy.

If you are a user of power up to 15 H. P., tell us your requirements in detail. We will advise you the type of motor exactly suited to your particular needs. You will be interested in our [illegible] No. 67 about "The Standard" Motor. Write for it today.

The Robbins & Myers Co.
Main Office and Factory, Springfield, Ohio

New York, 145 Chambers St.; Philadelphia, 1109 Arch St.; Chicago, [illegible]; Dallas, [illegible]; Cleveland, The W. R. [illegible]; New Orleans, [illegible] Stewart [illegible]; St. Louis, F. C. Van Nest Electric Co. [illegible]; Kansas City, Heath Electric Co.

Will You Accept This Business Book if We Send it Free?

Sign and mail the coupon below. Send no money! Take no risk!

One hundred and twelve of the world's master business men have written ten books—2,193 pages—1,497 vital business secrets. In them is the best of all that they have been able to squeeze from their own costly experience about

— Purchasing
— Credits
— Collections
— Accounting
— Time Keeping
— Cost Keeping
— Advertising
— Correspondence
— Salesmanship
— Retailing
— Wholesaling
— Manufacturing
— Insurance
Real Estate
— Public Utilities
— Banking
— Organization
— Systematizing
— Position Getting
— Position Holding
— Man Handling
— Man Training
— Business Generalship
— Competition Fighting and hundreds and hundreds of other vital business subjects.

A 9,059-word booklet has been published describing, explaining, picturing the work. Pages [illegible] pages 4 and 5 deal with [illegible] and [illegible] pages [illegible] with banking and training men [illegible] with salesmanship, with advertising, [illegible] salesmen, dealers and by mail; pages 15 to [illegible] with the great problem of securing the highest market price for your services [illegible] matter what your line; and the last page tells how you may get a complete set—bound in [illegible] in colors—for less than your daily smoke or shave, almost as little as your daily newspaper.

[illegible]
[illegible]

The System Co., 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

If there are, in your books, any new ways to increase my [illegible] I should like to know them. So send on your 16-page free descriptive booklet. [illegible]

Name
Address
Business
Position

RTC '09
CLASS PINS and BADGES
COLLEGE • SCHOOL SOCIETY • LODGE.
BHS 9

[illegible] Sterling Silver 25c each, $2.50 a doz. Silver Plated, 10c each, $1.00 a doz. [illegible]

BASTIAN BROS., 143 South Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Greider's Fine Poultry Catalogue.

Tells all about pure-bred poultry and illustrates 60 varieties. [illegible] 10 beautiful chromos. [illegible] eggs. [illegible]

B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.

THE PASS

(Concluded from Page 7)

She shivered and shook off his hand, forcing a gay smile. And they went on together, upward, always upward, her pretty, provocative eyes meeting his at intervals, her heart beating faster, death at her breast.

He was a few yards ahead when he called back to her in a low, warning voice that he had found a path, and she hastened up the rocks to where he stood.

Surely here was a trail winding along the very edge of the ledges, under masses of overhanging rock—some dizzy runway of prehistoric man, perhaps trodden, too, by wolf and panther, and later by the lank mountaineer hunter or smuggler creeping to some aerie unsuspected by any living creature save, perhaps, the silver-headed eagles soaring through the fathomless azure vault above.

Below, the pass lay; but they could see no farther into it at first. However, as they advanced cautiously, clinging to the outjutting cliff, which seemed maliciously striving to push them out into space, by degrees crag and trail turned westward and more of the pass came into view—a wide, smooth cleft in the mountain, curving away toward the north.

A few steps more and the trail ended abruptly in a wide, grassy space set with trees, sloping away gently to the west, chopped off sheer to the east, where it terminated in a mossy shelf overlooking the ravine.

Only a few rods away the dusk of the pass was cut by a glimmer of sunlight; it was the northern entrance.

Something else was glimmering there, too; dozens of dancing points of white fire—sunshine on buckle, button, bit and sabre. And the officer beside her uttered a low, fierce cry and jerked his field-glasses free from the case.

"Their cavalry!" he breathed. "So help me God, the Yankees are entering the pass!" And he drew his revolver.

So help him God! Something dark and round flew across his line of vision, curving out into space, dropping, dropping into the depths below. A clattering report, a louder racket as the rocky echoes, crossing and recrossing, struck back at the clamoring cliffs.

So help him God! Half-stunned, he stumbled to his feet, his dazed eyes still blurred with a vision of horsemen, vaguely seen through vapors, stampeding northward; and, at the same instant, she sprang at him, striking the drawn revolver from his hand, tearing the sabre free and flinging it into the gulf. White-faced, desperate, she clung to him with the tenacity of a lynx, winding her lithe limbs around and under his, tripping him to his knees.

Over and over they rolled, struggling in the grass, twisting, straining, slipping down the westward slope.

"You—devil!" he panted, as her dark eyes flashed level with his. "I've got—you—anyhow——"

Her up-flung elbow, flexed like a steel wedge, caught him in the throat; they fell over the low ridge, writhing in each other's embrace, down the slope, over and over, faster, faster—crack!—his head struck a ledge, and he straightened out, quivering, then lay very, very still and heavy in her arms.

Trembling, fiercely excited, she tore strips from her skirt, twisted them, forced him over on his face, and tied his wrists fast.

Then, leaving him inert there on the moss, she ran back for his revolver, found it, opened it, made certain that the cylinder was full, and, flinging one last glance down the pass, hastened back to her prisoner.

Her prisoner was sitting up, white as a ghost, the dark bruise on his forehead growing redder and wetter.

"Stand up!" she said, cocking her weapon.

The boy, half-stupefied, struggled to his knees, then managed to rise.

"Go forward along that path!"

For a full minute he stood erect, motionless, eyes fixed in hatred on her; then a dull flush stained him to the temples; he turned, head bent, and walked forward, wrists tightly tied behind him.

And behind him, weapon swinging, followed the Special Messenger in her rags, pallid, disheveled, her eyes dim with tears.

Editor's Note — This is the fourth of Mr. Chambers' Special Messenger stories. The fifth will appear in an early number.

Hanover
Guaranteed Shoes for Men
$3

A new way to buy shoes!

Frees you from uncertainty, and protects you against defects of leather and workmanship. Should a defect appear after you wear the shoes, you get them replaced, repaired, or your money back, as the case may warrant. We guarantee fit, too—you run no risk in ordering by mail.

We are safe in guaranteeing Hanover Shoes. They are honestly made clear through. Hanovers fit perfectly; the styles are the latest; and you can't get greater comfort in any other shoes at any price.

A written statement goes with every pair of Hanovers—a specific guarantee of leather, fit, and workmanship.

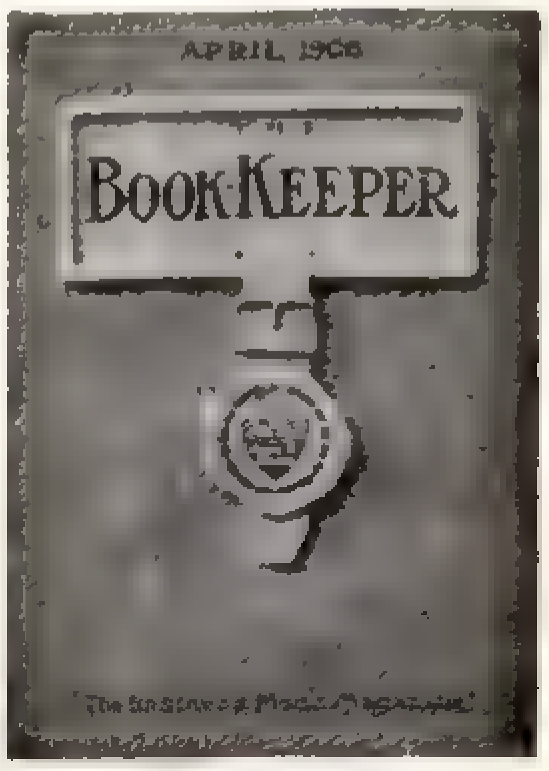
Hanover Shoes are sold only through our own stores, or by mail. There are no middlemen's profits—you pay $3 instead of five.

Go to any of our 37 distributing stores in the 30 cities named, and get any style of any leather you want. If not near a Hanover store send us the size shoe you wear—the number inside your most comfortable pair—and insist on the style of shoe you want. You will get them by fast express. Or write for our style-book and system of foot-measurement.

SHEPPARD & MYERS CO.,
Factory: HANOVER, PA.

Hanover Shoe Stores

Akron, Ohio, [illegible] Main St.
Albany, N. Y., [illegible] Pearl St.
Allentown, Pa., [illegible] Hamilton St.
Baltimore, Md., [illegible] Baltimore St.
Birmingham, Ala., [illegible] 1st Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y., [illegible]
Brooklyn, N. Y., [illegible] Broadway
Camden, N. J., [illegible] Knight's Ave.
Chester, Pa., [illegible] Market St.
[illegible] W. Fifth St.
[illegible] Ave.
Easton, [illegible]
Erie, Pa., [illegible] State St.
Hanover, Pa., Park Ave. & Franklin St.
[illegible]
Indianapolis, Ind., [illegible] Illinois St.
Lancaster, Pa., [illegible] N. Queen St.
Newark, N. J., [illegible] Market St.
New Castle, Pa., [illegible] Wash. St.
New York City, [illegible] Broadway
New York City, [illegible] W. [illegible] St.
New York City, 1462 Third Ave.
Norfolk, Va., [illegible] Main St.
Paterson, N. J., 204 Market St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 814 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 214 N. Eighth St.
Philadelphia, Pa., [illegible] N. [illegible] St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 440 Kensington Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa., [illegible] Lancaster Ave.
Pittsburg, Pa., [illegible] Smithfield St.
Reading, Pa., [illegible] Penn St.
Richmond, Va., [illegible] E. Broad St.
Scranton, Pa., [illegible] Spruce St.
Springfield, [illegible] High St.
Trenton, N. J., [illegible] E. State St.
Wilmington, Del., [illegible] Market St.
York, Pa., 5 East Market St.



YOU would be a BETTER Business Man—a more Successful One

and your work or business would be MORE PROFITABLE, if you read

The Book-keeper

The Magazine that especially fits into your daily work

The BOOK-KEEPER was established in 1887 and has since that time helped some of our greatest business men to accomplish their SUCCESS, by bringing to them each month those business plans, secrets, methods, and systems that MEAN business ACHIEVEMENTS.

It WILL bring to YOU each month this same element of success and you justly owe it to yourself as a business man to become a subscriber to The BOOK-KEEPER.

Among the leading articles each month will be found detailed descriptions of some of the world's greatest business undertakings and accomplishments such as—

The building of the $9,000,000 tunnel under one of our greatest rivers.
The building and promoting of our great national irrigation projects.
Stories and descriptions of one of our greatest national questions—The Forest and its waning wealth.
Stories of great every-day business accomplishments and thousands of other important business questions are dealt with each month.

AND this, combined with the modern and practical technical and non-technical (all fully illustrated) articles, will make a better business man of you and gives you a magazine that should be at the head of **your** educational reading.

Send in your subscription now—$1.00 the year, or if you have never read The BOOK-KEEPER and do not desire a year's subscription send in 25c for a three months' trial subscription.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,
63 Fort Street West, Detroit, Mich.

8 pairs for $1
From the mill

ABSOLUTELY the biggest value ever offered in hosiery anywhere by anybody! If you don't say that the 8 pairs of Men's Socks for $1, which you get **direct from our mill,** are better than anything you ever saw in hosiery on a bargain counter, we will refund your money. Same with our Women's Hose—5 pairs $1.

Men's—**Eight pairs for $1.** Medium weight seamless cotton socks, [illegible] toe and heel. Colors [illegible] blue, black [illegible] [illegible]

Women's—**Five pairs for $1.** Medium weight hose of fine [illegible] Egyptian yarn [illegible] black.

Delivered free

References [illegible] *Reading*

Lercum Hosiery Mills
Reading, Pa.

SPENCERIAN COMMERCIAL

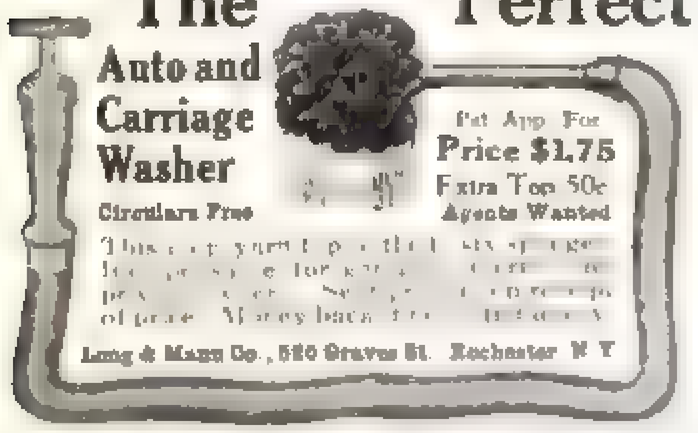
Pen Elasticity

Spencerian Pens are made of carefully tempered, accurately gauged steel. This means an elastic pen—an easy writing pen. There are many styles of

SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS

choose your own. Yours is there. Sample card of 12 different kinds will be sent for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 347 Broadway, New York



The Perfect Auto and Carriage Washer

Circulars Free

Pat. App. For
Price $1.75
Extra Top 50c
Agents Wanted

This [illegible]

Long & Mann Co., 520 Graves St., Rochester, N. Y.

Death in Public Drinking Cups

Protect yourself by using the

Purifold Aseptic Paper Drinking Cup

It costs little, lasts long, and may be carried in vest pocket or purse. 8 for 25 cents, 100 for $2.50, postpaid.

BURNITOL MANUFACTURING CO.
17 Brattle Street Cambridge, Mass.

KEEP OUT PORCH CLIMBERS

and burglars with Beeman Automatic Window Locks. Keeps [illegible] always automatically locked [illegible] the present [illegible]

SPECIAL OFFER. Send your [illegible] **25c** Stamps or Coin

Sent on 30 days' trial. If not satisfactory, money refunded.

THE BEEMAN LOCK COMPANY
9224 E. 13rd Street, Cleveland, O.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON

TUCSON, ARIZONA

The educational, business and mining center of the Southwest—Population in 1900, 7,531; Jan. 1, 1908, 22,000—Metropolis [illegible] opportunities—Irrigation farming and the [illegible] exceptionally profitable [illegible] A world famous climate and ideal tourist resort.

Write Chamber of Commerce for
FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

Mated Pair [illegible] to squabs in four weeks.

SQUAB BOOK FREE

[illegible] handsome **1908 Free Book,** telling how to make money breeding squabs. Market waiting. We were **first,** the size, beauty and prolific breeding of our Homers, and our modern [illegible] business of squab raising.

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 423 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

Sense and Nonsense

Ballade of Fat Ladies

Lean ladies, straight from sole to crown,
Do all our modern Modes invent,
The Princess and Directoire gown,
And straight-front things, and not content
Their ingenuity is bent
To fabricate a monstrous hat,
For thin, ethereal beauties meant
There are no fashions for the fat.

Style looks with its severest frown
On plumpness of the least extent,
To put its first pretensions down;
It seems its mission, Heaven-sent,
To make the buxom lass torment
Her most becoming plumpness flat,
Nor heed her torture consequent—
There are no fashions for the fat.

It is a matter of renown
That were all other sorrows blent,
Within this many-sorrowed town,
They have not hearts so crushed and bent
With woes that nothing can prevent—
None grieves as those who grieve for that;
Their lives in one regret are spent!
There are no fashions for the fat.

L'Envoi

Oh, Goddess, most omnipotent,
Whose mandate no one may combat,
Heed all these tears and prayers; repent,
Decree some fashions for the fat.

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

On the Frontier

A DIVERTING anecdote is told of what is probably the smallest railroad station in this country. A Western farmer, expecting a chicken-house to arrive in his village, sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. On arriving there the man saw the house, loaded it in the wagon and started for home.

On the way back he met a man in uniform with the words "Station-master" on his cap.

"What have you got on that wagon?" he demanded.

"Chicken-house," was the curt rejoinder.

"Chicken-house be darned!" cried the official wrathfully. "You're carrying off our station!"

—*R. Rochester.*

The Eighth Wonder

I've heard of seven wonders,
But just the other day
I saw a record-breaker
While sailing down the bay:
A lot of busy bell-buoys
Were hopping round the ships,
And giving dandy service
Regardless of the tips.

— *B. L. S.*

Carrots

I'm sorry for the boys like me
Whose hair is colored red.
All other kinds are very nice.
Once, old black Silvy said:

"Yo' eatin's makes it dat-away;
Yo' oughter watch yo' diet."
So, now, if food's the least bit pink,
I will not even try it.

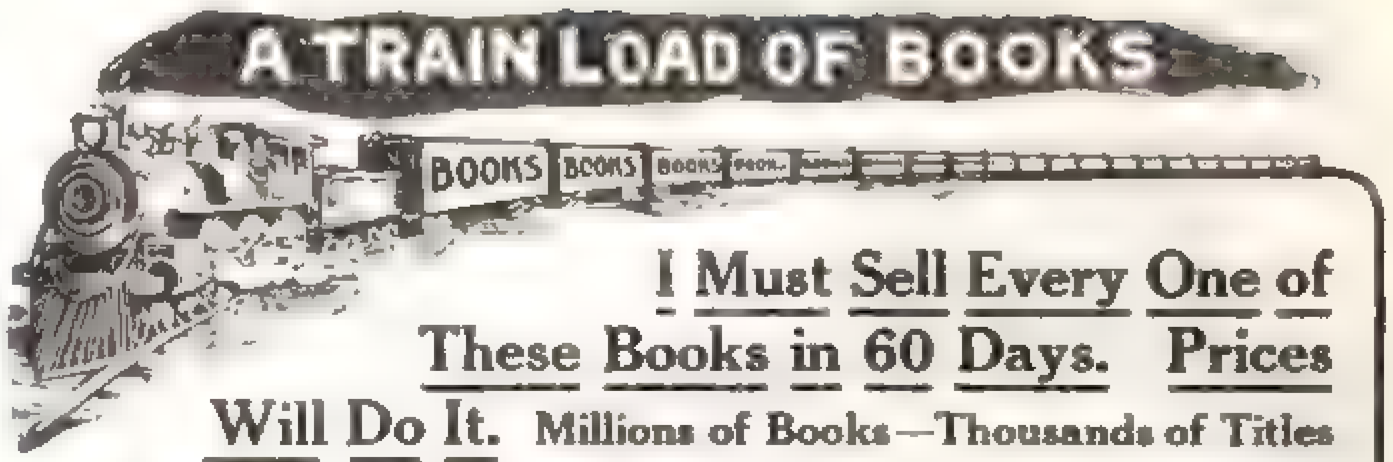
Just think of all the lovely things
I'll never dare to eat!
I cannot touch a cherry tart
Or taste a pickled beet;

And watermelon is so good,
And shortcake I just love,
And all the kinds of candy made
Of cinnamon and clove!

And if I find that doing this
Don't bring the change about
I'll—sh-h-h, don't tell!—go off alone
And yank each hair right out.

And I won't mind the pain; I'll be
So proud to have my head
Look nice, like gran'pa's, white and smooth
And shiny, 'stead of red.

—*Louise Ayres [illegible]*


A TRAIN LOAD OF BOOKS
BOOKS
BOOKS
BOOKS

I Must Sell Every One of These Books in 60 Days. Prices Will Do It. **Millions of Books—Thousands of Titles**

[illegible] aggregation of Book Bargains was ever offered in the world. Read every word of this [illegible] bargain list—buy quick or you'll miss your life's chance for a library at the price of paper and printing. Binding free.

The panic forced many book publishers to the wall. Others had to have money to avoid failure. Result: I bought tremendous quantities of new *standard* books and *library sets* at my own price, and am now closing them out quick at 1[illegible] cents to 50 cents on the dollar.

Books Shipped on Approval subject to examination in your home before paying for them [illegible] at my expense if not satisfactory. The following sample prices give but a [illegible] of the thousands of bargains offered in my big free Bargain List, which I will mail you on receipt of coupon or postal card request.

Sample Prices—New Books These bargain prices will prevail only while this stock lasts.

Late Copyright Fiction—were $1.50. My Price, 38c. List includes "FIGHTING CHANCE," "HALF A ROGUE," "FAIR GOD," "BRASS BOWL," "MAYOR'S WIFE," "THE YOKE," "THE SPOILERS," and hundreds of others at from 38c to 46c.

Thousands of Miscellaneous Books and Sets

	Reg. Price	My Price		Reg. Price	My Price
International Encyclopedia of Reference, Half Morocco	[illegible]	[illegible]	Stevenson's Works, [illegible] vols	[illegible]	[illegible]
Encyclopedia Britannica, Half Morocco	[illegible]	[illegible]	DeMaupassant's Works, [illegible] vols	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kings of Platform and Pulpit	[illegible]	[illegible]	Voltaire's Works, St. Hubert's Guild Ed. [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dante's Inferno, Dore illustrations	[illegible]	.90	International Science Library, 16 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dumas' Works, [illegible] vols	5.25	1.78	Memoirs of Madame DuBarry	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hugo's Works, [illegible] vols	5.25	1.78	Library of Modern Cooking, 5 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Shakespeare, [illegible]	13.50	[illegible]	Muhlbach's Works, 18 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]
People's Popular Atlas	4.00	1.60	Corelli's Works, 5 vols. Half Leather	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Science Se[illegible] 5 vols.	10.00	3.10	Hume's History, 5 vols. Half Leather	[illegible]	[illegible]
Barnes' Bible Encyclopedia, 3 vols.	[illegible]	5.75	History of the World, 2 vols. Half Leather	[illegible]	[illegible]
Famous Pictures	[illegible]	1.50	Teachers' Cyclopedia, 4 vols. Half Leather	[illegible]	6.50
Eugene Field's Poetical Works, 4 vols.	[illegible]	1.30	[illegible] Half Leather	[illegible]	[illegible]
Law of Psychic Phenomena—Hudson (A hundred other New Thought Books)	[illegible]	95	Napoleon's Notes on History	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bird Neighbors	2.00	90	[illegible] complete	2.00	85
The Christ[illegible]	3.00	85	[illegible] 12 vols. Harper & Bros. Half Leather Ed.	[illegible]	14.40
Little Women, Reproduction of $5.00 Edition,		59	Pepys' Diary, 4 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dictionary of American Politics	2.00	98	Robinson Crusoe, Art Edition	2.50	[illegible]

And so on through a list of thousands of books, all described in my illustrated Bargain List of this stock.

Standard Library Sets in Rich Half Morocco Bindings

The sets in the following list are made in rich half morocco bindings, gold stamping and gold tops. Rich and rare illustrations. They were ***designed to sell at high prices to the wealthy and cultured classes who want fine private libraries.*** At my prices anyone can afford some of these [illegible]

	Reg. Price	My Price		Reg. Price	My Price		Reg. Price	My Price
Dickens, 15 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]	De Foe, 16 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]	Library of Ancient and Modern Literature, 30 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Scott [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Reade, 12 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]	Writings of Thomas Jefferson [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Irving [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Bulwer Lytton, 15 vols.	37.50	14.25	Les Miserables, 5 vols.	10.00	4.25
Thackeray, [illegible] vols	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] Natural History [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Bronte [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	History of United States, [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ruskin [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Boswell's Life of Johnson [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Macaulay, 5 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]	Goethe, [illegible] vols. Half Calf	35.00	[illegible]
Carlyle, 10 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			
Poe, 11 vols.	[illegible]	[illegible]	Prescott [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			
Fielding, [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Austen [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			
Smollett [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Green [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			
Hawthorne, [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			
Dumas [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Modern Eloquence, 10 vols.	75.00	19.50			
Eliot [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]						

Also the works of **Roosevelt, Lincoln, H. Clay, Franklin, Hamilton, De Musset, Lamb, Merrimee, Pardoe, Rousseau, Richardson, Whitman, Warner Library, Oriental Tales, Irish Literature, Sue, McCarthy, Emerson, Motley, Plutarch, Darwin, Spencer, Haeckel, Kipling, Parkman, Taine** and many others in rich binding and similar prices.

Big Bargains in the books of **Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, Will Carleton, C. C. Coffin, Paul Laurence Dunbar, E. P. Roe, Ella Wheeler Wilcox** and hundreds of others.

BIG BARGAINS in hundreds of books on **Sociology, Political Economy** and **Economics.**

BIG BARGAINS in hundreds of books on **Science, Law, Mechanics, Domestic Science, Art, Music, Medicine,** etc.

BIG BARGAINS [illegible] **Library Books, Gift Books for young and old, books for Boys, books for Girls,** etc.

STOCK LIMITED. These bargains are limited to the stock I now have. I do not know [illegible] such bargains again, and cannot [illegible] orders longer than the stock [illegible] free illustrated bargain list before ordering any of the above books. Sign the coupon or send a postal today.

DAVID B. CLARKSON, The Book Broker, 1113 Bosch Bldg., Chicago

David B. Clarkson,
1113 Bosch Building, Chicago
Mail me, without obligation to me, your free illustrated Bargain List of your bankrupt book bargains
Name
Street No.
Town *State*

30 Days' Free Trial

Electricity Now Does All the Washing and Wringing

We now attach an electric motor to the famous 1900 Washer. It operates the wringer, too. Connect it with a light fixture, as you connect a table lamp. Turn on the current as you turn on the light.

The Washer then operates just like our hand washer, only you don't need to touch it.

When the washing is done, move a small lever, and the motor connects with the wringer. The one motor, operating both the washer and wringer, does every whit of the work. Please think what that means. The hardest drudgery there is about housework done by two cents' worth of electricity.

Servants happy, laundry bills saved; clothes lasting twice as long. For the "1900" does washing better than any other method known.

Now electricity makes the washer go. Doesn't that sound like a new era for women?

Send No Money—We Pay Freight

This outfit does just as we claim. Does all of the washing and all the wringing. Does the work better than you can do it by hand. Does it with less wear on clothes.

The facts, we know, seem too good to be true. So we propose this.

If you are responsible, we will send you the Washer, Wringer and Motor, all on 30 days' trial. We will prepay the freight.

You don't invest a penny—don't commit yourself at all. Do four washings with it. Try it on dainty things, heavy things, everything. Then, if you think you can get along without it, we will take it back.

Your 30 days' use will be free.

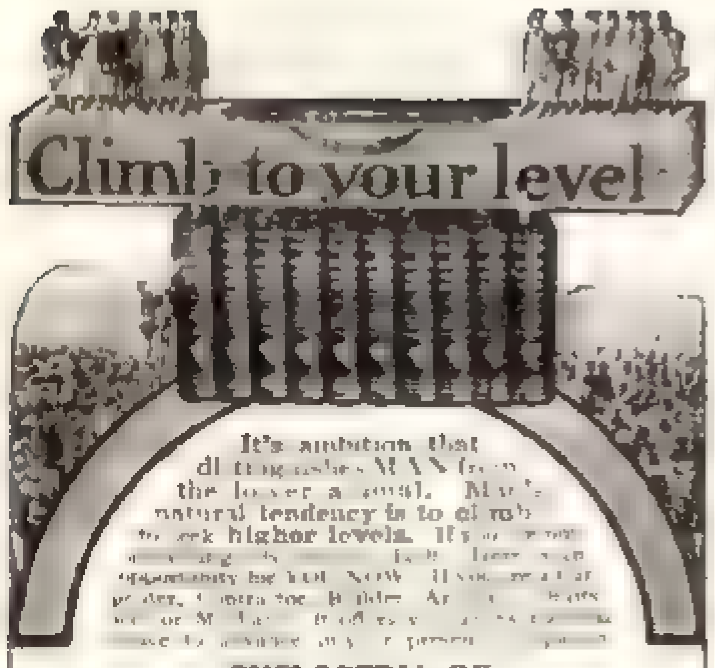
You have no obligation whatever. Treat us just like a dealer who shows you a washer. If you don't want it when the month is up, simply say so.

But don't go on washing in the old way without knowing what this method means to you. Women have no right to do such hard work when electricity can do it for them.

Send first for our Washer Book, to know all about it. Then, if you'll try it, just tell us to send it on.

Please cut out this coupon—now—before you forget it.

The 1900 Washer Co.,
816 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.
Please send me the book about the Electric Washer.
Name ______________
Address
We have also a Canadian factory



It's ambition that distinguishes MAN from the lower animal. Man's natural tendency is to climb to seek higher levels. [illegible]

CYCLOPEDIA OF
Architecture, Carpentry and Building

Ten vols., page size 7 x 10 in., bound in half red morocco; over 4000 pages, 3000 illustrations, valuable tables, etc.

This work fully covers everything pertaining to building. It is a masterpiece of complete concise practical "ready-to-use" information.

$24.00 instead of $60.00

FREE for 5 Days' Examination

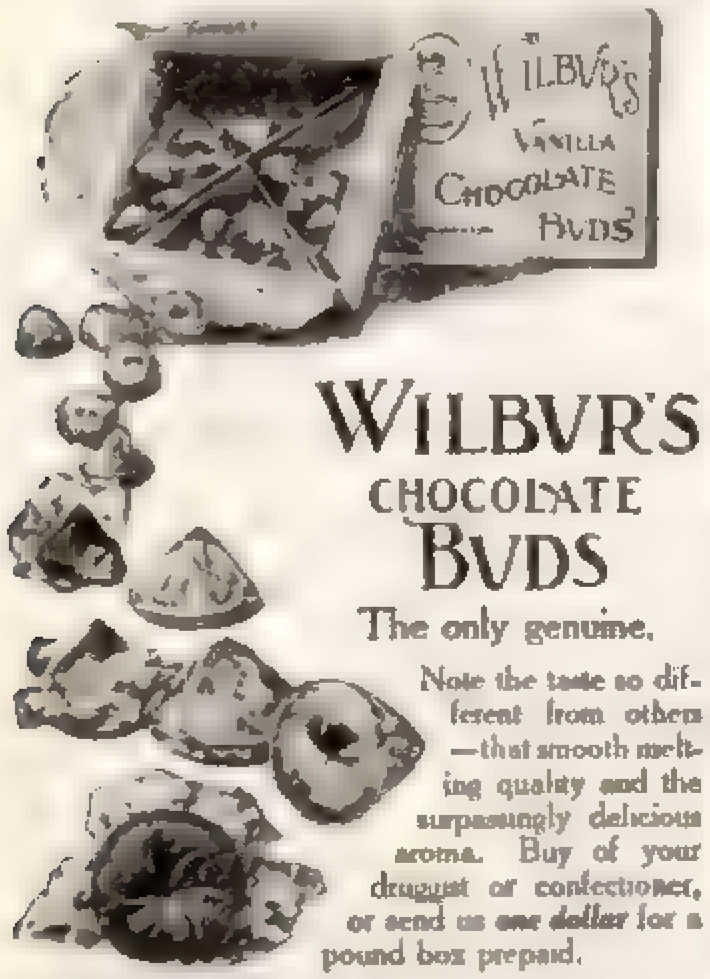
Sent by prepaid express if you mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. [illegible] Regular price $60.00.

Contains over 200 plans of artistic moderate-priced houses, [illegible]

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

[illegible] Hints for Draftsmen.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



WILBUR'S
CHOCOLATE
BUDS

The only genuine.

Note the taste so different from others—that smooth melting quality and the surpassingly delicious aroma. Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us *one dollar* for a pound box prepaid.

One sample box for 10c in stamps and your dealer's name.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS
222 Bread Street Cocoa Manufacturers Philadelphia, Pa.

A No-Nic Pipe
Sent Free On Trial

Don't Send Money—just write for the pipe. Smoke it five days. See how it traps nicotine and saliva. See how it does away with nine-tenths of the harm of smoking—how it multiplies the pleasure by ten. When you are satisfied, send us $1.

[illegible]

Note this Trap The No Nic Pipe Co.
416 Prudential Bldg.
Buffalo, N. Y.

PATENTS Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Estb. 47 years. Box C, Washington, D. C. Best references. Careful work. Terms moderate. Booklet Free. Write us.

Oddities and Novelties

Of Every-Day Science

Neglected Vegetables

THE wild vegetable crop of the United States goes almost wholly to waste because of the ignorance of the people. Thousands of dollars' worth of dandelion greens are gathered every spring, but this is only a very small fraction of what might be utilized. The same is true of pokeweed tops (commonly sold in the markets of the South, and which look and taste like asparagus), and of the leaves and buds of the cowslip, or "marsh marigold."

Why should these and other edible plants be neglected? Purslane—the pestiferous "pusley" of the garden—is a valuable vegetable; and so likewise is lamb's quarters, otherwise known as "pigweed." The latter belongs to the same family as beet and spinach, and is largely cultivated in Europe. Here is an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone, by turning garden nuisances to useful account.

Charlock, otherwise called wild mustard, which is a common weed in most parts of the United States and a plague in the wheat districts of the Northwest, is recognized as a useful potherb in Europe. So likewise is the dock, familiar in our meadows and pastures. The young leaves of the sassafras plant, dried, pounded and sifted, are utilized in compounding the gumbo, famous in New Orleans. Elsewhere than in the South, however, their value for table purposes is unknown.

Perhaps the most essential ingredient of gumbo is okra—the gummy-juiced pod of a weed that grows wild in the swamps of Louisiana. Though it has found its way into cultivation, it has become familiar in Northern markets only within recent years. There are, indeed, plenty of people now living who remember when the tomato was looked upon as a weed, called the "love-apple," and supposed to be unfit to eat.

Doubtless most of our cultivated vegetables were at one time regarded as weeds. It is very desirable to add to the list of them, and hence the importance of popularizing for table use such wild plants as those above mentioned. Truck growers in the neighborhood of Paris have already developed several improved varieties of the dandelion, for employment in salads and otherwise, and for such choice greens there is always a profitable demand.

Wild Fruits for Market

THE agricultural experiment stations in various parts of the country have recently been testing the availability of various wild fruits for commercial purposes. It is believed that many of them, hitherto allowed to go to waste, might be turned to profitable account.

For instance, there are the wild grapes, plentiful in some regions, which, whether green or ripe, can be made to yield a jelly deemed by epicures the finest that is possible to serve with certain kinds of game.

The Tuskegee Station, in Alabama, finds that wild plums grow in great quantities in every county of that State. They run from half an inch to an inch in diameter, vary in flavor from sugary sweet to sour and bitter, and in color are yellow to crimson, scarlet and black—thus offering possibilities of many combinations pleasing to the eye and the palate.

Wisconsin is another great State for wild plums, which thrive where foreign and Eastern varieties fail, because the latter are less hardy. Here is a chance for jam and jelly factories. Such plums may be converted, also, into marmalade, made into dumplings, brandied, or put up as "olives" by pickling in brine the green ones that are just beginning to ripen.

Blueberries are altogether a wild crop, yet they have long been canned on a commercial scale. Experiments in cultivating them are being made, and the Maine Station hopes eventually to produce, by breeding, a variety of superior flavor and as large as a cherry. Cranberries may be said to be in a transition stage between Nature and the garden, much of the crop being still gathered wild.

The elderberry is almost wholly neglected in the United States, which seems

A Quarter of a Million Dollars
Earned by a Girls' Club

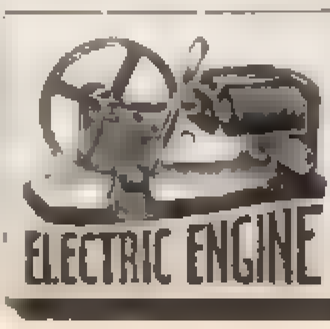
¶ Five years ago a club was started exclusively of girls. It had only one object—to make money. To-day the club has the largest membership of any club in America, while the money earned by the girl-members has reached a total of Two Hundred and Forty-two Thousand Dollars—nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

¶ Everything dear to a girl's heart has been bought and paid for through this club.

¶ Courses in college, wedding trousseaus, foreign trips—everything, in fact.

¶ Now a new plan has been introduced into the club—an absolute offer for every girl to receive a regular weekly salary. There is no chance in it—it means what it says—a regular weekly salary for any girl who wants it. There are no dues in the club. The club pin, free to every girl, is a gold pin, set with a real diamond, made by Tiffany & Company, the great New York jewelry firm. Any girl can find out about the club by writing to

The Girls' Club
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
529 Arch Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Amusing and Instructive
RUN TOYS. FUN FOR BOYS
[illegible] Free [illegible]
Manhattan Electrical Supply Co
17 Park Place New York City
188 5th Ave Chicago

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines **SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE** at Half Manufacturers' Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalogue D. **Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago**

PATENTS THAT PAY. Protect Your Idea! Book "Fortunes in Patents—What and How to Invent" Free. 84-page Guide Book. Free report as to Patentability.
E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 1156 F, Washington, D. C.

Latest Creations of
Huyler's
Jno. G. Huyler
PRESIDENT

Fresh Every Hour Mixture
In Sealed Tins
Soul Kisses
A Caress in Confections
Marshmallows
In Sealed Decorated Tins
Nutrio Nut Chocolate
Nutritious—New—Nut—Trio
Trio Mixture
In 10-cent Packages
Trio de Luxe
For Afternoon Teas
Summer Mint Watches
A Unique Children's Package
The usual Huyler's Superiority of
Quality and Flavor
On sale at all Huyler's Sales Agencies and
at Huyler's 50 Retail Stores

VASSAR PINS
THREE SIZES
FOR COLLARS, CUFFS,
No. 00
WAISTS, BELTS, ETC.

Unbreakable, unbendable.

Needle-pointed steel pins that penetrate any fabric without tearing.

The only pins that don't come open in use.

Finish—Nickel Plate, Jet and Dull Black Enamel; 14 K Rolled Gold and 14 K Roman Plate.

Price, Nickel, Jet, or Dull Black, 4 on card, 10 cents; 14 K Gold Plate, 2 on card, 25 cents.

Your dealer will supply you. If he doesn't keep them, the kind and size wanted will be sent by mail on the receipt of price and dealer's name. Money back if you're not satisfied.

Consolidated Safety Pin Company
28 Farrand Street Bloomfield, N. J.

NO MONEY DOWN
MEN'S SUITS ON CREDIT
$1.00 A WEEK

Buy Men's Stylish Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats direct from our factory by mail for

$15 and $18

We require no security, and trust any honest person anywhere in the United States. We send garments on approval—you don't pay a penny till you get the clothes and find them satisfactory—then pay $1.00 a week. We are twice over the largest Credit Clothiers in the world. We operate 73 stores in the United States, having over 500,000 customers.

FREE—Send to-day for our line of stylish Fall and Winter samples, self-measurement blank, tape, and full particulars of our convenient payment plan, all free. Commercial rating $1,000,000.00.

Menter & Rosenbloom Co.
336 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y.

COMPLETE 1 TO 6 CYL
FOX MOTORS
HIGH SPEED—HEAVY DUTY

Our "square deal" policy is as important to us as it is to the buyer. We want only satisfied customers; hence we agree to refund your money, if FOX MOTORS fail to please you after 30 days' trial. Write for catalog.

THE FOX REVERSIBLE GASOLINE ENGINE CO.
803 Front Street, South Cincinnati, Newport, Ky.

odd, inasmuch as it is much prized in Germany, where both jelly and wine are made from it. It grows plentifully in the woods and even along roadsides. The flowers of the elderberry, too, are edible, and in the Fatherland are frequently served on the table, dipped in egg-batter, fried, and then sprinkled freely with powdered sugar.

The wild thorn, or hawthorn, bears red fruit, the size of a small crab-apple, which yields a jelly similar to guava jelly in taste and equally palatable. It is unfortunate that in this country their usefulness, like that of so many other wild fruits, should not be recognized.

Shark Meat for the Table

ANYBODY who happens to come across "ocean whitefish" on a restaurant bill-of-fare will do well to try it; for it is excellent, notwithstanding the fact that in reality it is shark. More exactly speaking, it is the meat of the horned dogfish, which is being put up in cans on a large scale on the Nova Scotia coast.

Recently our Fisheries Bureau has been making experiments with the small sharks known as dogfishes, with a view to determining their availability as food. Members of the staff of the Bureau have tried them fried, and cooked in various other ways, and have found them first-rate. One advantage of shark, as a table delicacy, is that, as served, it has no bones. Suggestion is made that it would furnish good "meat extract" and fish flour. It is more nutritious than beefsteak, pound for pound, and it ought to be the cheapest of all foods, inasmuch as dogfish, by reason of their vast abundance, can be profitably sold by the fishermen very cheaply.

If a market could be created for dogfish, one of the most perplexing of fishery problems would be solved. For these small sharks are doing millions of dollars' worth of damage annually to the commercial fisheries on our Atlantic Coast by devouring other and valuable food fishes, and incidentally by destroying the fishermen's nets.

Among the remedies suggested for the mischief are the dynamiting of schools of dogfish when they appear, the employment of Government cruisers to capture the pests, and the liberating, alive, of thousands of dogfishes with jingling bells and glittering streamers attached to their bodies, to terrify and frighten away the schools.

It is not believed that any of these ideas would prove feasible. But it ought to be practicable to make the dogfish pay the cost of their own destruction. It is simply a question of creating a market for their products. The oil derived from their livers is practically the same thing as cod-liver oil, being used as an adulterant of some kinds of the latter. It is also used for lubricating and lighting, in tanneries, and as a body for paints. Dogfish skin, which is durable and waterproof, and covered with small toothlike thorns set close together, is employed by cabinet-makers and metal-workers for scraping and polishing, while in Europe it is largely utilized, mostly dyed green, for covering cardcases, jewel-boxes, sword sheaths and handles, and various ornamental objects.

Queer Things in Our Midst

STRANGE as it may appear, people in rural parts of this country, when they happen to be troubled with indigestion or other such annoyances, are frequently led to believe that lizards, snakes, or other inappropriate reptiles have become domiciled inside of them. This is usually accounted for on the theory that an egg of the creature in question has been accidentally swallowed.

It is astonishing how often such things happen. In one case, referred not long ago to the scientists at the Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, it was a serpent of considerable dimensions that was declared to be responsible for a man's grievous ailment. Affliction sore long time he bore, after the customary fashion, and finally he turned up at the university, bringing the snake with him for inspection.

It seemed impossible to convince the man that the reptile had not dwelt in his midst for an extended period. But finally the scientist who had been called into consultation hit upon a happy idea.

"Do you eat mice?" he asked.

"No," replied the patient.

CLOSING OUT

Recent business depression compels us to turn part of our large stock of books into **bills receivable** without delay. We must do this quickly—and offer our fine De Luxe sets of **International Science Library** in 16 Grand Volumes, **8000 pages,** bound in red morocco backs and corners, gold veined marbled paper sides and linings, gold tops, full gold back stamping—more than **1000 illustrations and colored maps**—**WHILE THEY LAST,** at manufacturing cost and on easy monthly payments. Not only at cost but we will send them prepaid for examination—if you wish to keep them send us 50 cents after examining them and send us $1.75 each month until you have paid us $26.75 in full. **The regular price of this set is $50.00. Please note these are new books.**

BUY NOW AT LESS THAN COST

Absolutely Free—with each set sold we will send free—**Hammond's Pictorial Atlas**—the best Atlas published—retailing for $5.00.

International Science Library

IN SIXTEEN GRAND DE LUXE VOLUMES—8000 pages, more than 1000 illustrations, comprising the most delightful reading and the most valuable knowledge for the human race—should be in every library. Read the titles of the 16 greatest scientific books ever written—you need no knowledge of science to understand these books—the marvels of land, sea and air as well as the grand achievements of man are made interesting and instructive by the master minds of the past century. The selection of the volumes for this great set was done with infinite care by Dr. William Jay Youmans, as Editor in Chief, assisted by Rossiter Johnson, LL. D., Frank P. Foster, M. D., and Ripley Hitchcock, and comprises the scientific masterpieces of the most noted scientists of all countries. Read the titles of the most wonderful books ever written:

Origin of Species, Vol. I, by Charles Darwin.
Origin of Species, Vol. II, by Charles Darwin.
Descent of Man, by Charles Darwin.
Science and Education, by Thomas H. Huxley.
Man's Place in Nature, by Thomas H. Huxley.
Education, by Herbert Spencer.
First Principles, by Herbert Spencer.
Sound, by John Tyndall.
Forms of Water, by John Tyndall.
Evolution of Man, Vol. I, by Ernst Haeckel.
Evolution of Man, Vol. II, by Ernst Haeckel.
Other Worlds Than Ours, by Richard A. Proctor.
The Sun, by C. A. Young.
Man and the Glacial Period, by D. Frederick Wright.
Ancient Life—History of the Earth, by H. A. Nicholson.
Culture Demanded by Modern Life, by E. L. Youmans,

and including addresses and arguments by Profs. Tyndall, Henfrey, Huxley, Paget, Whewell, Faraday, Liebig, Draper, DeMorgan, Drs. Barnard, Hodgson, Carpenter, Hooker, Acland, Forbes, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Herschel, Sir Charles Lyell, Dr. Seguin, Mr. Mill, etc., with an introduction on Mental Discipline in Education by E. L. Youmans.

Over 1000 Illustrations—Colored Plates, Maps, etc.

The Most Interesting and Instructive Set of Books Ever Written.

Only this present edition will be sold at this price. Thousands of sets the same as these in every respect have been sold for $50.00.

16 Grand Volumes—and Best Atlas Published. Read the Coupon—Sign It Now.

Send it to us quickly and we will ship the complete set and the Atlas for your inspection.

We know you will keep them after seeing them.

Associated Libraries Publishing Co.
No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City

MAIL THIS NOW

Associated Libraries Pub. Co. S. E. P.—10-'08

Send me, express charges prepaid, for examination, the International Science Library in 16 Volumes, bound in Half Morocco, and Hammond's Pictorial Atlas. If the books are satisfactory I will send you 50 cents after examination and $1.75 per month for 15 months. If I decide not to keep the books I will write you for shipping instructions within 10 days.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

PAPER DIAPERS
APPEAL TO THE
MOTHER OF THE BABE
I'm the first kid that ever wore a paper Diaper. Don't I look good to you?

I HAVE worn **Whitelaw Paper Diapers** since the day I was born, 10 months now, and have never for one minute been scalded or chafed. Very few babies in this world can say that. Made of very strong velvety paper as soft as cotton, a perfect absorbent, medicated under the direction of a chemist to prevent chafing, and shaped to fit. To be worn inside the regular Diaper and destroyed when soiled. We could fill a column in their praise, but any Mother will know. Cost less than one cent each. 75 cts. per 100, at Factory, or will mail 50 postpaid for $1.00. Also make the famous **Whitelaw Paper Blankets, Sanitary, Healthful and Warm, $3.00** per dozen f. o. b. Cincinnati, or two full size as sample by mail, postpaid, for One Dollar. Not sold in stores.

Whitelaw Paper Goods Co., Dept. 4, Cincinnati, O.

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains From the Mill
We PAY Freight

Buy your rugs, carpets and curtains from the mill and save half the money these articles usually cost. Send for our new and handsomely illustrated catalogue, showing latest styles and designs in actual colors. Just think! We sell the well-known REGAL RUGS, reversible, all-wool finish, many patterns, for the remarkably low price of $3.75. Our BRUSSELLO ART RUG at $2.00 is the greatest rug value known. Finest quality of Lace Curtains, per pair, 45 cents and up. It will pay you to write to-day for our catalogue. UNITED MILLS MFG. CO., 2450-2462 Jasper St., Philadelphia

Lovers Lane St. Jo By EUGENE FIELD, an interesting love story, beautifully illustrated on 12 souvenir post cards, per set 25c postage paid. Stamps taken. A. W. THEMANSON, Wathena, Kan.

I TEACH
Penmanship
BY MAIL

I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship.** By my new system I can make a good penman of you by mail. I also teach Bookkeeping and Shorthand. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal. Inclose stamp.

C. W. RANSOM
3884 Euclid Avenue, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

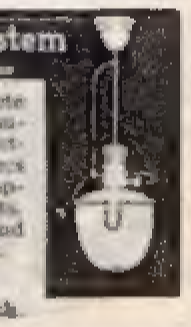
HOME STUDY

The
University of Chicago
offers 350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Ministers, Bankers, Farm and Home Economics, and future Engineering, Law, and Medical students.
The U. of C., Div. C, Chicago, Ill.

CLASS PINS
Of Character

Beautiful and delicate designs, original if desired, made in gold or silver to tastefully carry out any chosen idea. Our pins are the standard of leading schools, colleges and fraternities. B B B Fraternity and Class Pipes with monograms or letters. Ill. booklet of Medals, Pins, Odd Things in College Jewelry, Free. Attractive offer to College Book Stores.

G. Wm. Reisner, 204 N. Prince St., Lancaster, Pa.


Ann Arbor Lighting System

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. The best proposition going for hustling agents. Write today for agents' terms and territory. Handsome catalog free.

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
315 Second St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Built On Smart Lines

These illustrations show two styles of "Nufangl" Dress trousers — the "Peg Top" and the "Conservative" — cut to conform to the exacting lines of the new fall fashions. The "Nufangl" principle of waist adjustment is applied to both — no straps, no buckles.

Present

"Nufangl"

Trousers

have vents at the side seams, each fastened by two snap fasteners that permit of six variations in waist measurement, totaling nearly five inches.

"Nufangl" trousers are what are known as "hip pants" — neither suspenders nor belt are necessary, the hips sustaining the weight of the garment so that it fits easily and comfortably without a pucker or wrinkle anywhere.

Leading clothiers have "Nufangl" trousers in all the new fall weights and fabrics.

Prices $4 to $9

If not at yours, we will refer you to our agent in your town, or supply direct by EXPRESS PREPAID. Only waist and length measurements necessary. Write for samples of "Nufangl" fabrics, specifying style of trousers preferred. Enclose two cents to cover postage, addressing

PRESENT & COMPANY,
505 Broadway, New York City

STYLE
NEATNESS
COMFORT
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop — Be sure it's there.

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG — NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

Worn All Over the World

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO.
Boston, Mass.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

The world's foremost Health Resort in physiological and dietetic methods. 200 kinds of baths; large indoor Palm garden, swimming pools, electricity, massage, Swedish movements, mechanical vibration, delicious unequaled health cuisine, trained nurses. Delightful dining room on top floor. Luxurious modern appointments. Perfect warmth. Invigorating Michigan climate, 600 feet above sea level. The ideal place to rest, recuperate and build up permanent health. Beautiful Souvenir Portfolio **FREE**. Box 75, Battle Creek, Mich.

2¢
A WEEK
100
CANDLE
POWER

Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100 candle power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

THE BEST LIGHT

Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, O.

"Do you ever eat grasshoppers or crickets?"

"Never."

"Well, then," said the scientist, "if I cut this snake open, and it is found to contain grasshoppers or mice, you will admit, will you not, that it must have lived somewhere else than inside of you?"

"Certainly; yes."

Whereupon the reptile was cut open, and, sure enough, two or three mice and a number of grasshoppers and other insects were found. The patient went away convinced and cured.

In another instance a very severe and prolonged attack of digestive trouble was alleged to be attributable to a strange animal which, when finally extracted from the sufferer's inside works, was sent by his physician to the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington. It was stated by the physician to be evidently a reptile, "about three inches in length, with long legs," though of unidentified species.

On reaching the Smithsonian it was handed over to Doctor Benedict for examination. Doctor Benedict is pretty well up on all sorts of queer "critters," but his specialty is crustacea. He inspected the thing with much care, and decided that it certainly did not come within his province. He was inclined to think that it was of a vegetable nature. But, inasmuch as it was alleged to be a reptile, etiquette demanded that it should be referred for judgment to the reptilian expert, Doctor Stejneger.

Doctor Stejneger, after looking it over, said that it was not a reptile. He, too, was inclined to think that it was of a vegetable nature; and, if so, the proper person to pronounce upon it was Doctor Flint. When shown to Doctor Flint, that authority gazed at it through a microscope, and acquiesced in the belief that it belonged to the vegetable kingdom. He suggested that an exact opinion could be obtained from Doctor Gray, of the Army Medical Museum.

Accordingly, the thing was taken over to the Army Medical Museum and submitted to Doctor Gray, who, after examining it critically, remarked, "Pooh!"

"What is it?" he was asked.

"It is the core of an orange," replied Doctor Gray.

Pasteurized Apple Juice

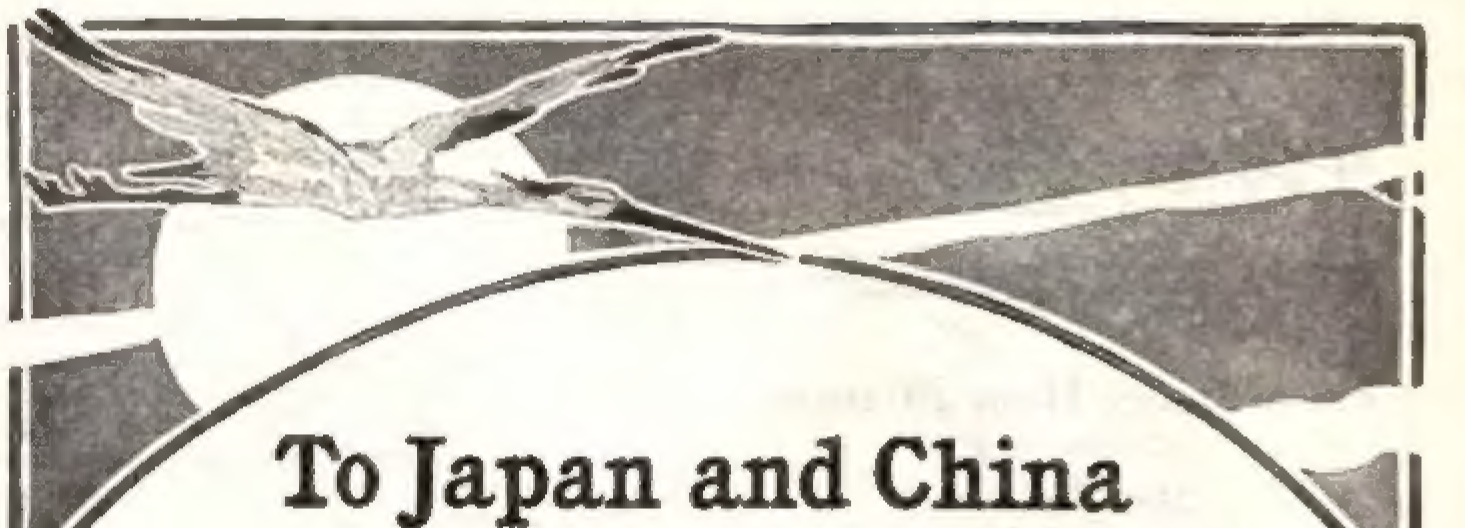
THE practicability of keeping apple juice fresh for a long period by a process of pasteurization has been proved by recent experiments of the Government Bureau of Chemistry. It is simply a matter of applying heat judiciously, with a few incidental precautions, the result being new cider, or what amounts to the same thing, in cans, glass bottles or other receptacles.

The first thing requisite, however, is to get rid of the sediment. Any batch of cider turned out from the press will contain a considerable amount of floating and finely-divided solids, which comprise such stuff as starch grains, yeast cells, and more or less dirt. These, after a short time, will settle to the bottom of any receptacle containing the fluid, in a brownish layer, particularly objectionable when the apple juice is put up in glass bottles or jars.

It has been found that such sediment can be got rid of very easily by the use of an ordinary milk separator. Then the juice is ready to be put up. If glass is to be used, the bottles containing the juice should be hermetically sealed, and placed for one hour in water at one hundred and forty-nine degrees Fahrenheit. It will not do to make the temperature too high, because a cooked taste in the product is to be avoided.

This is, in fact, a pasteurizing, rather than a sterilizing, process, the temperatures used being relatively low. When the juice is put up in cans, the latter should be sealed and kept for thirty minutes in the water bath at one hundred and forty-nine degrees. The experts of the Chemistry Bureau have ascertained, by trial, that wooden kegs can also be made to serve the purpose, after steaming them on the inside and treating them on the outside by dipping them in melted paraffin. They are then filled with the juice from a pasteurizing machine, and plugged with sterilized bungs.

By such means the flavor and characteristic aroma of freshly-expressed apple juice are retained. The process is cheap, and may be applied on either a small or a large scale. If desired, the juice may be carbonated, the addition of the gas lending an agreeable sparkle and giving to the beverage a taste suggesting that of cider in which fermentation is just beginning.



To Japan and China

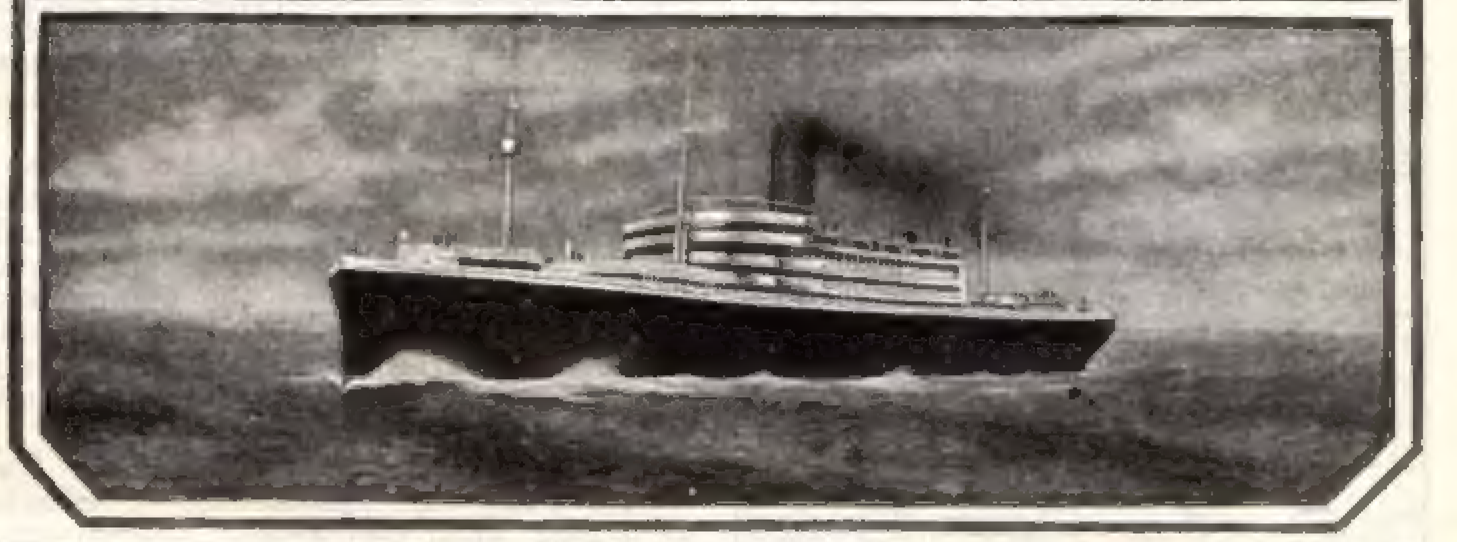
If you go this fall, go on the luxurious Trans-Pacific liner — the largest and most comfortable boat in service between Seattle and the Orient — the famous

Steamship "Minnesota"

Next sailing sails from Seattle November 24. For illustrated literature, rates, reservations and detailed information address any representative of the Great Northern Railway, Northern Pacific Railway, or most convenient office of the

Great Northern Steamship Co.

A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.
W. C. THORN, Trav. Pass'r Agt., 209 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
W. A. ROSS, Ass't General Passenger Agent, Seattle, Wash.
BOSTON — 201 Washington St. and 207 Old South Bldg.
NEW YORK — 379 and 319 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA — 836 and 711 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO — 220 and 208 South Clark St.



DAVID CUMMINGS
(Pres. The Cummings Co.)
Maker of Shoes for 33 yrs.

For Men

The Cushion Sole of the Worth Shoe takes the jar off in walking, lightens your step, saves the shoes, saves your nerves, prevents fatigue. These advantages make

The Worth Cushion Sole Shoe

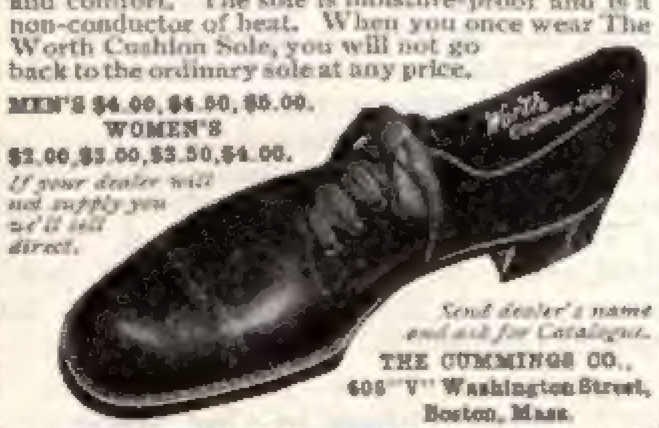
especially good for all weather. The Cushion Sole acts as a **mattress to the foot**, insuring rest and comfort. The sole is moisture-proof and is a non-conductor of heat. When you once wear The Worth Cushion Sole, you will not go back to the ordinary sole at any price.

MEN'S $4.00, $4.50, $5.00.
WOMEN'S
$2.00, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00.

If your dealer will not supply you we'll sell direct.

Send dealer's name and ask for Catalogue.

THE CUMMINGS CO.,
405 "V" Washington Street,
Boston, Mass.



"Shows O
the Reflec

Heel-proof, mar-proof, water-proof. Subject it to the hardest usage.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Walk over it, dance on it, move the furniture about on its surface. You may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish.

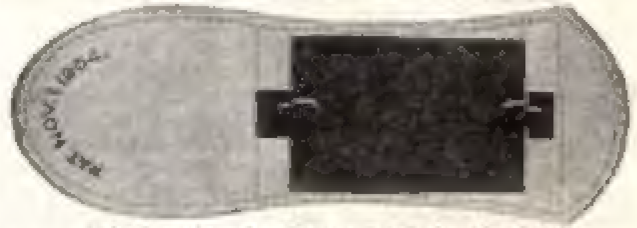
SEND FOR SAMPLE PANEL finished with "61" Floor Varnish — test it for yourself. Your dealer should carry "61" in stock — if not write us. *Booklet free.*

PRATT & LAMBERT-Inc.
85 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N.Y.
Factories:
NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO
LONDON PARIS HAMBURG

BROKEN-DOWN ARCH OR WEAK INSTEPS CAUSE RHEUMATISM, LAMENESS and TENDERNESS of the feet, also legs, knees, and backache, and possibly deformity. The

C & H ARCH INSTEP SUPPORT

will prevent all this. Give size shoe.



A shadow view showing steel arch thru' leather top.

50c a pair. Your dealer or by mail.

C & H ARCH SHANK CO.,
Dept. E, Brockton, Mass.

U Can Get $6.00 a year on every $100 you have if invested in our Certificates of Deposit. Write for the "Sulky Dollar" booklet.

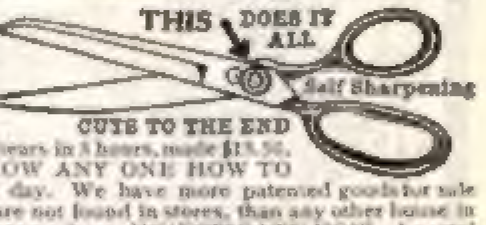
Can Get 5% Interest on smaller sums.

Your security is $2,000,000 First Mortgages deposited in trust with Germania Bank. No loss in 18 years.

Georgia State Savings Assn., 175 York Street, Savannah, Ga.

Our Agents Make Big Money

The money made selling our Shears and other useful patented articles astonishes agents. V. C. Giebner, Cols., O., sold 22 pairs of Positive Tension Shears in 3 hours, made $13.50. We guarantee to SHOW ANY ONE HOW TO MAKE $3 to $10 per day. We have more patented goods for sale through agents, that are not found in stores, than any other house in the U.S. Samples free to workers. INVESTIGATE NOW. A postal will do. Address, **THOMAS MFG. CO., 155 Home Bldg., Dayton, O.**



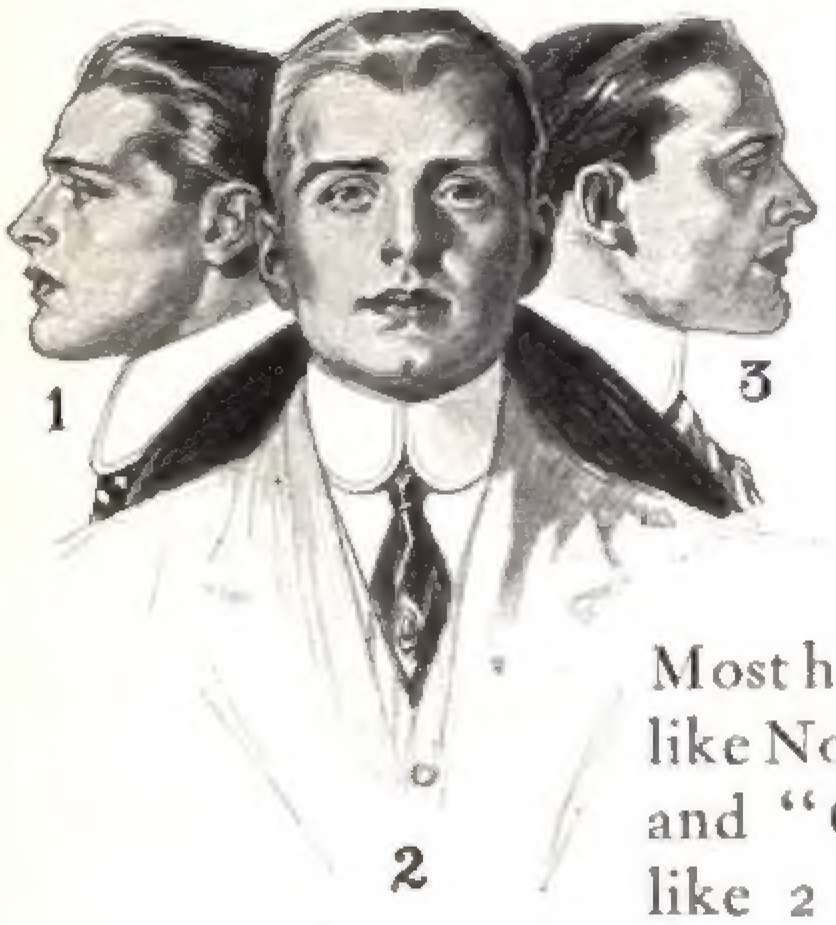
HALF PRICE To clean up Surplus Stock Semi Annual Clearing Sale of Automobile Supplies and Accessories

Send for Flyer No. 18

Neustadt Automobile and Supply Co.
3962 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

$200 Buys 5 Acres Mississippi Gulf Coast Land, near Gulfport

For growing vegetables, fruits and nuts for New Orleans market. This is profitable investment for small capital. Free booklet. Ask **GEO. H. HEAFFORD, 277 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.**



Most high-fold collars set like No. 1. "OLYMPIC" and "CARLTON" set like 2 and 3. There is room for the cravat knot and for the fingers when buttoning or unbuttoning the collar.

Olympic, 2⅜ in. high
Carlton, 2⅛ in. high

ARROW COLLARS

15 cents—2 for 25 cents.

Made in Clupeco Shrunk, Quarter Sizes, under the Arrow label only.

Proper Dress—A booklet, yours on request.

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, Makers of Cluett Shirts, 459 River St., TROY, N. Y.

Family Contentment

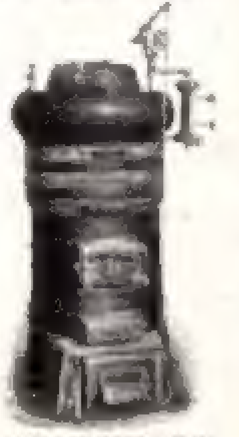
No family can enjoy the home or do best work if obliged to huddle around a stove or fireplace. Different members of the family want to do different things in different rooms in all parts of the house.

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

for Hot-Water or Low-Pressure Steam give you just the temperature you want in every room—halls, window-places, and floors are alike warm, with no dangerous drafts. No coal gases, soot, or ashes reach the living rooms—to menace health and destroy furnishings.

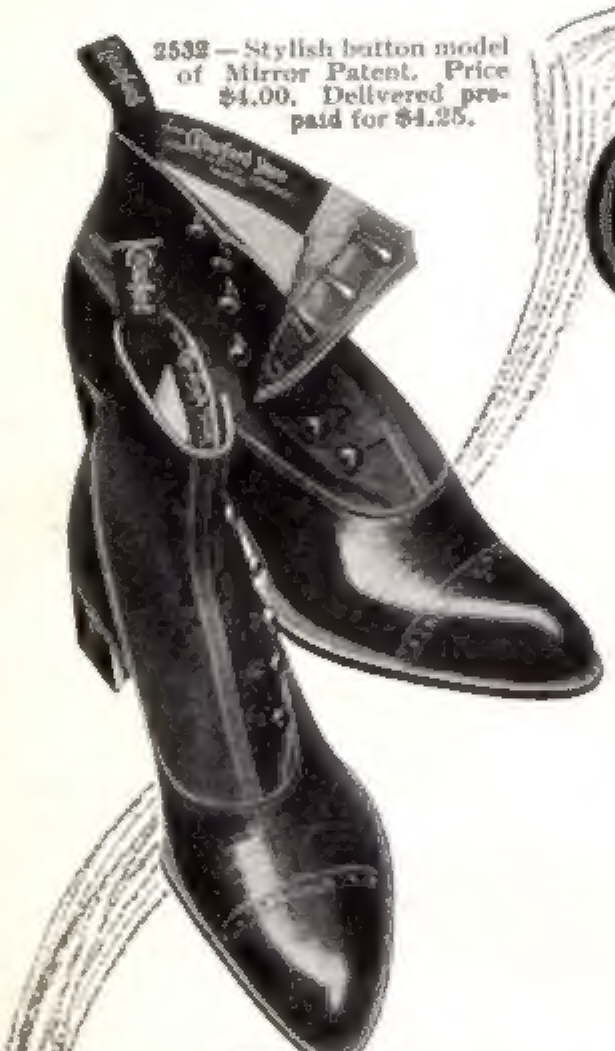
The *first* cost is all the cost there is—the outfit lasts as long as the building, with no repairs. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators save enough in fuel, labor, and house cleanliness to quickly pay off their original or first cost—thereafter they are a *lasting investment.*

Do not wait to build a new home, but enjoy comfort and *content* in the present one. Put in without tearing walls or partitions. Sizes for all classes of buildings—smallest to largest—in town or country. Our free book, "Heating Investments Successful," tells much that it will pay you well to know. Sales offices and warehouses in all large cities of America and Europe.



ADVANTAGE 15:—The firepots of IDEAL Boilers burn the largest possible amount of air to get the full heat out of each lump of coal.

Dept. 28 AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY CHICAGO



2532—Stylish button model of Mirror Patent. Price $4.00. Delivered prepaid for $4.25.

Crawford Shoes

for Men $3.50 $4.00 $5.00

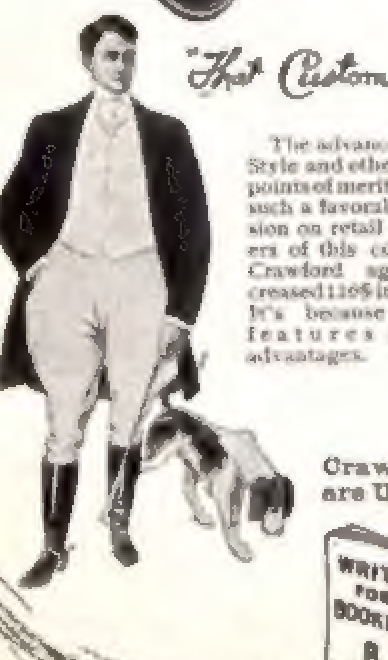
CRAWFORD advance models are the product of our exclusive Crawford style originators—men who are in continual close touch with the world's fashion centres. Crawford styles are not duplicates of either popular or custom price shoes—they are distinctly original.

These new Crawford styles are on sale simultaneously at Crawford dealers throughout the entire country.

Ask the local Crawford agent to show you the latest Crawford models. Ask him to explain the full value of Crawford patented "Tredstrate" lasts, "bend" sole leather, Crawford "stay-up" box toes, reinforced shanks and the many other Crawford points of merit. Take my advice—buy a pair of Crawfords!

Charles A. Eaton
President

Charles A. Eaton Company
Makers
BROCKTON, MASS.



"That Custom Look"

The advance Crawford Style and other Crawford points of merit have made such a favorable impression on retail shoe dealers of this country that Crawford agencies increased 116% in two years. It's because Crawford features are real advantages.

Crawford Shoes are Union Made

WRITE FOR BOOKLET R
IT TELLS THE CRAWFORD STORY

80 Shines 25c

Smaller size—enough for 20 shines—10c. Go to your dealer—if he can't supply, clip out this whole ad as a certificate and we will supply you direct with

Eagle Brand Shoe Cream

Best for black or russet shoes—will not change original color of tan, russet or brown—a pure oil dressing—gives a quick, lasting, waterproof shine. Has a delicate odor, and won't rub off on hands or garments. Comes in glass jar.

American Shoe Polish Co., 224 N. Franklin St., Chicago

Use "Nova"—Best Cleaner for White or any Shade Canvas Shoes.

Automobile Jackets,
BLIZZARD PROOF

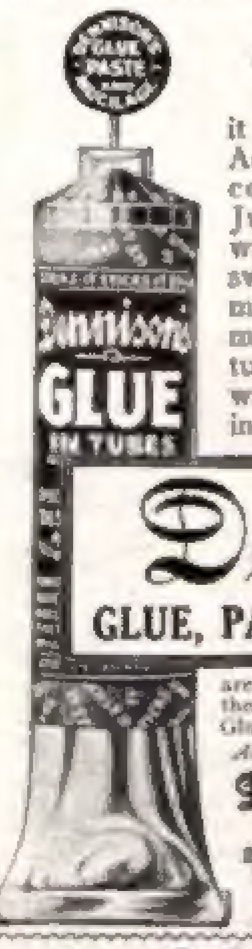
Outside texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike. Lined with wool fleece that defies the cold. Snap fasteners, riveted pockets.

PARKER'S Arctic Jacket

Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Better than an overcoat for facing cold and work together. Warm, durable, comfortable. Ask your dealer, or sent postpaid on receipt of $2.75.

JOHN H. PARKER CO., Dept. 37
25 James St., Malden, Mass.



Always Ready

The Patent Pin Tube makes it a pleasure to use Dennison's Adhesives. Always ready—no cork—no stopper—no brush. Just squeeze the tube and spread with the metal spreader. The sweetest, cleanest, strongest and most economical adhesives ever made. Put back the pin and tube is sealed *air-tight.* Contents will keep for years without souring or growing hard.

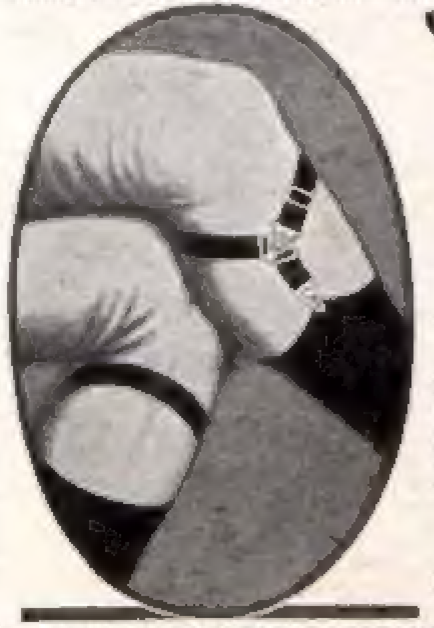
Dennison's
GLUE, PASTE AND MUCILAGE

are sold by dealers everywhere. Ask for them or send 10 cents for sample tube of Glue, Paste or Mucilage.

Address Dept. "17," at our nearest store.

Dennison Manufacturing Co.

BOSTON, 26 Franklin Street
NEW YORK, 15 John Street
PHILADELPHIA, 1007 Chestnut Street
CHICAGO, 128 Franklin St.
ST. LOUIS, 413 North 4th St.



Brighton
FLAT CLASP
GARTERS

TWO-AND-A-HALF million wearers have seven convincing reasons for preferring the "BRIGHTON" to any other garter. It fits—it lies flat as a coin—it cannot become accidentally undone—it never binds or slips—it keeps the sock perfectly smooth—it is rustless—it cannot catch in the trousers-leg.

Add to this, lightness of weight, strength of construction and beauty of finish, and you have the secret of the extraordinary popularity of "BRIGHTON" Garters.

"BRIGHTON" FLAT CLASP GARTERS are to be had in all standard colors, also in fancy striped and figured effects.

Price 25 Cents a Pair at your dealer's, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY, 718 Market St., Dept. "B," Philadelphia
Makers of "Brighton" Garters, "Pioneer" Suspenders and "Pioneer" Belts

Est. 1840
The J. B. Williams Co.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The man who shaves desires two things in a shaving soap:
A rich, creamy lather that softens the beard to make shaving easy, and
A soothing, emollient quality that leaves the skin in good condition after shaving.
Williams' Shaving Stick combines these two qualities to perfection.
Williams' Shaving Stick comes in the Nickeled Box, Hinged Cover.

It can also be had in the leatherette-covered box as formerly. Williams' Shaving Stick sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.

JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP

YOU can get an attractive soap box free by buying 4 cakes of

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

Every day more people are learning the value of Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. There are still many who are unfamiliar with its fine qualities. To persuade these people to become acquainted with it, the druggist will give them, for a limited time, a beautiful nickeled traveling soap box with every four cakes they buy. If anyone buys four cakes, he will be sure to try it and so will his family, and not one will be willing to give it up. That is why we make this offer.

Ask your druggist. If he fails to supply you, send 60c. in stamps
and we will send the 4 cakes of soap and soap box by return mail.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.